"It's me—'S.W. and by W. ¾ W.,' that you say you love." (*p. 231*) *Frontispiece*

OLLA PODRIDA

THE PIRATE, AND THE THREE CUTTERS

BY

CAPTAIN MARRYAT

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Prefatory Note

THIS edition of *Olla Podrida* does not include the "Diary on the Continent" which appeared first in the *Metropolitan Magazine* 1835-1836 as "The Diary of a *Blasé*," continued in the *New Monthly Magazine* 1837, 1838, as "Confessions and opinions of Ralph the Restless." Marryat himself described the "Diary" as "very good magazine stuff," and it has no fitting place in an edition of his novels, from which the "Diary in America" is also excluded.

The space thus created is occupied by "The Gipsy," "The Fairy's Wand," and "A Rencontre," which I have ventured to print here in spite of the author's protest, that the original edition of *Olla Podrida* contained all the miscellaneous matter contributed by him to periodicals that he wished to acknowledge as his writing. The statement may be regarded as a challenge to his editors to produce something worthy; and I certainly consider the "Gipsy" superior to some of his fragments, to be paired, as a comedy, with "The Monk of Seville," as a tragedy.

But I have not attempted any systematic search for scraps. "The Fairy's Wand" was published in the same year as, and probably later than, *Olla Podrida* itself, and need not therefore be "considered as disavowed and rejected" by him. "A Rencontre" was always reprinted and acknowledged by its author but, for no ostensible reason, bound up with *Joseph Rushbrook, or The Poacher*, 1841.

Such material is inevitably unequal, but there is much here no genuine admirer of its author would care to lose; representing him in various, occasionally new, moods and experiments.

The Monk of Seville, etc., are here reprinted from the first edition of *Olla Podrida*, in three volumes, Longmans, Orme, Brown, Green, and Longmans, 1840. "The Gipsy," from the *Metropolitan Magazine;* "The Fairy's Wand," from the *New Monthly Magazine;* and "A Rencontre," from the first Edition of *The Poacher*, 1841.

The Pirate and The Three Cutters are reprinted from the sumptuous first Edition in one volume, A. Fullarton & Co., MDCCCXLV., containing a portrait of Marryat, drawn by W. Behnes, engraved by H. Cook; and "illustrated by twenty splendid engravings from drawings by Clarkson Stanfield, Esq., R.A."

R. B. J.

Author's Preface to the First Edition

I HAVE not yet ventured upon a Preface to any of my writings, and I did not expect that I should ever have written one. Except in a work of importance, which may demand it, a Preface is, generally speaking, a request for indulgence which never will be accorded, or an explanation to which the Public is indifferent. It is only when an explanation is *due* to the Public, or to the Author's reputation, that he should venture to offer one. If a work is well written, the Public are satisfied; if not, they have just cause to feel otherwise; and if an Author obtains justice, he obtains all that he has a right to expect.

I write this Preface, because I consider that it may save me from a hasty remark or two, which it may be just as well to forestall. During the ten years which I have taken up the pen, I have furnished miscellaneous matter to various Periodicals, which, if it were all collected together, would swell into many volumes. Among it, as must be the case under the circumstances in which it was written, there is some which I consider tolerable; but the major portion is but indifferent; and I should be very sorry indeed, if at any future time, when I may not have the power to prevent it, all these articles should be collected and printed as mine. If ever it were done, it certainly would not be by my friends: I wish it, therefore, to be understood, that in the portions of these volumes which consist of republications, I have selected from the mass, all that I wish to acknowledge as my writing; and that the remainder (with the exception of the papers on nautical subjects, which are of no interest to the general reader) may be considered as disavowed and rejected. The major part of these volumes

consist of a Diary written when I was on the Continent. It first appeared in the Periodicals, under the title of a "Diary of a *Blasé:*" the title was a bad one, as I did not write up to the character; I have, therefore, for want of a better name, simply called it a "Diary on the Continent;" and I mention this, that I may not be accused of having intentionally deceived.

F. M.

THE MONK OF SEVILLE:

A PLAY, IN FIVE ACTS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ANSELMO DON GASPAR, *A monk disguised as a cavalier.*

DON FELIX, *A Spanish nobleman.*

DON PEREZ, *Do.*

SUPERIOR *of the monastery.*

ANTONIO, *Servant to Don Gasper.*

MANUEL, *A monk.*

JACOBO, *Porter to the monastery.*

SANCHO, *Servant to Don Perez.*

DONNA INEZ, *A noble lady.*

ISIDORA, *Her niece.*

DONNA SERAFINA.

BEPPA, NINA, *both wives of Antonio* — *Servant to Serafina.* / *Do. to Isidora.*

Monks, Choristers, Attendants, &c.

Scene laid in Seville.

Olla Podrida

The Monk of Seville

Act I. Scene I.

Enter Don Felix and Don Perez.

Felix. You say his name's Don Gaspar?

Perez. So he styles himself; but of what house, parentage, or country, cannot be gained. He keeps aloof from all, bears himself gallantly; and 'tis manifest that any question discourteously put he'd answer with his sword.

Felix. He's skill'd in fence, then?

Perez. There's none to match him. I, who have foiled half Seville, am but a scholar in his hands, when at the school we've joined the assault in courtesy.

Felix. A proper man?

Perez. Beyond comparison. He hath all the stamp of true nobility. Pride in his eye; in his address, dignified; in modes most perfect; the most envied of the men, and the most admired by all the dames of Seville.

Felix. Successful, then?

Perez. He confides in none; and hath no intimate; but I am informed he is resistless, and I much suspect, my rival.

Felix. With the Donna Serafina?

Perez. Even so; she has changed much of late; and I have discovered that one, who, from report, answers to his description, is highly favoured.

Felix. But, Perez, did you not tell me you had left her?

Perez. In faith I had; but when I discovered that another sought her, my passion then returned; and now that she rejects me, I dote upon her more than ever.

Felix. Perez, when will you be wise? when will you cease to trifle with the sex?

Perez. Never, I hope: women are my game; and I live but on the chase. Sighs, oaths, and amorous ditties are my ammunition; my guitar is my fowling-piece, and you must acknowledge that I seldom miss my aim.

Felix. I grant it, Perez, but it's cruel sport, and quite unworthy of a cavalier. How many wounded birds have hid themselves to die!

Perez. Poor things—why did they not keep out of shot range? It's useless to preach, Felix, I must have my amusement.

Felix. Be careful, Perez, that it prove not dangerous; there is no honour gained by broken vows, false oaths, and tampering with maidens' hearts. It is a fault in you I would were mended; and our relationship makes me thus free to speak my mind. It is unworthy of you.

Perez. But sufficing good for women—they are but play-things; and thus far am I renegade, that, with the prophet, I cannot allow them souls.

Felix. You are incorrigible. Change the discourse, or I shall lose my temper and that opinion of you, which, 'gainst my better sense, I fain would keep. Our subject was Don Gaspar.

Perez. Yes—and my object is to find out who he is, and, if basely born, to hunt him out of Seville.

Felix. That there's mystery is evident; but when you hunt, see if such quarry, good Perez, turn not to bay. But new in Seville, I ne'er have encountered this prodigy; if his rank be mere assumption, he must be exposed; yet, Perez, there may be many causes for an incognito. Our Spain is wide and well peopled with those who boast high ancestry.

Perez. If then so wide, there's room for him elsewhere. But here comes Sancho with intelligence.

(*Enter Sancho.*)

How now, Sancho,—what have you discovered?

San. (*Affectedly.*) I am not quite a fool, Santa Petronila knows that, good sirs,—not quite a fool. I think you are fortunate in your servant. You'll excuse me, but I have seen the person whom you mentioned.

Perez. Well——

San. I have seen him, sir, by Saint Petronila!

Perez. And spoke to him, I trust.

San. Yes, sir, and, by the same holy saint! I have spoken to him.

Perez. To what purpose have you spoken to this Antonio?

San. To *your* purpose, sir.

Perez. What did he tell you? I cry your patience, Felix, but this mule cannot be driven. What did he tell you, sirrah?

San. You do not know what first I said to *him*,—would you have the answer before the question?

Perez. Well, what said you first to him?

San. With all good courtesy I wished him a good morning. He did the same to me.

Perez. Well.

San. I then discoursed about Saint Petronila, the wind, the pope, and the weather. No, I recollect, it was the weather before the saint. I think—yes—I am sure it was; how the saint brought in the wine, I know not; but we proceeded on to wine and women, which last discourse made us thirsty, so we adjourned into a wine-house. Saint Petronila shrive me! when we became most intimate, and after much beating about the bush, I discovered that his master was——

Perez. Who—what?

San. Don Gaspar, sir.

Perez. Idiot! is that all?

San. No,—only half; I found out more without him. He finished off his wine and left me without any more

information, declaring that was all he knew himself; and that he had to meet a lady. Let me alone for finding out, Saint Petronila be my guide! I watched him, and as I turned the corner, found him in close whispering with the Señora Beppa.

Perez. The attendant of Donna Serafina; then are my doubts confirmed. Treacherous sex!—but I'll be revenged! Did you speak to them?

San. Not when Antonio was there. I never interfere between man and wife, the blessed saint knows that.

Perez. His wife!

San. Yes, his wife; but when Antonio quitted her, I then accosted her; and to my cross questions—

Perez. She gave you crooked answers.

San. Precisely so, signor, and record it, Saint Petronila; she said that I was a fool!

Perez. The wisdom of the woman! Come, Felix.—Sancho, you will go home and await my return.

[*Exit Perez and Felix.*

San. That Antonio is a good fellow, Saint Petronila assist him! how he does make me laugh! we were sworn friends in two hours; and he promised to drink with me whenever I pleased: I wonder why he never offers to pay his share of the reckoning? He thinks it would affront me, I suppose! but when we are more intimate, I'll hint the contrary. Excellent fellow! how he did make me laugh! Then when next we meet, I'll ask his advice about my love affair! I am sadly in want of a confidant; now I've only my own wit, and the good saint. He's a man you may trust, I'll be sworn. Lord! how he did make me laugh! [*Exit.*

Scene II.

Street opposite Anselmo's lodgings.

Enter Antonio.

Well, I'm supposed to have as much wit as my neighbours, and yet I cannot make out this master of mine.

He's a perfect mystery, and the more I try to unriddle him, the more he riddles me. If I am deep, he is deeper. In short, I am no match for him, and thus I prove it. In the first place, he finds out everything I would conceal, and conceals everything I would find out. Secondly, he reads all my thoughts, and takes care that I shall read none of his. Then he disappears when I turn my back, and re-appears before I turn my face. He has discovered that I am a rogue, yet retains me in his service. His chamber is always locked when he goes out, and I am obliged to wait below upon board wages. There's some mystery about that chamber. I have watched repeatedly on the staircase to see him enter, but never can; and when I would swear that he is not in, it is I only who am out; for I am summoned to his presence. There's mystery! When he does appear, who is he? Don Gaspar; but of what family, and from what part of Spain, no one can tell. Mystery upon mystery! He may be the devil, and I feel my conscience touched; for no good ever came from the devil's wages. I'll to my confessor, and seek his counsel. He's a good man, and lenient too, to such poor rogues as I. But he insists that I appear each se'nnight, and sum the catalogue of my offences: perhaps he's right; for if I staid longer away, *some* of them—as I am no scholar,—say half—would be forgotten. [*Enter Nina veiled, who passed by him, and exit.*] There's a nice girl! What a foot and ankle! Now had my master seen her, there had been a job for me to dog her home. We lacqueys are like sporting dogs; we follow up the game, and when they stop their running, make a dead point, until our masters bag them for themselves. [*Nina returns. Enter.*] She's coming back. This time I'll poach a little for myself. Fair lady, can I serve you? [*Nina stops, but turns away. Antonio kneels.*]

"Turn not away, fair angel, for since last
You bless'd my eyes, my thoughts have been on you;
For weeks I've follow'd, not daring to address you.
As I'm a bachelor, and free to wed,

Might I your favour gain, a life of tenderness,
To you, my love, I'd tender."

(*Aside.*) I borrow'd that speech, excepting the last flourish, from my master: but since he has used it like his cast-off clothes, 'tis mine by custom. (*Aloud.*) Will you not answer? I love you, madam, have loved you long; and, by my soul! ne'er said so much before to any woman breathing. [*Nina turns round and lifts her veil, Antonio turns away.*] (*Aside.*) By all that's intolerable, my Toledo wife! (*Turning to her.*) Holy Saint Frances! It is, it is my wife!

Nina. Yes, sir, your injured, your deserted wife!

Ant. And are you still alive? then I am once more happy! (*Offers to embrace her.*)

Nina. Forbear! When was I dead, you wretch?

Ant. Why, Nina, I've a letter from Toledo, that states that you are dead; you died a treble death, yourself and twins.

Nina. What?

Ant. Twins, my love, sweet pledges of affection. I've the letter in my pocket; I've kept it there for months, pored over it for weeks, and cried over it for days. (*Fumbles in his pocket.*) Now I recollect it is in the pocket of my gala suit. What an infamous forgery! Come to my arms, my dear lamented, but now recovered wife!

Nina. Keep off, you wretch! What did you say just now? "I've loved you long, and ne'er have said so much to any woman breathing."

Ant. Well, my love, no more I had, except to yourself; and you I thought were dead. Why, my dearest Nina, it is a proof of my constancy. When I first saw you, I said to myself "that is the only woman I ever saw with a foot and ankle so pretty as my Nina's;" and the more I looked at you, the more your sweet figure reminded me of yourself. In fact, it was your likeness to yourself that created the first emotion in my widowed heart. Had I fallen in love with anybody else, my dearest Nina, you might have

cause for anger; but I assert, to fall in love with my own wife proves me a paragon of fidelity.

Nina. O, Lopez, could I but believe you!

[*Antonio turns away and takes out his handkerchief.*] (*Aside.*) As my master says (*turning to Nina*),

"Lay bare my heart, my Nina, read each thought,
And there your image, deeply graven, find."

[*She turns away. He pretends to be much affected; at last she embraces him.*

Ant. (*Aside.*) Into her arms and out of that scrape, thank my wits! (*Aloud.*) And now, my love, how long have you resided in this city?

Nina. But a few days. I serve the Donna Isidora. I was left behind in sickness, at their country seat, some time ago, and but now have joined her. Where have you been, my dear Lopez?

Ant. Wandering about everywhere and anywhere, a lost man, since I heard of your loss;—yes, a miserable man. But of that hereafter. What seek you now?

Nina. The lacquey of Don Gaspar, called Antonio;—can you assist me, as I am in haste?

Ant. Why yes, I think I can. Behold him here; I am that same Antonio, and, for my sins,
Don Gaspar's lacquey.

Nina (*walking away angrily*). It was convenient, perhaps, for you to change your name. You are Antonio, indeed!

Ant. No, my dear wife; but it made me feel more happy (*placing his arm round her waist*). You used to call me Lopez; dearest Lopez; and when I thought you dead, the very name, when summoned by my masters, reminded me of your dear self. I could not bear it; so I changed my name.

Nina. Dear Lopez! And do you really tell the truth? [*Antonio kisses her.*]

Enter Beppa.

Ant. By this kiss I do!

Bep. (*aside*). So, so, good husband! I have long suspected this. I'll watch your motions.

Nina. Well then, dear Lopez, you must give this letter to your master. He must not fail to-night. When shall I see you?

Ant. This night, if possible, there shall be more than one love-tale, my Nina. [*Exit Nina.*

[*Beppa, who has gradually advanced, boxes Antonio's ears.*

Bep. "There shall be more than one love-tale, my Nina." And this hand shall tell another tale (*striking again*), thou base villain!

Ant. (*escaping from her, rubbing his ears*). O Lord! for tail read head. (*Aside.*) This it is to have two wives. (*Aloud.*) Why, Beppa, are you mad? How can I help it?

Bep. How can you help it!

Ant. Yes, how can I help it? I must obey my orders.

Bep. Obey your orders!

Ant. Yes, obey my orders, or lose my place. My master, who is amusing himself with a young lady, says to me, "Antonio, that servant girl hangs about much in my way, you must make love to her."

Bep. Make love to her!

Ant. Yes, make love to her. "I'll be hanged if I do," says I, thinking of my own sweet little Beppa. "Then you will be starved if you don't," said he. And as I found that he did not mean to be in earnest, I thought that there could be no harm in a little by-play.

Bep. By-play!

Ant. Yes, by-play. Well, I refused long, for it went against my conscience. Then he took this purse of ten moidores, and said, "Refuse me, and quit my service. Consent, and take this purse; the money will support your wife."

Bep. (*snatching the purse*). Now, am I to believe this?

Ant. Believe it! why, have you not the proofs? How should I possess ten moidores? Money is not to be had

for nothing now-a-days. I meant to have told you all, but have not seen you since.

Bep. She called you Lopez?

Ant. She did. I would not give my name. No other shall call me "Dear Antonio," excepting my own true lawful wife!

Bep. (*turning away with indifference, and putting the purse in her pocket*). Well, allowing all this to be true, and that's of no great importance, what a villain is your master, sir, to pay his court unto another, when he vows fidelity to my mistress, Donna Serafina!

Ant. Upon my honour, I've enough to do to defend myself; though I must confess that his conduct is infamous.

Bep. I'll to my mistress, and make known his treachery? [*Going.*

Ant. Do no such thing! Bad news, though true, is never paid for; but the purse opens when the tidings please, although they're false as——(*points down below*). What's your message?

Bep. My mistress dies to see him.

Ant. Tell her he'll come to-morrow evening. He said as much when last I saw him.

Bep. When last you saw him! Is he not here?

Ant. He's here, and there, and everywhere, and nowhere.

Bep. Where is he now?

Ant. That I don't know; but not here, that's certain.

[*Window opens, Gaspar calls loudly from within window—*

Gasp. Antonio!

Ant. Santa Maria! Yes, sir.

Gasp. Go to Castanos, and see if my guitar be strung.

Ant. Now, how did he get there? Beppa, I must off. Remember my advice!

Bep. (*scornfully*). I will. Good-by, Mr By-Play. [*Exit Beppa.*

Ant. (*looking up*). How the devil did he get there, if not by the help of the devil! For it was not by the help of

the door, I'll swear. To-morrow I'll confess—that's certain. [*Exit Antonio.*

Scene III.

Moonlight.—A garden belonging to the house of Donna Inez.—A balcony looking into the garden.—Donna Isidora and Nina discovered on balcony.

Isid. He comes not yet.

Nina. Señora, 'tis not time.

Isid. 'Tis more than time; I heard the convent bell
Strike long ago.

Nina. 'Twas not the hour of night, but the sad toll
Announcing some high obsequy.

Isid. Yet, still, 'tis time he came.

Nina. And here he would have been, but you forget
You chided him for venturing so early.
Your aunt had not retired when last he came.

Isid. He does not wish to come,—I will not see him.
Tell him my resolution.

[*Exit, petulantly, Nina following.*

Enter Gaspar, in the dress of a cavalier.

I overheard her vented thoughts, poor girl!
She counts the minutes by her throbbing heart,
And that beats time too fast.
Now will she hang her head, and weep awhile.
Like flow'rets waiting for the morning sun,
That raise their mournful heads at his approach,
And every dew-drop, like a diamond, glistens,
While they exhale sweet perfume in their joy,—
So at our meeting, smiling through her tears,
Will she appear more fresh and beautiful!

[*Re-enter Isidora and Nina. As they appear, Gaspar retires.*

Isid. The moon's so bright, that faintly you discover

The little stars which stud th' unclouded heav'n;
The wind but scarcely moves the trembling aspen,
And not a sound breaks through the still of night.
All Nature's hush'd; and every passion lull'd,
Save love, or fierce revenge. Is this a night
To stay away, false, yet loved Don Gaspar?
Nina. Be patient, lady, he will soon be here.
Isid. He cannot sure be false.
Perchance some danger hangs upon his steps;
Men are so envious of the fair and good.
Nina (*looking*). Señora, look; I see him in the distance.
Isid. He comes! Where, Nina? O yes! that is he.
Well, now, I'll tease him. Nina, quickly in;
I vow I will not show myself this night.

[*Exit Isidora.*

Nina. I wish I had ten ducats on the hazard.

[*Exit Nina.*

[*Gaspar sings to his guitar without.*

Song (*mournful strain*).

"The mocking moon doth coldly fling
Her rays upon my breast of flame,
And echo mocks me as I sing.
O my guitar! to thee what shame!
She answers not, though thy best string
Is loudly hymning forth her name.
Isidora! Isidora!"

[*Isidora appears at the balcony.*

(*A livelier strain.*)

"No more the moon doth mock me now;
Her bright rays glad my breast of flame,
And echo, beautiful art thou!
O my guitar! to thee no shame!
She comes! love throned upon her brow!
My strings hymn forth once more her name!
Isidora! Isidora!"

Enter Gaspar, who approaches balcony.

Isid. Why hast thou staid so late? Did but the moon
Turn on my anxious features her soft rays,
Thou wouldst perceive how fretfulness and tears
Have doubled every minute of thine absence.

Gasp. And would 'twere day, that thou, sweet love, mightst see
The fervid passion stamp'd upon my brow.
I dared not disobey thy late command;
Yet, did I fret, and champ the bit of duty,
Like some proud battle steed arching his neck,
Spurning the earth, impatient for the fray.
So my young heart throbs with its new delight,
That it e'en now would burst its cords asunder,
And make one joyous bound into thy bosom.

Isid. Say, Gaspar, dost thou fondly, truly, love me?

Gasp. Do I love thee, Isidora?
If it were not for thee, sweet love,
The world would be a blank, and this existence
A dreary void, I would not stumble through;
But having thee, a paradise it is,
So full of perfumed airs and flow'rets sweet,
I would resist the angel's flaming sword,
If it were raised between our plighted loves,
Ere I would be from thy loved presence thrust.
Thou art the heav'n of my idolatry!
For thee I live and move,—for thee I breathe;
For thee and for thy love, if thou knew'st all——

Isid. I would know all—there's mystery about thee!
Gaspar, thine image here's so deeply graven,
That nought can e'er efface it. Trust me, then, love,
As I would thee. There's not a thought I own,
No, not a fond emotion of my soul,—
Not e'en the slightest ripple o'er the mind,
When calm and pensive as it used to be,
But I would tell it thee.
O couldst thou view my heart, and see thyself

So firmly master of its deep recesses,
Thou wouldst be confident.
If thou shouldst be ignoble, fear not me,
Love shall draw out thy patent of descent,
And trace thy ancestry to more than mortal.
If thou hast hated, and hast found revenge,
Yet fear not me, dear Gaspar.
Whate'er priests say, it is a noble passion,
And holds an empire in the heart of man,
Equal in strength and dignity with love.
Be it a tale of sorrow or of crime,
(O say 'tis not the last!) still let me share it,
That I may comfort thee whene'er we meet,
And mourn it only when I grieve thine absence.

Gasp. My Isidora, oft thou'st press'd me thus;
Since thou wilt hear it, then, it shall be told;
But one sad chance, most fatal to us both,
Is fetter'd to it.

Isid. And what is that, my Gaspar?

Gasp. That once reveal'd, we ne'er may meet again.

Isid. Then I'll not hear't. Away with prying thoughts
So fraught with mischief! Not to see thee more!
Then might the angel pour the vial out,
That vial of fierce wrath which is to quench
The sun, the moon, the host of stars, in blood!
Not see thee more! then may they work my shroud,
And cull the flowers to strew my maiden corpse.
Without thee, Gaspar, I should surely die!
Wert thou the ruler of the universe,
Commanding all, I could not love thee more!
Wert thou a branded slave from bondage 'scap'd,—
'Tis now too late,—I could not love thee less!

Gasp. (*aside*). One soul so pure redeems a world of sin!
Thou Heav'n that I have mock'd, O hear me now,
And spare! let her not feel the bitter pangs
Of disappointed love! Draw the barb gently,
That she may sigh her soul away, and sleep
Throughout her passage to a better world!

Isid. What say'st thou, Gaspar!
Gasp. I call'd down blessings, loveliest, on thy head.
Heav'n grant my prayers!
Isid. I, too, have pray'd for thee, and will again!
But speak to me. Why didst thou come so late?
How short, methinks, are nights. There's hardly time
For those who've toil'd, to gain their needful rest,—
For those who wake, to whisper half their love.
Gasp. Night is our day, and day becomes our night;
Love changes all, o'er nature rules supreme;
Alters her seasons, mocks her wisest laws,
And, like the prophet, checks the planet's course.
But from this world of hate, the night has fled,
And I must hie me hence. O Isidora!
Though my seeming's doubtful, yet remember,
'Tis true as Heaven, I love thee!
Isid. I'm sure thou dost, and feeling thus assured,
I am content.

Enter Nina, hastily, from balcony.

Nina. Madam, the lady Inez pass'd your door,
And, passing, tried the bolt, e'en now I hear
Her footsteps in the corridor.
Isid. We must away, dear Gaspar. Fare thee well!
Nina shall tell thee when we next can meet.

[*Exit Isidora and Nina at balcony.*

Gasp. So parts the miser from his hoarded wealth,
And eyes the casket when the keys are turn'd.
I must away.
The world e'en now awakes, and the wan moon
(Like some tired sentinel, his vigil o'er)
Sinks down beneath yon trees. The morning mist
Already seeks the skies, ascending straight,
Like infant's prayers, or souls of holy martyrs.
I must away.
The world will not revolve another hour,
Ere hives of men will pour their millions forth,

To seek their food by labour, or supply
Their wants by plunder, flattery, or deceit.
Avarice again will count the dream'd-of hoards,
Envy and Rancour stab, whilst sobbing Charity
Will bind the fest'ring wounds that they have giv'n.
The world of sin and selfishness awakes
Once more, to swell its catalogue of crime,
So monstrous that it wearies patient Heav'n.
I must away. [*Exit.*

Act II. Scene I.

The street before Anselmo's lodgings.

Enter Antonio.

If ever fortune played me a jade's trick, 'twas when she brought my wives to Seville. So far have I contrived to keep them separate; but should they meet, they'll talk; and then, woe to that most interesting of all subjects, myself! I am sure to be discovered. Why, in half an hour, their rapid tongues would range o'er half the creation. Now, Beppa is my first wife, and, like all other first choices, the worst. There's vengeance in her, and she'll apply to the authorities; then must I to the galleys. Who wants a wife? I have one—aye two—to dispose of. Here comes a fool I trifle with. (*Enter Sancho.*) So, comrade, what's your business now? (*Mimicking him.*) Saint Petronila! you are a faithful servant, ever stirring to do your master's pleasure.

San. 'Tis not his pleasure that I am upon—it is my own: I go to Donna Isidora's.

Ant. What dost thou there?

San. (*affectedly*). I please a damsel, and she pleases me.

Ant. I do not wonder at it. Barring a certain too

intelligent look that thou hast, thou art a pretty fellow, and made to charm the ladies. Who is this damsel of your choice?

San. You'll keep my secret?

Ant. As faithfully as I do all others.

San. It is the maid of Donna Isidora. I knew her at Toledo, and for years kept her company. During my absence,—Saint Petronila strike him with the leprosy!—a certain Lopez, a dirty, shuffling, addle-pated knave, stepped in between us, and married her. She took the poor fool purely through pique, because I did not write to her; and the holy saint knows I had not then learned.

Ant. (*aside*). Now would I beat his pate, but that I think the fool may assist me out of my difficulties. (*Aloud.*) What! love a married woman! For shame, Sancho! I had thought better of you.

San. I loved her years before she married; and since the marriage, her husband has deserted her, and I have met her often. Nina, for that's her name, has often told me how much she repented of her marriage with the fellow; and could I prove that he were dead, she'd marry me, Saint Petronila directing her, and make a wiser choice in second wedlock.

Ant. (*aside*). The cockatrice. (*Aloud.*) Sancho, I knew this Lopez. He is not quite the person you describe; but never mind. Yesterday, he came to Seville, and told me how much surprised he was to find his wife here.

San. Then he's come back. Saint Petronila aid me! how unfortunate!

Ant. (*musing aside*). I have it! (*Aloud.*) Sancho, we have ever been the best of friends. I respect you much. I have most joyful tidings for you, and, if you will be counselled by me, Nina is yours.

San. Indeed! I can't see how. I think I had a better chance before.

Ant. Tut, man! you've now a certainty. Sancho, your ear—Lopez is *dead!*

San. The scoundrel dead! My dear Antonio (*embracing him*), I thank you for the news, and so will Nina too. But can you prove it?

Ant. I can, but in strict confidence. Pledge me your word you never will divulge, not even to Nina, what I now confide; for the women have the power to sap the stoutest resolution. Swear on your knees.

San. (*kneeling*). I swear by Petronila, my adopted saint.

Ant. Well, then, this Lopez was a noisy braggadocio. Last night we had some words whilst waiting near the gate of Donna Serafina. From words we came to weapons, and, by a lucky thrust, I sent his prying soul the devil knows where. His body I secreted in the garden.

San. I envy you. Would he were alive again, that I might kill him too, my guardian saint assisting! I should be the better welcome.

Ant. Indeed!

San. Not that it matters; I am convinced she loves me well. I'll to her straight, and with these welcome tidings make her right happy.

Ant. Not quite so fast. When that you tell her, she will ask for proofs, and from whence you had your information.

San. Why, that is true; and she'll never rest till she worms the secret from me: Saint Petronila, lock my breast!

Ant. Therefore, Sancho, it must appear as if there was no secret. Tell her 'twas by your hand that Lopez fell; I am content that you shall have with her all the credit of the deed. She'll love you better.

San. Why, so she will. My dear Antonio, you are like my holy saint, a friend indeed!

Ant. If she doubts the fact, you'll come to me. I'll give you proofs most positive.

San. Thanks—thanks!

Ant. Now take advice. Women, like eels, are rather slippery; already she has once slipped through your fingers. Their minds are weathercocks, and there's

wind always blowing. Press her, then, hard, and marry her at once.

San. I will, I will. Thanks, dear Antonio!—Saint Petronila will reward you.

Ant. I risk much to serve you. You'll meet me here to-night. I must now to confess this heavy deed. You'll come.

San. I will—addio! [*Exit.*

Ant. So, so the fondling, ever coaxing Nina
Loves this soft fool, and wishes I were dead.
I did think better of her.
We men deceive, 'tis true; but still no longer
Keep on the mask, when we've our purpose gain'd.
With us 'tis tiresome; but with the women,
'Tis ne'er removed; for mask'd they live and die!
[*Exit.*

Scene II.

The Monastery.

Gaspar, as Anselmo, enters with Jacobo.

Jac. Twice hath the brother Manuel sought for you;
He came from the Superior.

Gasp. You told him I was absent?

Jac. I did, and also where you might be found.
They sent a messenger, who soon return'd,
Declaring there thou hadst not been to-day.

Gasp. Truly, I had forgotten 'twas the day
That I with Don Baltasar did appoint.
'Twas thus my treach'rous memory did beget
This chapter of cross purposes. [*Bell without.*

Jac. Someone rings.
That jingling bell pursues me unto death;
In faith, this porter's is a tedious office. [*Exit.*

Gasp. More tedious still the wearing of the knees
Upon this pavement. I am weary of it.

Enter Jacobo, with Antonio.

Jac. One who inquires for thee, Anselmo,
Who would confess.

Gasp. (*Takes a confessional chair.*) I know the man:
Jacobo, leave us. [*Exit Jacobo.*
My son, we are alone; now thou may'st profit
By holy rite, and on thy bended knees
Pour out thy soul to me in deep contrition.
Hast thou perform'd the penance I enjoin'd
For the sad stumblings thou did'st last confess?

Ant. I have, most holy father, to my belief
Obey'd thy strict injunction.
I have so much to think of for my master,
My thoughts are scarce mine own;
Still do I often call upon the saints.

Gasp. I trust thou dost—and not as I have heard
That worldlings do, invoke them in mere blasphemy.

Ant. Nay, father, when I call, I am sincere.

Gasp. Thou dost evade, I fear, with double meaning.
But to the purpose—by what sins hast thou,
Since last we met, endanger'd thy poor soul?

Ant. Father, my mind is ill at ease. I serve
A master most equivocal—a false one
In all he says and does; in love—in everything.
I know not what to think. He's here and there—
In fact, I do believe he is—the devil.

Gasp. Give me the grounds for this thy strange suspicion.

Ant. He keeps his chamber lock'd, his haunts unknown.
He comes when least expected. How he comes
I cannot tell. He goes, and Heaven knows where.
I ne'er can make him out with all my prying.

Gasp. It would appear thy master doth not trust thee.
Why should'st thou watch, and seek to find out that
He would conceal? This base prying nature
Is a dark sin, and must be check'd by penance.
Hast thou no more?

Ant. Yes, father, I've a grievous fault to tell;
One that I'm fearful thou wilt much abhor—

An accident, 'tis true, and most unlucky—
I have two wives in Seville.

Gasp. Two wives! Thou hast profaned the holy rite!
What! wedded twice! and say 'twas accident!

Ant. An accident—they both have come to Seville.

Gasp. It is a heinous sin—one that demands
Justice on earth; scarce pardon claims from Heaven.
Two wives! How long hast thou thus lived in sin?

Ant. 'Tis now three years since I did wed the second!
I had forgot, my memory is so bad,
I wedded was before—till yesterday,
I chanced to meet with both of them in Seville.

Gasp. Thy memory's most convenient, but the law
Will not o'erlook thy crime when it is known.

Ant. We'll leave it to the law, then, please thee, father.
The sin is one that carries its own penance.

Gasp. How could'st thou venture on so foul a deed?

Ant. Example, holy father! bad example.
It is our masters who do ruin us.
My present one, for instance, loves two ladies,
And woos them both. Sad reprobate he is!

Gasp. Another's fault can't sanctify thine own,
Else all th' ordinances of our church were useless;
Thou art more knave than fool, Antonio,
And yet made up of both. For this thy crime
I have no absolution. Haste thee hence,
And tremble at thy state of sad perdition!

[*Exit Gaspar.*

Ant. (*looking after him*). More knave than fool!—why, yes, that's true. What a scurvy fellow! No absolution! I shall take the liberty of changing my confessor. So, good sir, I give you your warning. Must not pry either! Does he not pry into my conscience as far as he can? Why, his whole life is a life of prying!—I have no opinion of these monks! They're no better than they should be. The law must take its course—there's the mischief. Let me only contrive to get out of its clutches now, and I'll take my chance for getting out of the devil's hereafter!

[*Exit.*

Scene III.

A Street in Seville.

Enter Felix and Perez, meeting.

Felix. Perez, well met; I hoped to find you. Have you discovered who your rival may be? and what answer have you gained from Donna Serafina to your most urgent pleadings?

Perez. Confusion light upon her! She hath returned my letter without opening it; and sent a request that I will desist from useless persecution. Beppa, her confidante, I have contrived to parley with; and what with bribes and much entreaty, I have ascertained that this Don Gaspar *is* the rival who supplants me.

Felix. I doubt it, Perez—doubt it much. I, too, have gained some information from Sancho, who associates much with one Nina, Isidora's favoured woman. From this source I've learned that this Don Gaspar is her favoured cavalier, and that last night they had a meeting.

Perez. Yet I am sure my knowledge is correct, and that the Donna Serafina grants him those favours which I consider are but due to me.

Felix. Why, what a conscientious cavalier is this, who thus monopolises all our beauties! I fain would see him. What is he like? His properties must be wondrous indeed. Where is he to be met?

Perez. He often passes this way to the Prado. I wish to meet him also, but not in courtesy. Indeed! see, here he comes!

[*Enter Don Gaspar and as he would pass by, Perez steps before him. Gaspar moves on one side and Perez again intercepts him.*

Gasp. Don Perez, at first I imagined this was accident, but now your conduct will admit no such interpretation. Do you dispute my passage?

Perez. I do—until we have had some little parley.

Gasp. Then, sir, your parley. Be brief. Indeed, I know not what there is between us that demands it.

Perez. I believe, Don Gaspar, that you woo a lady.

Gasp. 'Tis not impossible.

Perez. You will oblige me if you cease to woo.

Gasp. Don Perez, I never brook affront. What has already passed demands a deadly meeting. But to reply to your strange request, who is the lady I am commanded not to woo, and upon what grounds?

Perez. The lady is the Donna Serafina—I grant a fickle, yet a lovely one. You call yourself Don Gaspar. Who is this Don Gaspar that ruffles thus with our nobility? Detail your ancestry and lineage. Of what family are you? Where are your possessions? show me the patent of your descent or else ——

Gasp. Or else, Don Perez?

Perez. I publish you through Seville!

Gasp. Then do it quickly; you've no time to lose. First let me tell you, sir, that had not reasons, and those the most cogent ones, forced me to hide my quality, I had not so long submitted to the doubts which are abroad. Still my secret is mine own and shall remain so. Who and what I am, Don Perez, you shall never know. You have not long to live; and now, sir, let me pass. We meet again when least you wish it.

Felix. Perez, indeed you are to blame. Don Gaspar has the right of every man to wear the incognito, either from choice or from necessity. He has never intruded on your company, bears himself correctly, and wears the form and stamp of true nobility. Thus much in justice must I say. If you must quarrel let your cause be good.

Gasp. Sir, I thank you (*bowing to Don Felix*).

Perez. Still do I hold my words, and challenge him impostor!

Gasp. Did you retract them it would not avail. But time is pressing, and I cannot wait.

Perez. When do we meet again?

Gasp. I said before, when least you wish it. (*To Don Felix*) Signor, farewell! [*Exit Gaspar.*

Perez. By heavens! I hold him craven! Do you think that I shall hear from him?

Felix. Hear from him! I saw no signs of fear, but much of rage, and that but ill suppressed. In faith he is a noble cavalier! You'll hear, and see, and suffer from him too, or I mistake.

Perez. What did he say? when least I wished it?

Felix. Those were his words.

Perez. They're pregnant with some meaning.

Felix. No doubt—we'll ravel out this mystery as we walk. Come to the Prado: this smiling day will bring the fair ones forth. Come, come! [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

A Street before Anselmo's Lodgings.

Enter Antonio.

What with the messages from my master's two mistresses, I am not a little puzzled to keep my two wives apart. I have spread a report of my absence by another channel, which will reach Nina; and, unless she comes for my effects, which Beppa surely would, there is no fear. Now must I wait for Sancho.

Enter Beppa.

Bep. One is as sure to find you standing here, as to find the figure of our lady in the church.

Ant. I wish the likeness went further, and that the same presents were offered to me. I should be rich.

Bep. You will never be rich. You are not honest.

Ant. It is my poverty has made me otherwise.

Bep. And while you are otherwise you will be poor. You shut the only gate by which riches can enter.

Ant. And yet, good wife, I have occasionally seen great rogues amass great wealth.

Bep. Castles built upon the sand, without a good foundation!—a pile of industry heaped up in vain. But I have known you long, and it is useless to reason with you.

Ant. Pray, may I ask, what has made you in such a sermonising humour to-day?

Bep. No; but you may hear why I am come to you. I am sent to know if your rogue of a master comes to my lady to-night.

Ant. He does, to the best of my knowledge, and belief.

Enter Sancho.

Ant. Sancho, I have been waiting for you (*to Sancho aside*). I'll speak to you directly (*pointing to Beppa*).

Bep. I'm sure there is mischief. I'll stay to plague him.

Ant. Well, Beppa, you have your answer, and I have no doubt but Donna Serafina is impatient.

Bep. She may be: but, Antonio, I want to put a question to you, now that I am here; who is that girl with whom I caught you the other day,—that Nina!

San. Saint Petronila! caught him with Nina? Why he's a married man and your husband.

Bep. I know he is, to my misfortune. Yet still he makes love to other women. I caught him kissing her.

Ant. (*aside*). Confound her!

San. Kissing her! (*To Antonio*) Your most obedient! Then I understand why you fought her husband.

Bep. Fought her husband did you say?

San. Yes, and killed him—a dirty rascal, whose name was——

Ant. (*putting his hand on Sancho's mouth*). Your honour, Sancho! recollect your oath!

San. I had forgotten. Saint Petronila, refresh my memory! But this requires some little explanation.

Ant. And you shall have it, but not now. All's right.

San. All's right?

Ant. (*aside to Sancho*). Yes—this woman's jealous of her. As soon as she is gone I will explain the whole.

Bep. (*aside*). Now are there knavish tricks in practice. (*Aloud*) You know this Nina—this girl of his?

San. Why, yes—I know the woman.

Bep. Then if you do, tell her she's a shameless wanton, thus to seduce a married man, and that Antonio's wife will spoil her beauty if she come across her. You understand me?

San. Why, yes; it is very plain, by Saint Petronila!

Bep. Husband, farewell. I trust you'll mend your ways. [*Exit Beppa.*

Ant. Cursed jealous cockatrice! Why, Sancho, you are serious.

San. Why, yes, a little. I thought you were my friend, but if you are only doing a friendly act for Nina in getting her a husband ——

Ant. My dear Sancho, I'll explain it all. Nina is virtuous. It was her husband that she kissed, and this alone has made that woman jealous.

San. Why should she be jealous of Nina's kissing her own husband?

Ant. Because that husband had my livery on; and Beppa swears 'twas I. When Lopez arrived here he wanted a situation, but his clothes were so shabby, he could not offer himself to any gentleman. I lent him a suit of mine, a very good one too, and yet the wretch had the ingratitude to quarrel with me, although dressed in my clothes. They are on his body now. When he met his wife he kissed her, and Beppa, who was passing by, thought it was I; and this is the whole mystery. You can ask Nina how her husband was dressed when she met him, and her answer will prove the truth of what I say. Only, you must not mention a word of me or of Beppa. I hope you're satisfied.

San. Why, yes—it seems the truth.

Ant. Well, now, Sancho, let me know how Nina received the news of her husband's death.

San. Women are strange creatures! Would you believe it? When I told his death — Saint Petronila, be merciful to me!—although she always disliked him, she cried and sobbed most bitterly; and when I would have consoled her she pushed me—yes, me, Sancho, away! Saint Petronila!

Ant. I almost repent of my scheme. I wish it had been Beppa that the fool fancied.

San. But this did not last above ten minutes. She then wiped her eyes, and suffered me to kiss her.

Ant. So soon — confound her! He shall have her (*aside*).

San. O more than that: when she became more tranquil she smiled—hi, hi, hi! by the lips of the holy saint, she did!

Ant. (*aside*). The Jezebel! (*Aloud*) But, Sancho, was she quite satisfied with your assertion of his being killed?

San. No; she said she must have more proof, that there might be no mistake; for, as she truly observed, it would be an awkward thing to have two husbands.

Ant. (*aside*). It is to have two wives. (*Aloud*) Sancho, proceed.

San. I followed your advice, and told her 'twas by my hand that Lopez fell—Saint Petronila pardon me the lie.

Ant. What said she then?

San. Why, at first, she repulsed; but then remembering that second thoughts as well as second husbands were the best, she dried her eyes, and was content; don't you see how fresh I am with the joy?

Ant. (*aside and looking contemptuously on Sancho*). Confound him!

San. What say you?

Ant. That you're a happy man. Did you press her hard to marry you at once, as I advised you?

San. I did, and at last she promised, as soon as she had seen her husband dead, to marry me immediately.

Ant. Now, Sancho, I will be your friend. Of course I must not appear in this, nor must my name be mentioned. But if to-morrow at dusk will suit you, I'll drag his body from the place where I concealed it, and lay it in the path which leads to the summer house—you know where I mean, just where the row of tall chestnut trees——

San. I know exactly. Thank you, Antonio. She said to-morrow night she thought she would be able to come out. I'll go to her immediately, and make the appointment. Saint Petronila, smile on my joys of wedlock!

[*Exit Sancho.*

Ant. How I hate women! . . . If that fool had mentioned the name of Lopez, the crafty Beppa would have discovered the whole affair. What with keeping my own secrets, and finding out those of my master, I have enough to do. So far the former has been well managed, now for the latter. [*Exit into house.*

Scene V.

An Apartment in the Guzman Palace. Donna Inez discovered seated at table.

Inez. Last night, again, beneath my niece's window
I heard that tuneful voice; and if mine ears
Deceived me not, my Isidora's too.
As I pass'd by, a light whose feeble rays
Shone thro' the vacancy beneath the door
Proved that she'd not retired. I much suspect
She is entangled in some web of love.
Yet oft have I enjoin'd her to advise
With me, her friend, and truest counsellor.
But 'tis in vain;
Love ne'er would be so sweet,—so fondly cherish'd,
If not envelop'd in the veil of secrecy:
And good intents are oft in maidens check'd

By that strange joyous fear, that happy awe,
Which agitates the breast when first the trembler
Receives its dangerous inmate.
I've summon'd her, for now I must endeavour
To be her confidante. (*Muses.*) 'Twere better first
I made her mine.
And sympathy may win the treasured key,
Which startled love would willingly retain.

Enter Isidora.

Isid. You wish my presence. (*Aside*) Hush, my tell-tale heart.

Inez. Hast thou slept well, my child?

Isid. My dreams have been confused, but not unhappy.

Inez. Oh! may'st thou never wake to mystery!
Thine is a dang'rous age: my Isidora,
Thou little know'st, that while thy path is strew'd
With flow'rs, how many serpent dangers lurk
Beneath the sweets.

Isid. I will not stray, then.

Inez. It is a happy resolution.
If, in my youth, I had been so resolved,
I had not loaded mine old age with care,
Nor soak'd my pillow with remorseful tears.

Isid. I've often seen you weep, and then retire,
Nor glad me with your presence, until after
You had communion held with Father Philip;
Then have you smiled again, that is to say,
Smiled mournfully, as does the winter's sun,
Gleaming through heavy clouds, and scarce deigning
To light up sober nature for the minute.

Inez. True, dearest child, for such is our blindness,
That we reject our greatest boon, until
We can receive support from it alone.
'Tis time thou should'st receive my confidence,
And learn the danger of clandestine love.

Isid. (*aside*). She must suspect me. (*Aloud*) I'm all attention.

Inez. To say I once was fair, and that mine eyes
Were bright as thine are now, were almost needless.
I had a mother most considerate—
Kind to excess, yet ever pointing out
The path to virtue, and to happiness.
One precept above all did she enjoin,
And sure 'twas little in exchange to ask
For so much kindness—wisely to seek her counsel
Ere the heart was wounded. You hear me, love,
I oft have made the same request of you.

Isid. (faintly). You have.

Inez. I promised faithfully, as thou hast done,
And well, I know, wilt keep the promise made.
But virgin fear induced *me* to withhold
My confidence, until it was too late.
My heart was given and my troth was plighted;
Don Felipe, such was his cherish'd name,
Implored my silence; our frequent meetings
Were sanctified by marriage: then I learn'd
It was an old and deadly feud that barr'd
His long sought entrance to our house; but soon
He hoped our marriage publicly t'announce,
And strife of years to end, and peace restore
By our acknowledged union.
Alas! two days before this much-sought hour,
My brothers were inform'd I did receive
My husband in my chamber. He was surprised
And murder'd—basely in my presence slain!

Isid. Oh Heavens!

Inez. They would not listen to my frantic words!
They would not credit our asserted union!
They dragg'd me to a convent in their wrath,
And left me to my widowhood and tears,
Tore my sweet infant from my longing arms,
And while I madly scream'd, and begg'd for pity,
The abbess spoke of penitence and prayer.
Reason, for weeks, forsook me: when again
I was awaken'd to a cruel world,

They would have forced me to assume the veil.
Isid. To me, that force had been most needlessly
Exerted. What haven could the world offer
So meet for such a wreck of happiness?
What could induce you to repel that force?
Inez. The hope, that one day I might find my boy—
A hope which still I cherish. Years have fled;
My brothers fell by those who sought revenge,
And I remain'd, sole scion of our noble house,
In line direct. Then did I seek my child.
Those who attended at the birth inform'd me
It had a sanguine bracelet on the wrist.
By threats and bribes at last I ascertained
My child had been removed unto the hospital
Built in this city for receiving foundlings.
Full of a mother's joy, a mother's fear,
I hasten'd there, alas! to disappointment!
All clue of him was lost, and should my boy survive,
The heir of Guzman's noble house may be
Some poor mechanic's slave! (*In anguish throws herself into a chair.*)
Isidora (*kneels beside Inez*). Indeed 'tis dreadful. I marvel not you grieve
To think that he survives in hapless penury,
Unconscious of his right, perchance unfitted,
And if recover'd, prove no source of joy,
But one of deep regret, that a young stock
Which culture and the graft of education
Would now have loaded on each bough with fruit,
Neglect hath left degenerate and worthless.
How should I joy, yet dread to meet my cousin,
Should your maternal hopes be realised!
Inez. He is my child. You cannot feel the pangs
Which rack a mother sever'd from her own.
Isid. I've often thought how sweet that love must be
Where all is sanction'd, nought is to conceal—
When hand may lock in hand, heart beat with heart,
And the whole world may smile but not upbraid.

Such love a sister towards a brother bears,
And such a mother feels towards her son.
I have no brother—none of kin but you.
Now, dearest mother, for mother you have been
Unto my childhood and now budding youth,
Would that my feebleness could e'er repay
Your years of love. O that I could console you,
And prove me grateful! Heaven ne'er be mine
If these, my sobbing words, be not sincere.

Inez. 'Tis well, my child, thou canst console me much:
Let my sad tale but prove to thee a beacon
And I am satisfied. Tell me, my love,
Hast thou no secrets hidden in thy breast?
[*Isidora, still kneeling, covers her face with her hands.*]
Hast thou fulfill'd thy oft-repeated promise?

Isid. Forgive me, dearest aunt; forgive and pity me!

Inez. Last night, my child, I heard the sound of music:
Methought thy name was wafted by the air
With most harmonious utterance.

Isid. Forgive me, aunt, but say that you forgive me!
You shall know all.

Inez. I do, my Isidora, I forgive thee (*raises her*).
But I must have thy confidence, my child.
Who is this cavalier?

Isid. Alas! I know not.

Inez. Not know, my Isidora? Hast thou then
Been so unwise as to receive a stranger?

Isid. Alas! I have, but too much for my peace.

Inez. Thou lov'st him then? [*Isidora throws herself into the arms of Inez and bursts into tears.*]
(*Aside*) The barb has entered deeply. (*Aloud*) Isidora,
Come, come, cheer up, my love,
I mean not to reproach. All may yet be well.

(*Inez kisses Isidora, and they separate.*)

Thou say'st he is a stranger?

Isid. I only know he calls himself Don Gaspar.

I have indeed been foolish.
Inez. Has he ne'er mention'd his condition,
His family or descent?
Isid. Never; and when that I would question him,
He answers vaguely. There is some mystery.
Inez. With honest love concealment never dwells.
When does he come again?
Isid. To-morrow even—and he'll keep his word.
Inez. Then will I see him. Fear not, my love,
No trifling cause shall bar thy happiness.
Be he but gentle, e'en of Moorish blood,
And honest, he is thine. Go to thy chamber,
Thither will I follow, that we some project
May devise, which shall remove all obstacle.
[*Exit Isidora.*

I like not this Don Gaspar, and my heart
Forebodes some evil nigh. I may be wrong,
But in my sear'd imagination,
He is some snake whose fascinating eyes,
Fix'd on my trembling bird, have drawn her down
Into his pois'nous fangs. How frail our sex!
Prudence may guard us from th' assaults of passion,
But storm'd the citadel, in woman's heart,
Victorious love admits no armistice
Or sway conjoint. He garrisons alone. [*Exit Inez.*

Act III. Scene I.

The monastery.—Procession of monks, choristers, &c., returning from performing service in the chapel.—The organ still playing in the chapel within, Anselmo at the head of the choristers.—They pass on bowing to the Superior, who, with Manuel, remain.—The organ ceases.

Sup. (*looking round*). Anselmo hath pass'd on. I do observe,

Of late he shuns communion. 'Tis most strange.
Say, Manuel, hast thou discover'd aught?
Doth he continue steadfast and devout?
Or, borne away by youthful phantasies,
Neglect the duties of our sacred order?

Man. He bears himself correctly, and e'er since
His last offence, when self-inflicted pain
Proved his contrition, he hath ever seem'd
To be absorb'd in holy meditation.

Sup. May this continue, he's of great import
To the well doing of our monastery——
Yet he hath not of late confess'd his sins.

Man. Perchance he hath not err'd. Forgive me, Heav'n,
Rash words like these when all are born to sin!
I deem'd that he had nothing to confess
Except the warring of his youthful passions,
O'er which he strives to hold dominion.

Sup. I would it were so; but, too frequently,
I do perceive a furtive glance of fire
From 'neath his fringed eyelash wildly start,
As does the lightning from a heavy cloud:
It doth denote strong passion—much too strong
For youthful resolution to control.

Man. Why then permit him to behold the world
And all its vanities? 'Tis true, our coffers
Are somewhat help'd by that he brings to them,
Instructing music, a gift from nature
In him most perfect. Were it not better
That he within our cloister'd gates should stay?

Sup. Then would he pine; for our monastic vows
Are much too harsh, too rigid save for those
Who, having proved the world, at length retire
When they have lost the appetite to sin.
There's much depending on the boy Anselmo;
He is a prize whose worth I little knew
When first into our brotherhood he came.

Man. I comprehend you not.

Sup. Thou canst not, Manuel, but I will confide
What has been reveal'd to me alone.
Well thou know'st for years I have confess'd
The Donna Inez. From her I late have learn'd
She bore a child in wedlock, which she lost;
And, by the notices which she has given,
I find him in Anselmo.

Man. In Anselmo! Then he's the rightful heir
To all the Guzman wealth.

Sup. 'Tis even so.

Man. Father, how long since you discover'd this?

Sup. But a few months before he took his vows.

Man. Why did you then permit them?

Sup. To serve our holy church; which either way
Must gain by his belonging to our order.
The lady mourns her son. If I restore him,
She must be grateful. Thus our convent will
Become endow'd with acres of broad land.
And should he choose still to retain his vows,
When he has learnt the story of his birth,
Then will our monast'ry no doubt receive
The wealth *he* values not, but *we* require.

Man. I do perceive—'twas prudently arranged—
What wait you for?

Sup. To see if he will turn his thoughts to Heav'n;
But, look, he moves this way. Leave me with him.
[*Exit Manuel, and enter Anselmo.*
Where hast thou been, my child?

Ans. Lending mine ear to those who would unload
A conscience heavy with repeated sin—
Giving advice and absolution free
To those who riot in a sinful world.

Sup. Yet still be lenient. We in holy bonds
Expect not men exposed, to be so perfect.
Tell me, for lately thou hast not confess'd,
How throbs thy heart? Do holy thoughts prevail?
Art thou at peace within, or does thy youth
Regret its vow, and yield to vain repinings?

Ans. I am, most holy father, as Heav'n made me—
Content, and not content, as in their turns
The good or evil thoughts will be ascendant.
When that the evil thoughts the mastery gain,
I try to curb them. Man can do no more.
Sup. At thy rebelling age, 'tis doing much.
Now put my question to thy inmost soul
And answer me:—could'st thou rejoin the world
And all its pleasures, now so bright in fancy
To youth's all ardent mind, tell me sincerely,
Would'st thou reject them?
Ans. Why call in question that which ne'er can be?
My vows are ta'en, therefore no choice is mine.
Sup. Most things are possible to mother church,
As would this be—a dispensation sought
Might be obtain'd.
Ans. (*at first with joy in his countenance, then assuming a mournful expression*). It would not be a kindness.
Who, my father,
In this wide glorious world is kindred to Anselmo?
I will confess, I sometimes have indulged
Half dreaming thoughts (O say not they are sinful!)
Of the sweet hours of those, who, lapp'd in bliss,
See brothers, sisters, offspring, clust'ring round,
Loving and loved; then have I wept to think
That I have none, and sadly felt convinced
'Tis for my happiness that I am here.
Sup. True, my Anselmo, 'tis a dreary world,
And still more dreary when we've nought to cling to,
But say, if thou hadst found a doting mother,
One that was nobly born and rich, who hail'd
In thee the foundling heir to large estates,
What then?
Ans. (*starts, and after a pause*). I cannot say—my thoughts ne'er stray'd so far.
Father, you oft the dangers have set forth
Of dreaming fancies which may lead astray;
Yet do you try to tempt me, by supposing that

Which shakes my firmness, yet can never be.
Sup. We are but mortal. I did wish to know
Thy secret thoughts, and thou withhold'st them still.
At night come to me, then shalt thou confess,
For I would learn the workings of thy soul.
Ans. First let me strive to calm my troubled mind:
I will confess to-morrow.
Sup. Then, be it so. [*Exit Superior.*
Ans. 'Tis strange. He ne'er before essay'd me thus.
A doting mother, wealthy too, and noble!
O! if 'twere true, and I could gain my freedom!
But these are very dreamings. Hold, my brain!
For he has conjured up a vision wild,
And beautiful as wild! Wealth, ancestry,
A mother's love! But what are these to thee,
Thou monk Anselmo? go—go and hang thy head
Within the cowl, droop'd humbly on thy breast—
For know, thou art a monk, and vow'd to Heav'n!
Oh parents stern! to fling me thus on fate!
But vows more stern that thus debar me from
The common rights of man! Why were we made
With passions strong, that even Nature laughs
When we would fain control them? Lone to live
And die are rebel acts, to Heav'n unpleasing.
Say I were humbly born of peasant race,
I should have glided on the silent brook;
Or highly bred and nobly father'd,
Dash'd proudly like the rapid flowing river.
But in these confines against Nature pent,
I must remain a stagnant torpid lake;
Or else marking my wild course with ruin,
Till my force is spent and all is over,
Burst forth a mad, ungovernable torrent.

Enter Jacobo.

Jac. What Anselmo! not outside the convent gates, and service over this half hour! By St Dominic, it is as I

expected—thon hast fallen in with the Superior, and hast been ordered home with penance.

Ans. Not so, Jacobo. The Superior and I roll on in different orbits. Saturn and Venus are as like to jostle as we upon our travels.

Jac. Well, I've an idea that there's something wrong, and my news will not be very agreeable to you: the key is, in future, to be delivered to the Superior at nine o'clock, and, if required, it must be sent for.

Ans. Indeed! then he must suspect that we are not so regular. Still, I must out to-night, Jacobo—I must indeed!

Jac. Impossible!

Ans. (*giving him money*). I must, Jacobo. Here's for thy wine, much watching needs it.

Jac. The Superior calls me, brother; I only wish there was brotherhood in our drinking. The noble juice which mantles in his cup would cheer me in my vigils.

Ans. And that will purchase it. I must be out to-night. Let the Superior have the key, but do not lock the door. You understand, Jacobo?

Jac. I do; but there's danger in it. Holy Virgin! the Superior comes this way. Anselmo, you had better to your cell.

Ans. I detest it. Now must I play the hypocrite.

Enter Superior followed by Jacobo.

Sup. (*observing Anselmo*). Thou here, my son! I thought thee at thy cell.

Ans. I wish'd to seek it; but till vesper chimes
I must employ in teaching melody;
But that the coffers of our holy church
Receive the thrift, my mind were ill at ease
Thus mixing with the world; for holy vigils
Are better suited to my early years.
(*Kneeling.*) O bless, my father, my untoward youth
And teach my thoughts to find the path to Heav'n.

Sup. (*bending over Anselmo*). Bless thee, my child, may thy young heart

Turn now to Heav'n, as Samuel's did of old!
May holy thoughts pervade thy youthful mind!
May holy dreams enrich thy peaceful sleep!
May heavenly choristers descend in visions,
And point thee out the joys awaiting those
Who dedicate on earth their lives to Heav'n.

[*Exit Superior, after blessing Anselmo. —Anselmo, still kneeling, watches the departure of the Superior.*

Ans. (*rising*). He's safe.

Jac. Hah, hah! do you edify?

Ans. Peace, peace, Jacobo! 'Tis time that I were gone.

Jac. You will return before the door is lock'd?

Ans. Because you will not lock it. I shall be home at midnight: it must be so, Jacobo. If not, expect no further gifts from me; and what is more, a full confession of the many times you have been bribed to secrecy.

[*Exit Anselmo.*

Jac. Why, what a penance if this should be discovered! They know how much I love my wine, and always punish me with water. I should have to drink the Guadalquiver dry before the Superior would give me absolution. Well, we all have our besetting sin; and a pot of good wine will put my soul in more jeopardy than all the temptations that the world contains. I suppose I must forget to lock the door. I'll only bolt it; that will satisfy my conscience as a porter. [*Exit Jacobo.*

Scene II.

Street before Don Gaspar's lodgings.—Enter Antonio.

Ant. I wonder where my master is! I expected him sooner. He may be in his chamber, but 'tis impossible to say. Why, here comes Beppa, and that knave Garcias with her. I've often thought they are too intimate; I will retire and watch them.

Enter Beppa, followed by Garcias.—Antonio advances behind.

Bep. But, Garcias, is this true?

Gar. It is, upon my faith! Sancho revealed it in his cups. Don Perez, afraid to encounter with Don Gaspar, has hired bravos to dispatch him.

Bep. I rejoice at it. A wretch like him deserves no better fate, and my poor mistress will be well revenged. Indeed, his servant is no better.

Gar. What! your dear husband?

Bep. My scoundrel husband! Unhappy day I married him! It was but yesterday that I found him kissing another.

Gar. Indeed!—You can revenge yourself.

Bep. I almost wish I could.

Gar. (*kissing her hand*). Then kiss again.

Bep. Pshaw! that's but poor revenge.

Gar. I'll join the bravos, and strike him down, if you will marry me.

Bep. Not so, good sir: it were indeed to make a better choice, to take a murderer in second wedlock. I ask but to be free; and leave the time to Heaven.

Gar. Then fare ye well. [*Exit Garcias.*

Ant. A very pretty proposal, and a very pretty plot have I discovered! yet will I conceal my knowledge. (*Shows himself.*) Good day, again, my Beppa! Who is that friend of yours? (*smacking lips in imitation of kissing*).

Bep. (*after a pause*). Well, good husband, how could I help it?

Ant. How could you help it!

Bep. My mistress ordered me.

Ant. Oh, I understand!

Bep. Yes, only a little by-play, you know.

Ant. Or else you must quit your service. Pray who is the gentleman to whom your mistress is making love?

Bep. That's a secret.

Ant. Of course she gave you ten moidores for me.

Bep. Really I don't remember.

Ant. Indeed! why, thou—thou—

Bep. Good morning. I must to my mistress. Adieu, Antonio. [*Exit Beppa.*

Ant. Well; I like thee better than usual. Thou hast refused him for me, and would not have him murder me; that's something in a wife now-a-days. I have obtained a key which fits my master's door; and now I feel assured he'll not come back, I'll find his secret out. I must be quick. Suppose he should be there. Impossible! he would have summoned me. At all events I'll risk it.

[*Exit Antonio.*

Scene III.

Interior of Don Gaspar's room.—Enter Antonio.

Ant. Pugh! what a heat I'm in! I really tremble with delight or fear—I can't tell which. If he should come, what shall I say? Oh, the news I gained from Beppa. That will do. (*Looking round.*) Well, I see nothing after all. Why should he keep his chamber locked? But, then, there's that chest; let me try—locked fast;—nothing to be gained from that. Still, he comes in by some other way than the door, that's clear; we must have a search for a trap door. (*He looks round, and then under the bed. While he is on his knees, feeling the boards, Don Gaspar enters by the secret sliding panel, and observing him, draws his sword, and, as Antonio rises, he points it to his breast.*)

Gasp. Villain! how cam'st thou hither?

Ant. (*much alarmed*). Sir, sir, I came—came (*recovers himself*)—I came to save your life, unless it please you to take mine before I can speak to you.

Gasp. To save my life!

Ant. Yes, sir; I knew not where to find you; I thought you might be here, and so I forced the lock with a rusty key. I meant to say, that I knew you had another way out from your chamber, and I have been looking for it, that I might hasten to you, to save your life.

Gasp. Well, sirrah, first prove to me that you *can* save my life, and then, perhaps, I may overlook this impertinent intrusion.

Ant. Sir, I overheard a conversation between the valet of Don Felix and a woman, in which they stated that bravos were hired by Don Perez to waylay and murder you, Don Perez not caring to meet you with his sword. This night they wait for you.

Gasp. Is Don Perez then so basely treacherous?

Ant. Indeed he is, sir! You must not out to-night.

Gasp. I must, and fear them not. For this I overlook your prying—nay, more, I will in confidence explain the secret of this chamber; but, mark you! keep it, or I shall soil my rapier with thy knavish blood. This private entrance hath much served me (*showing the sliding panel*).

Ant. May I be so bold as to ask how?

Gasp. It oft has saved my life. It is about a year since, and about three months before you entered my service, that I gained the love of one named Julia; she was too fond, and urged me to marry her, which I refused. Her brothers, who were at home at the time, wrested from her the cause of those tears which she could not control. I met them both, and with ease disarmed them; I did not wish to slay them, I had already done them injury. These officers, who were more annoyed by my conquest than even their sister's shame, hired bravos, as Perez now has done, who sought to murder me. Each night that I went home I found them near my door: twice I fought an entrance to my own house; a friend, who was aware of the inveteracy of those who toiled to procure my assassination, hired me this chamber. For months they watched the door with disappointment, until the brothers being recalled to join their troops in Murcia, the bravos ceased their persecutions.

Ant. How did you escape them in the city, senor?

Gasp. In daylight I was safe; at night I wore the garb of a holy monk, that lies upon that chair. You'll keep my secret?

Ant. Yes, sir, when I know it.

Gasp. Have I not told it you?

Ant. You have told me that at times you are a monk, and at times a cavalier. Which is the real character, him of the rosary, or him of the rapier?

Gasp. (*aside*). The knave is deep. (*Aloud.*) I am a monk but when it suits me.

Ant. But, sir, is there not danger in thus assuming a holy character, if it were known—the Inquisition?

Gasp. I grant it: but we do many things which, if known, would subject us to something unpleasant. I serve two mistresses; but, should I marry them both——

Ant. (*starting back*). Then would you to the galleys, at least.

Gasp. Exactly so. I merely put the case, for I was told by Donna Isidora's maid, you are her husband; and this I also know, from your own mouth, you are married to Beppa.

Ant. There's some mistake, sir; for Nina is married to one whose name is Lopez. I cannot, sure, be he!

Gasp. If I can be both monk and cavalier, as you assert, why may not you be Lopez and Antonio? A name is changed as easily as a garment. But in your face I read conviction; I'm certain you have two wives!

Ant. It must be as you please, sir. Perhaps I may have confessed as much to you as a holy monk.

Gasp. (*Laughs.*) When did you ever meet me in a church?

Ant. I do not say I have, sir; but then your knowledge is so certain

Gasp. Suppose, then, that I know your secrets, thou wilt surely not reveal mine. There's for thine intelligence. (*Throws him a purse.*)

Ant. May Heaven preserve my gracious master!

Gasp. This night must I to Donna Serafina's.

Ant. Will you, then, venture forth?

Gasp. Yes, I'll robe myself as holy monk. They dare

not strike, even though they have suspicion. You may go. I shall not return to-night.

[*Exit Antonio.*

Scoundrel!—he is too cunning to believe me—
Yet still I have the secret of his wives.
(*Muses.*) This night I have discover'd the base Perez
Again essays his most inconstant fair,
Blind as inconstant. She rejected me
When, as Friar Anselmo teaching music,
I offer'd her—'tis true, unholy love;
And I by Perez was thrust out with shame,
Spurn'd with contumely as the door was closed,
With threats if ever I appear'd again,
To blazon forth my impious attempt, and—
Yet did she cozen me with melting eyes,
And first roused up the demon in my breast,
Then laugh'd in malice.——I hate her for it!
Now as Don Gaspar, I've supplanted him,
Pride and revenge, not love, impelling me;
These gratified, I would shake off a chain
Which now, in amorous violence, she'd rivet.
Further, Don Perez, in his jealous mood,
Has as Don Gaspar braved me. They shall find,
I hold life cheap when I would have revenge!

[*Exit.*

Scene IV.

A garden near the house of Donna Serafina, which is in the back of the scene.—A balcony.—Enter Gaspar in a friar's dress, over that of a cavalier.

I pass'd them, and they bow'd unto my blessing.
Why, what a world of treachery is this!
Who would imagine that this holy robe,
Professing but humility and love,
Conceal'd the cavalier, swelling in pride,
Seeking revenge, and thirsting for hot blood?
Off with this first disguise! (*Throws off friar's gown.*)
What then appears?

A fair proportion, more deceiving still.
——In holy garb I fret within my cell,
Sigh for the joyous world I have renounced,
And spurn the creed which hath immured me there.
When like the chrysalis I 'scape my prison,
And range a free and garish butterfly,
I find the world so hollow, base, and vile,
That, in my mood, I hasten back once more,
With thoughts of never wand'ring forth again,
But, see,—Don Perez comes. I will retire.

[*Gaspar withdraws.*

Enter Perez.

Perez. Fool that I am! like some robb'd bird to hover
About the nest that's void. Her heart's not mine.
'Tis now three moons that I have sued in vain;
Her casement closed by night, her door by day.
O woman, woman! thy mysterious power
Chains the whole world, and men are nought but slaves
Unto the potent talisman—
If man prove false and treach'rous, he is spurn'd,
Contemn'd, and punish'd with resentment just.
To woman faithless still we kneel and sue,
For that return our reason holds as worthless.
Well! this shall be my last—for, by yon moon,
So oft a witness to my fervent vows,
So true an emblem of inconstant beauty,
This night I woo her back, or woo no more.

[*Retires; sings to his guitar, unseen; or beckons on chorus.*

Ere lady that you close in sleep
Those eyes that I would die to view,
Think, think on mine that watch and weep,
And on my heart that breaks for you!

The sun does not disdain to turn,
And on the meanest weed to shine,
That scorch'd up dies, and seems to burn
With love, as hopelessly as mine.

One look—one word—hear, hear my call!
O cruel! can you still deny
One look,—though it in scorn should fall?
One word,—although it bid me die?

Perez, coming forward, looking up at the window after pause.
She will not hear, nor bless me with her sight!

Enter Gaspar in cavalier's dress.

Gasp. Well met, Don Perez. Thus I keep my word.
And "when you least do wish it," I am here.
Was it well done to send out hired stilettos
When you had challenged me to measure swords?
Perez (*aside*). The scoundrels then have miss'd him!
(*Aloud.*) Know, Don Gaspar,
I do not deem thee worthy of my steel.
But, as we meet—'tis well—defend thyself! (*Draws.*)
Gasp. Defend *thyself*, Don Perez! Thy best might
And skill befriend thee,—else thy life is nought!
(*They fight round. Don Perez falls.*)
Perez. I'm slain! Don Gaspar, or whoe'er thou art,
If thou have Christian charity, seek out
Some holy man. (*Gaspar retires.*) He's gone!

[*Gaspar, with friar's gown and hood on, returns to Don Perez.*

Gasp. Look up, Don Perez! Knowest thou this form?
Thou dost require some holy man to shrive thee,
Ere thou pass away.——Don Perez, answer!
Know'st thou this form,—these features?
Perez. Thou art the Friar Anselmo. I have wrong'd thee,
And ask forgiveness. O then pardon me!
And, as thou hop'st t' enjoy eternal life,
Feel no resentment 'gainst a dying man!
(*Faintly.*) Shrive me, good father, for I'm sinking fast.
Yon stream of blood will not creep on its course
Another foot, ere I shall be no more.

Gasp. Thou saw'st Anselmo. Now raise up thine eyes,
(*Throws off his disguise.*)
And see Don Gaspar! who has just reveng'd
The wrongs inflicted on the spurn'd at monk.

Perez. Whoe'er thou art, mysterious, awful being!
At least be satisfied with thy revenge.
If thou art holy, shrive me!

Gasp. I am a monk, and yet not holy (*putting on gown, and folding his arms*).

Perez. If thou art a monk by vows, thou'rt holy.
'Tis not my blood that's now upon thy hand,
And shall hereafter be upon thy soul,
Which makes thee less so: thou'rt but an instrument.
I pray thee, shrive me, that my guilty soul
May quit in peace this tenement of clay.

Gasp. Does he not speak the truth? Tell me, my heart,
I think—I feel——I can forgive him now!

[*Gaspar takes out his crucifix, returns to Don Perez, and, kneeling, presents it to him. Perez kisses the crucifix, and falls back dead. Gaspar remains hanging over him.*

Don Felix (*without*). What hoa!

Enter Don Felix with servants bearing torches.

Gasp. (*still kneeling by the body*). Who calls?

Felix. We seek Don Perez, who this way did bend
His steps some hours ago; and not returning
At th' appointed time, we fear some mischief
Hath befallen him.

Gasp. Behold then here the body of some gallant,
Whose face I know not. As I pass'd this way
I heard the clash of high and fierce contention,
And when I came, this most unhappy man
Lay breathing here his last. I shrived him,
And he since has died.

Felix. It is Don Perez. Holy father, saw you
The other party in the contest?

Gasp. Save that a manly figure flitted by,
And vanish'd in the shadow of yon trees.
Felix. Raise up the corpse, and bear it to my house.
This bloody work, Don Gaspar, must be thine!
Perez, thou hear'st me not! but, by this sword,
I will revenge thy death!

[*Exit Don Felix and servants carrying body.*

Gasp. Thus far have I escaped suspicion—
Now will I to the monastery.

[*Casement opens, and Donna Serafina appears at window.*]

Ser. Who's there?
Gasp. (*aside*). I had forgotten her.
Ser. Who's there?
Gasp. A father of the neighbouring monastery,
Attracted hither by the clash of swords,
And but in time to shrive a dying man.
Ser. Good father, didst thou hear the names of those
Who were engaged?
Gasp. Not of the murderer, who has escaped.
The one whose body has been borne away,
Was call'd——Don Gaspar.
Ser. Don Gaspar! Father, surely thou mistak'st?
It was the other cavalier who fell.
Gasp. The words of dying men are those of truth;
He call'd himself Don Gaspar, and he begg'd
I would take off his scarf, and, with his love,
Bear it to Donna Serafina.
Ser. Then it is true—and I am lost for ever!
Father, recall those words, those dreadful words!
Say 'twas not Don Gaspar, and I'll load
Thy monastery with the wealth of India.
Its shrines shall blaze with gold and precious gems,
And holy relics shall be purchased thee,
To draw all faithful Christians to thy gates!
Gasp. I cannot change the name, and, if I could,

'Twere no less a murder. Lady, good-night.
Ser. Good father, stop—thou hast a scarf
For Donna Serafina. I am she—
Where is it? give it me.
Gasp. Are you that woe-struck lady, Serafina?
Alas! indeed you have much cause to grieve.
He loved you well.
Ser. Give me the scarf.
Gasp. I cannot, lady; 'tis not fit to offer,
For it is tinged with blood.
Ser. Give me the scarf! I'll kiss away the blood,
Or wash it off with tears!
Gasp. That I cannot, the casement is too high;
Nor can I tarry longer. The last message,
Together with the scarf, I will deliver
Before to-morrow's sun shall gild these trees.
Ser. Then be it so. O Gaspar! Gaspar!
[*Exit from window, and closes it*
Gasp. One hour of misery, like hers, exceeds
An age of common earthly suffering;
And when at last she hears the unvarnish'd truth,
'Twill but perplex her more. Oh destiny!
Why am I thus a blood-stain'd guilty man
In early years? still yearning towards virtue,
Yet ever falling in the snares of vice!
Now do I loathe the amorous Serafina,
Who sacrifices all—her fame—her honour,
At Passion's shrine. How do I adore
The chaste, the innocent, sweet Isidora!
Yet in my love, so ardent and so pure,
There's guilt—deep damning guilt—and more,
There's cruelty and baseness! I plant a dagger
In the fond breast that cherishes the wound;
Nor will she feel the pain until withdrawn,
And happiness—nay, life—will issue with it.
How inconsistent, selfish, treacherous!
Heav'n pardon me—how can I pardon ask
For that I never can forgive myself! [*Exit Gaspar.*

Act IV. Scene I.

Street before Anselmo's lodgings.

Enter Antonio.

Ant. At last I have his secret, and one of moment too. A monk, and yet a cavalier! A friar's gown and a gala suit! vowing to heaven and vowing to the ladies! Abjuring the world, and roaming through it with a vengeance! Telling his beads, and telling me lies! But I am not so easily to be deceived. I thought very often that there was a similarity of voice between his and my confessor's, but when I saw the friar's gown, and he accused me of having two wives, it all flashed upon me at once. A pretty fool has he made of me! No wonder that he knew my rogueries when I confessed them to him. What's the having two wives to this? Mine is a paltry secret of a poor lacquey, but his is one which will obtain a price, and it is well to be first in the market. Whom shall I sell it to? let me see—Don Felix——?

Enter Beppa.

Bep. What of Don Felix, husband? Do you wish to serve him?

Ant. Yes, if he'll pay me well.

Bep. I presume Don Gaspar has not paid you: then must you help yourself.

Ant. Why so I do, whenever I can. But he takes care of that.

Bep. He might have done, but hardly will do so now.

Ant. Why not?

Bep. Because he's dead.

Ant. Dead! Are you sure of that?

Bep. Quite sure, for I myself beheld the contest. Such fierce exchange of hate I ne'er imagined, or that you men were such incarnate devils.

Ant. Pray tell me where this happened.

Bep. 'Twas in the garden near our house, under the chestnut trees, deep in the shade. The full moon could not pierce the closely woven foliage. All her beams were caught on the topmost boughs which waved in silver. A lovely night to stain with murder! Oh me! I see them now.

Ant. Proceed, good Beppa, I'm eager to know all.

Bep. Their forms were not distinct, yet could we perceive their gleaming swords darting like fiery serpents; 'twas horrible. At last one fell; it proved to be Don Gaspar.

Ant. Indeed! you're sure there's no mistake?

Bep. I saw the body borne away. My mistress weeps and tears her hair, nor deems that he was false. I must to the church, but will return again immediately. [*Exit.*

Ant. Now could I weep, and tear my hair, like Donna Serafina. My secret is worth nothing. 'Tis strange, too, that he should be o'ermatched by Don Perez, whose sword he so despised; I cannot yet believe it; and yet, she saw the body, and her mistress weeps. What can she gain by this, if 'twere deceit? Nothing. Why, then, 'tis plain Don Gaspar's dead. His foot slipped, I suppose, and thus the vaunted skill of years will often fail through accident. What's to be done now? I'm executor of course. Here comes Don Felix.

Enter Don Felix.

Felix. Art thou the lacquey of Don Gaspar?

Ant. (*pulling out his handkerchief, and putting it to his eyes*). I was, most noble sir.

Felix. You've left him then?

Ant. He hath left me. Last night he fell, in combat with Don Perez.

Felix. 'Tis false. He hath slain my friend, whose body now lies in my house.

Ant. Indeed, sir! may I credit this?

Felix. I tell you it is true. Where can a message find your master?

Ant. Wherever he may be, sir.

Felix. And where is that? Trifle not with me, knave, or you'll repent it sorely.

Ant. I do not trifle, sir. Don Gaspar's motions are unknown to me. Give me your message; when he re-appears I will deliver it.

Felix. Then tell him he's a villain of no parentage; a vile impostor whom I mean to punish;—that if there's manhood in him he will appoint a time and place where we may meet.

Ant. You seek his life then?

Felix. You may so construe by the message.

Ant. Pardon me, sir; but will you risk your noble person against one but too well practised in the sword? Excuse me, sir, you're hasty: there are other means more fitting for your purpose. I have his secret; one that will administer to your revenge, and win a triumph far greater than your sword.

Felix. Tell me this secret.

Ant. Why should I sacrifice a liberal master, whom, just now, you saw me weep for? and that to one to whom I have no obligation?

Felix. I understand thee, knave! Thou'lt sell it me? (*Takes out a purse.*)

Ant. Softly, Don Felix! it bears no common price, nor can I tell it here. I've paid most dearly for it, and from distress alone am now obliged to sell it.

Felix. And I will buy it dearly. In half an hour come to my house; there will exchange a heavy purse for what you may confide to me, if, as you say, it leads to his perdition.

[*Exit Felix.*

Ant. So, this works well; and yet my conscience smites me! Why does it smite me? Because 'tis heavily laden. With what? This secret. Then must I unburthen myself of it; and as, till lately, I have confessed to one Don Gaspar, I will now confess to one Don Felix. The former refused me absolution—the latter offers me a purse.

I was right when I gave warning to my old confessor; the new one is more suited to me. Here come my ten plagues of Egypt in one.

Enter Beppa.

Bep. Well, Antonio, you have lost no time, I hope. What have you collected? You often quote the proverb, "Service is no inheritance."

Ant. Service *is* no inheritance; yet you would that I constituted myself my master's heir. I cannot do it, Beppa —I dare not! There's something tells me it is wrong to rob so good a master; I am more honest than you take me to be.

Bep. Then is the devil turned saint! Think not that you deceive me. There's nought but cowardice that will prevent your knavery. Now tell me, how long have you been thus scrupulous?

Ant. Ever since I found out that my master was not dead.

Bep. Not dead?

Ant. Don Perez 'twas who fell.

Bep. A holy friar who shrived the dying man told me the name of him who fell was Gaspar.

Ant. He was a holy friar, said you? I see it all (*aside*).

Bep. He said he had a scarf to give to Donna Serafina, at the request of him who died.

Ant. Hath he delivered it?

Bep. No; and Donna Serafina in frantic grief awaits his coming.

Ant. (*aside*). She'll wait till doomsday; I understand it all. (*Aloud.*) Beppa! Don Gaspar now will soon be here; go and console your mistress.

Bep. Then it must have been a plan of Don Gaspar's to rid himself of my mistress. I do not understand it, but believe you *do*. When master and man are so much alike, they cannot deceive each other. I'll to Donna Serafina, and tell her of this base stratagem, which, with his wooing of another, will make her cease to grieve for the

treacherous villain, and turn her ardent love to deadly hate. [*Exit Beppa.*

Ant. As I have mine for you, I was about to say; only I do not recollect that I ever loved you. I think I married her to keep myself from starving: but I forget why exactly, 'tis so long ago. What a fool is a man who marries —but a double fool is he who, like me, am doubly——I can't bear to mention it. [*Exit Antonio.*

Scene II.

Donna Serafina's Chamber.—Donna Serafina discovered.

Ser. They tell me I am fair: yet what avails
This gift of nature?
Could those who envy me but see my heart—
My bleeding, lacerated, breaking heart!
How would their bitter nature change to pity!
I did require but him in this wide world;
My beauty valued, but to gain his love!
My wealth rejoiced in, but to share with him!
He was my all! and every other 'vantage
Was but of value as subservient to him.
As is the gold of costly workmanship
Round the fair gem imbedded in the centre.
Oh! Gaspar, were I sure I could o'ertake
Thy spirit, soaring up in its young flight,
This little steel should free my anxious soul,
To join thine in the high empyrean,
And, fondly link'd, in joy ascend to Heaven.
Why waits the friar? Some idle mummery,
To him more sacred than my Gaspar's relic,
From his dull memory hath chased his promise.
Why waits my woman, whom I have despatch'd
To learn the history of my Gaspar's death?
Alas! alas! they know not love.

Enter Beppa.

Bep. Madam, I've news for you; but news so strange

That I can scarce impart it. Dry your tears,
Nor more lament Don Gaspar,—for he lives!

Ser. He lives? say that again! You said he lived—
Did you not, Beppa? Then may Heav'n reward you
For those blissful words!—He lives!—support me—
(*Faints in Beppa's arms.*)

Bep. I should have first inform'd her he was false.
Now will the shock be greater.—Dear lady—(*Serafina recovering gradually*).

Ser. (*faintly*). Now do I feel like some poor criminal,
Who, having closed his eyes, to look no more
Upon the world he is about to leave,
With curdling blood, and faint and flutt'ring pulse,
Waits for the last terrific moment
When the sharp axe shall free his trembling soul.
So wakes he at the distant shouts of men,
Rolling the waves of sound until they dash
Against his worn-out sense the glad reprieve.
Don Gaspar lives! Oh Heav'n, I thank thee!

Bep. At the cup's brim the sweets have kiss'd your lips.
But, madam, like some weak, distemper'd child,
You've yet to taste the nauseous dreaded draught
Which is to cure you.

Ser. What mean you? Cure me!

Bep. 'Tis true Don Gaspar lives—as true he's false.

Ser. False! Beppa—false?

Bep. Most false and treacherous!
He loves another.

Ser. (*after a pause*). Did I hear rightly?
Impossible! It was but three days gone,
He swore such oaths, if true, as Heav'n would register—
Should they prove false, as hell might chuckle at.

Bep. And yet it is so, I am most assured.

Ser. If it be true, then everything is false.
It cannot, cannot be. Have I not lavish'd
All I could bestow, myself and mine,
Rejected all, to live within his arms,
To breathe one breath with him, and dwell in ecstasy

Upon his words. Oh no! he is not false
You must belie him.
Bep. Nay, I would I did:
I wonder not your doting heart rejects
Such monstrous treachery. Yet it is true,
And true as curs'd. The Donna Isidora
By her charms has won him; and his feign'd death
Was but a stratagem to shake you off.
As you last night asserted, Perez fell;
Don Felix, swearing vengeance, seeks Don Gaspar.
Ser. (*after a pause*). Who is this Isidora?
Bep. A lovely creature in her early bloom,
The noble blood of Guzman in her veins,
A rival worthy of your beauty, madam,
And therefore one most dangerous.
Ser. Would that I had her here. My heart is now
So full of anger, malice, and fierce hate,
With all those direful and envenom'd passions
By which the breasts of demons are infected;
If I but even look'd upon her face,
My scorching breath would wither up her charms
Like adder's poison. Would I had her here!
Bep. Yet blame her not. She's good and beautiful:
Report doth much commend her early worth
And ever active charity.
Ser. Were she not so, I yet might have retain'd
My truant love. Each virtue that she hath
With me's a vice—each charm, deformity.
They are my foes, array'd against my power,
And I must hate them, as they've vanquish'd me.
Bep. But *my* hate should fall on Gaspar, lady.
Ser. That's not so easy; the strong tide of love,
Though check'd, still flows against the adverse hate.
In their opposing strife, my troubled breast
Heaves as the elements in wild commotion.
Bep. It must not last. I've much to tell you yet
Of this base man. When you have heard it all,
A rapid flood of rage shall sweep its course,

Lash'd by the storm raised in your much-wrong'd soul,
O'erwhelming all remorse, to Gaspar's ruin.
Ser. Direct me, Heav'n! Come to my chamber, Beppa,
I must unrobe me. When my swollen heart
Can throb more freely, I will hear your tale.
Come on, good Beppa. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Street in Seville.

Enter Antonio.

Ant. This is a strange world! What a simpleton is this Don Felix! First he buys my secret at a heavy price, and then, after two minutes' deliberation, declares that he will make no use of it, but that I must deliver the message that he gave me. I've no objection. I like to see my betters dismiss each other to the next world;—the more room for those who remain behind, and poor rogues like me are not so much jostled. This world is certainly much too full for comfort. Ah! here comes one that stands a chance of going out of it.

Enter Don Gaspar.

Gasp. Antonio, I must for a time remain concealed. Don Perez is no more, and in this friar's gown, which I put on to elude the bravos, I have convinced the Donna Serafina of my death. Thus do I rid myself of her unwelcome love. Remember, should you meet your wife, I don't know which of them, you will keep my secret. You will remain here in charge till I return.

Ant. Most certainly, sir. But I had almost forgotten; I have a message which may interfere with your departure.

Gasp. From whom?

Ant. Don Felix, sir. The friend of him you slew last night.

Gasp. Well, what is this message?

Ant. One, sir, that will demand a life—or yours or his. It is so coarsely worded that I dare not give it. It will too much provoke you.

Gasp. Give it me straight, and let me have it word for word.

Ant. He told me first, sir, that you were—a villain.

Gasp. (*catching Antonio by the throat*). How, sirrah?

Ant. It was not I who said so—'twas Don Felix.

Gasp. True. I was hasty. Now proceed.

Ant. A villain—of no parentage.

Gasp. What? scoundrel!

Ant. I have said too much, sir.—You'll excuse the rest.

Gasp. (*much irritated*). No, no, no—go on; leave out a word and I will murder you.

Ant. (*aside*). Then I stand a bad chance either way, not so amusing as I thought. (*Aloud.*) He did say something else, but 'twas of no moment—

Gasp. (*putting his hand to his sword*). Your message, to the letter.

Ant. A vile impostor.

Gasp. (*striking him*). How?

Ant. Oh, mercy, sir! you take me for Don Felix.

Gasp. I am wrong. (*Throws his purse to Antonio.*) You said a villain—of no parentage—a vile impostor—ha! was there any more?

Ant. Yes, sir; and which I think I may deliver without farther danger to myself. He added, "If there's manhood in him, he will appoint a time and place, when and where I may meet him."

Gasp. I ask no better. Tell him, this evening, at the copse of trees where Perez fell, he may expect me. Take my answer straight.

Ant. Shall I go now?

Gasp. Yes; fly to his house. Tell him from me—no, no—tell him no more than I have said already, I'll wait for your return. Haste, haste. [*Exit Antonio.*
A villain of no parentage!—Impostor!

A vile impostor!—He but states the truth,
Yet will I crush him, that he hath stumbled
On that truth. Yes! of no parentage!—Why—
Why is this constant pining of the heart,
As if it felt itself defrauded still
Of rights inherent? If I'm basely born
Why do I spurn the common herd of men?
The eaglet that regains its liberty,
Soars to the sun at once—it is its nature:
While meaner birds would hop from spray to spray.
Oh! would I had ne'er been born.—
To-morrow I intend to leave for ever
Her whom I love—the sacred walls I hate,
In some far distant land to die unheeded.
My Isidora has desired my presence,
And strange, admits me in the open day.
Within an hour of this she will receive me,
Then must I falter out my last adieu.
This evening also I must meet Don Felix.—

Re-enter Antonio.

So soon return'd! Hast thou then seen him?

Ant. I have, sir; I met him as I gained the door, and your message was duly delivered. He answered, that *he* would not fail, and that he trusted his *sword* would not fail either.

Gasp. Should his sword fail, I must not return for many days; should it not *fail*, I return no more.
But having balanced thus my brief account
Of love and hate, I'll quit fair Spain for ever. [*Exit.*

Ant. (*taking out a purse*). This purse is a heavy one, but not so heavy as the one I received from Don Felix. I hardly dared deliver the message, but there's seldom profit without danger. I will say this for my master, that he knows the salve for every wound. Let me see—one purse for my intelligence, or rather for keeping my master's secret, and another from Don Felix for betraying it—and a third

for a blow. Ah! here comes Beppa. (*Puts up purse hastily.*)

Enter Beppa.

Bep. What's that you've put into your pocket?

Ant. Only an empty purse.

Bep. It appeared to me well filled.

Ant. Appearances are very deceitful. How is your mistress?

Bep. Alas! she has watched all night—now the tears pouring down her cheeks, whilst heavy sobs hindered all utterance, and then would she turn to rage, and pace her chamber with frantic gestures. Oh! what a wretch is this Don Gaspar!

Ant. He fights this evening.

Bep. With whom?

Ant. Don Felix—a better match for him than Perez.

Bep. They say the former's skilled in fence. Heaven grant his sword may prove the master! Where do they meet?

Ant. Nay, that's a secret.

Bep. Tell me, Antonio, Should Don Felix not prevail, a woman's vengeance yet may reach Don Gaspar. Antonio, do tell me where they meet.

Ant. It is a secret.

Bep. But I must know. There is nothing I would not give to win this secret from you. Antonio, you must tell me.

Ant. That I cannot, I made a promise. (*Puts his hand to his heart.*)

Bep. (*scornfully*). You made a promise. I know your promises too well. What will you sell this secret for?

Ant. My purse of ten moidores!

Bep. Then you shall have it. But will you tell it truly?

Ant. Honour! when I have the money.

Bep. (*Takes out purse and throws it at him.*) Then, there it is. I believe that you will keep a roguish contract, although no other.

Ant. You're right. They meet at sunset under the copse of trees where Perez fell.

Bep. The copse of trees where Perez fell! Does he not fear his ghost? No, he fears nothing. Breaking the hearts of women, and piercing those of men, is all the same to this fell Gaspar. Well, I have bought your secret, and will make good use of it.

Ant. Had you not known that it was a marketable commodity, you never had purchased it. You'll turn a penny, never fear. I must unto my master's lodgings.

[*Exit.*

Bep. Yes, to follow thy old trade of pilfering. I must unto my lady, and bear her this intelligence. Thus will I rouse the woman in her, and urge her to revenge.

[*Exit.*

Scene IV.

A Room in the Guzman Palace.

Enter Nina, ushering in Don Gaspar.

Stay here, senor. You'll not be long alone.

[*Exit Nina.*

Gasp. Thus am I hurried, by resistless love,
To follow that I never can obtain.
I love thee, Isidora, dote upon thee,
There's not a boiling drop within these veins
I'd not pour out, could it but make thee happy.
And yet I 'gainst my better reason plunge,
Dragging thee with me deep into perdition.
A monk, and marry! 'Tis impossible!
Each time I quit her, then do I resolve
Never to see her more; yet one hour's absence
Kills my resolution, and each moment
Seems an eternity, till in her presence
Vows I repeat, that vows alone make false.
'Tis not in human nature to withstand
Against such strong temptation,—
To fold her in my arms—inhale her breath,

Kiss tears away, neither of grief nor joy,
But from both fountains equally o'erflowing—
Oh! 'tis a bliss indeed, to gain which
Angels might leave their bright cerulean home,
And barter their eternal heaven of joy.

Enter Donna Inez. Gaspar advances quickly to her, thinking it is Isidora, but finding his mistake stops abruptly, and bows to Donna Inez.

Inez. Don Gaspar—for 'tis so I hear you're styled—
Hither you came in ardent expectation
Of meeting one more suited to your age,
My beauteous niece, the Donna Isidora.
Now would I have some conference with one
Who by insidious means hath gain'd her heart,
Yet shrouds himself in mystery: she has placed
Her fortunes in my hands—she resigns her all,
To me confiding to unlock your secret.
When once you're manifest and fully known,
A task which must precede, senor, it will decide
Whether I join your hands and bless your union,
Or curse the fatal day she first beheld you!

Gasp. Madam, I thank you much, I'll speak directly.
But I'm so overcome with wretchedness,
Your kindness must bear with me.
You ask me who I am—a question fair,
As fairly answer'd now—I cannot tell.

Inez. Is it you know not, or you will not tell?

Gasp. I do not know—and therefore cannot tell—
Though from this hour I date my misery,
I am resign'd. You may dismiss me
With stern remonstrance at my daring love—
Yet it is better. I am of those forsaken—
Who have no parents—owing to the state
A nurture most unkind—a foundling child.

Inez. A foundling child? (*Aside.*) His voice—his presence—
And those words make my heart leap in agony.

Gasp. Yes, and must live to curse the hearts of those
Unnatural parents, who could thus renounce me.
Love conquer'd shame, and brought me into being,
But in her turn shame triumph'd over love,
And I was left to destiny.—
The bloody tigress parts not with her young:—
Her cruel nature, never known to pity,
Is by maternal feeling changed to tenderness.
The eyes which fiercely gleam on all creation,
Beam softly, as she views her snarling cubs.
But cruel man, unruly passion sated,
Leaves to neglect the offspring of his guilt.
I have no more to say. Dismiss me now,
And when, henceforth, you rail at my presumption,
Consider the perfection that has caused it.
I oft have made the healthy resolution
To quit for ever her whom I adore.
Take my farewell to her—your lovely niece,
Although I'm friendless, she will pity me.
Inez. (*aside*). How strange it is
I feel not anger'd! Strange indeed, there is a pulse
Which makes me lean to his presumptuous love.
[*Gaspar is going.*
(*Aloud.*) Yet stay awhile, for I would know your age?
Gasp. 'Twas at nine years I left the hospital,
And now have been for ten a wanderer.
Inez. (*aside*). The age exact. O Heav'n! let not these hopes
For ever springing, be for ever wither'd!
(*Aloud.*) Youth, have you any mark, should you be sought,
Might lend a clue to your discovery?
Gasp. I have; they who deserted me, if ever
Their intention to reclaim my person,
May safely challenge me among ten thousand.
(*Baring his wrist.*) 'Tis here—a ruby band upon my wrist.
[*Inez goes towards him, catches his hand, and gazes on the wrist intently without speaking.*
What can this mean? oh, speak, dear lady, speak!

Inez. (*throwing herself into his arms*). My child, my child!

Gasp. I, I your child! almighty Heaven, I thank thee!
My heart is bursting in its wild emotion,
Till all be understood. Oh, speak again!

Inez. Thou art my son—he whom I've mourn'd so long,
So long have sought. Features thou hast, my boy,
Which in the memory of all save her,
Who fondly loved, long, long have pass'd away.

Gasp. Who was my father?

Inez. One of most ancient name, Don Felipo.

Gasp. Then I am noble?

Inez. And by each descent.

Gasp. Pardon me, lady, if I seem more eager
To know this fact, than render unto you
My love and duty.—From the world's scorn
I've suffer'd much; and my unbending pride
Would rather that my birth remain'd in doubt,
Than find a parentage which was obscure.
Now all is perfect, and to you I tender
(*Kneeling*) My truth and love, still in their infancy,
And therefore may they seem to you but feeble.
(*Rises.*) Yet blame me not: this sudden change of state
Hath left me so bewilder'd I scarce know
Myself, or what I feel; like to the eyes
Of one long plunged in gloom, on whom the sun,
At length admitted, pours at once a flood
Of glorious light—so are my senses dazzled.

Inez. And I am faint with gratitude and love.
Come in with me. Then shall you learn
The cruel cause that cast you out a foundling,
And I, the bounteous, blessed providence,
That led you to my arms. [*Exeunt.*

Act V. Scene I.

A chamber in the Guzman Palace.

Enter Donna Inez, meeting Superior.

Sup. Save thee, good lady! I have stolen an hour
From holy prayer, for which may I be pardon'd,
To weigh the merits of a mother's virtue
Against the errors of an impious son;
To put in counterpoise the deep disgrace,
The insult offer'd to our brotherhood,
With the atonement you would make to Heav'n.
Inez. And you are merciful!
Sup. Lady, there is nought
Which Heav'n detests so much as sacrilege;
'Tis the most damn'd of all the damning sins.
The fire of hell can purge away all crimes,
Howe'er atrocious, save this deed of death,
To life eternal, if not here atoned for
By a surrender of all earthly goods.
Inez. All, father!
Sup. All!
Inez. Father, this cannot be.
Surely there is
In our extensive wealth enough for both—
To satisfy the holy church, yet leave
Withal to grace his rank and dignity.
Sup. He that hath mock'd high Heav'n with sacrilege
Should live for nought except to make his peace.
Your son must straight renew his broken vows,
With tears and penance must wash out his sin—
His life, however long, too short to plead
For mercy and forgiveness, and his wealth,
However great, too small to make atonement.
Inez. Father, this cannot be.
Sup. It shall be so.
Inez. Then I'll appeal elsewhere. I'll to the king,

And tell him this sad story. The Guzmans
Have too well served him, not to gain his help
In this their need. If we must pay a price,
The bargain shall be made with Rome herself,
Who will be less exacting.

Sup. (*aside*). I must not grasp too much, or I lose all.
(*Aloud*) Lady, I know your thoughts, and do not blame you.
You are divided, as frail mortals are
In this imperfect state, 'twixt heaven and earth,
Your holy wishes check'd by love maternal;
Now would I know the course that you would steer
Between the two. We can arrange this point.
The church is generous, and she oft resigns
That she might claim in justice. Tell me, lady,
What do you proffer?

Inez. There is a fair domain of great extent
Water'd by the Guadalquiver's wave,
Whose blushing harvests each returning autumn
Yield the best vintage in our favour'd land.
Six hamlets tenanted by peaceful swains,
And dark-eyed maidens, portion'd to the soil,
Foster its increase. The fairest part of Spain
Which Heav'n hath made, I render back to Heav'n.

Sup. I know the land, and will accept the gift:—
But to it must be added sums of gold
To pay for holy rites to be perform'd
For years, to purify our monastery
Which has been desecrated.

Inez. That will I give, and freely. Now, good father,
Remember, in exchange for these you promise
To pardon all, and to obtain from Rome
A dispensation to my truant child.

Sup. I do!

Inez. Father, I'll send him to you. You'll
Rebuke him, but not harshly, for his soul
Is with his new found prospects all on fire.

[*Exit Inez.*

Sup. Now will our convent be the best endow'd

Of any in the land. This wild young hypocrite,
Who fears nor Heaven nor man, hath well assisted
My pious longing. More by the sins of men
Than their free gifts, our holy church doth prosper.

[*Enter Anselmo in cavalier's dress.*

What do I see? One, that's in sanctity,
Who vow'd his service and his life to Heav'n,
In this attire. Heaven is most patient!

Ans. It is, good father, or this world of guilt
Had long been wither'd with the threaten'd fire.
My sins are monstrous, yet I am but one
Of many millions, erring as myself.
'Tis not for us to judge. He, who reads all
Our hearts, and knows how we've been tempted,
Alone can poise the even scale of justice.
If I'm to blame, good father, are not you?

Sup. How?

Ans. I had it from my mother, she reveal'd
To you her history, and did make known
The mark by which I might be recognised—
That mark, so oft the theme of idle wonder
In the convent. Before I took my vows
You therefore must have known my station,
The rank I held by birthright, and the name
Which I inherited. Why did you press me then
To take those vows? It was a rank injustice.

Sup. (*aside*). He argues boldly. (*Aloud*) 'Twere as well to say,
It were unjust to help you unto Heav'n—
I put you in the right path.

Ans. One too slippery. Father, I've stumbled.

Sup. You have. But that your fond and virtuous mother
Stretch'd forth her hand to save you, it had been
To your perdition.

Ans. I am so full of gratitude to Heaven,
I cannot cavil at the deeds of men.

Yet are we blind alike. You did intend
To serve me, and I thank you.
Sup. I'll serve you yet, my son. This very night
A message shall be forwarded to Rome.
Before a month is past you'll be absolved.
Till then return unto the monastery,
Resume your cowl, and bear yourself correctly.
A month will soon be o'er.
Ans. To one who is imprison'd, 'tis an age;
Yet is your counsel wise, and I obey you
With all humility.
Sup. 'Tis well, my son.
Your follies are unknown but to ourselves.
I shall expect you ere the night be past.
[*Exit Superior.*
Ans. "Stretch'd forth her hand to save me!" Well I trow,
Had it been stretch'd forth empty I had perish'd.
I've bought my freedom at no trifling price.
Most potent gold! all that the earth can offer,
Are at thy bidding. Nay, more powerful still—
Since it appears that holy men for thee
Will barter Heav'n. Still his advice is good.
Yet must I first behold my Isidora:
Whose startled innocence, like to a rose
When charged with dew and rudely shaken,
Relieves itself in sweet and sudden showers
From its oppressive load. My heavy guilt
Hath shock'd her purity—now, she rejects
The love of one who has been false to Heav'n.
She refused to see me; but I have gain'd,
By intercession of my doting mother,
One meeting, to decide if my estate
Shall be more wretched than it was before.
If she, unheard, condemns me, mine will be
A wild career most perilous to the soul,—
That of a lion's whelp, breaking his chain
And prowling through the world in search of prey.
[*Exit*

Scene II.

Isidora's Room in the Guzman Palace.

Isidora alone on her knees at a small oratory. Rises.

Isid. Yes, I would pray, but the o'erwhelming thought
Of vows made light—nay, mock'd by him, the guide,
Th' elected star of my too trusting soul,
Stops in my breast the heavenly aspiration.
And nought I utter but th' unconscious wail
Of broken-hearted love. Love—and for whom!—
How have I waken'd from a dream of bliss
To utter misery. Fond, foolish maid,
Thus to embark my heart, my happiness,
So inconsiderate—now the barque sinks,
And, with its freight, is left to widely toss
In seas of doubt, of horror, and despair.
Oh! Isidora, is thy virgin heart
Thus mated to a wild apostate monk?
The midnight reveller, and morning priest,
At e'en the gay guitar, at noon the cowl;
The holy mummer, tonsure and the missal,
The world, our blessed Church, and Heav'n defied.
To love this man, I surely have become
That which a Guzman ought to scorn to be
Is he not, too, a Guzman, and my cousin?
Yet must he be renounced. Here let me kneel,
Nor rise till I be freed of love and him.

(*Isidora kneels a short time in silence, and proceeds.*)

Anselmo—Virgin holy, will no name
But his rise from my wretched heart in pray'r?
Then let me bind myself by sacred vows:
Record it, Heav'n!—Thus do I renounce——

Enter Anselmo.

Ans. ——All sorrow, my beloved; for grief no more
Shall worm its canker in our budding bliss.

(*Anselmo approaches her, she rises abruptly.*)

Isid. Nay, touch me not—approach me not, Anselmo.

Ans. (*looking earnestly at her*). Isidora!

Isid. Holy Virgin, to thee I trust for strength
In this my hour of peril. Anselmo,
That look has reft a heart too fondly thine—
But only thine, henceforth, in holy love.

Ans. And is not all love holy? that the holiest,
Which gushes from the springs of thy pure heart;
So pure, that, laved by it, my spotted breast
Shall shortly be as snow.

Isid. Hear me, Anselmo:
It is ordain'd we meet no more.

Ans. And canst thou say those words? (*Kneels.*) See, on the earth
I grovelling kneel—my straining eyes seek thine:
Turn, turn to me; say not those words again;
Thou canst not, dearest.

Isid. (*her eyes still averted*). We must meet no more.

Ans. I'll not believe thy voice: look on me now
One steady, one unflinching glance, and then
If thou'lt repeat those words—I must believe.
(*Pause.*) Averted still!—Oh, Isidora, who,
Who pour'd such cruel thoughts into thy breast?
Was it a female fiend, or some vile priest,
Some meddling, sin-absolving, canting priest?—
It was—that start declares it.—Curse him, curse him.
(*Rises.*)

Isid. (*coming forward with dignity and fronting Anselmo.*)
Anselmo, curse him not. Thou art that priest.

[*Anselmo covers his face with his hand.*]

My better angel hath my mind illumed—
Hath shown me thy past life. Thy heavy sins,
In black array, hath weigh'd before mine eyes;
That silent voice, which every bosom sways,
Hath spoken deeply—bidden me abjure
Him who mock'd all. That gentle voice hath said,

That of us twain, immortal bliss alone
Can crown the union; which to be obtain'd,
Must on this earth be won by penance strict,
Unceasing prayer, and thy resumed vows.
Is it not well, Anselmo——
Ans. Isidora,
Are racking tortures well? is liquid fire
Rushing and bubbling through the burning veins,
Until they shrivel, well? And is it well
To find the angel, who hath borne your soul
Half o'er the flaming abyss of the damn'd,
Shake it away, and feel it whirling sink
To everlasting torments?—In bitter truth,
These are but nought compared to the fell pangs
Thy words have caused, which rack my tortured breast.
Isid. Anselmo, hear me!
Ans. Hear *me* now in turn,
By the soul I've perill'd, we must *not* part!
Cast me but off, and Heav'n may do so too:
Here stand I, Isidora, with one foot
Upon Heaven's threshold, thou within the gates:
Oh! call me to thee. I am Heaven's and thine:
But, loose thy hand, and I will seek that hell
Which lies beneath. The deed be on thy head.
Isid. Oh! horrible, Anselmo—horrible!
Ans. Question me, Isidora. Where's the sin
That, in thine eyes, demands such heavy penance?
Isid. The violated vow——
Ans. Was made long ere I
Knew its power or meaning, and was forced
By those who thrust it on me in deceit;
For well they knew it robb'd me of my birthright.
'Twas sin to make that vow; and were it not
God's 'gerent here on earth hath power more ample
To unloose, than monks to bind—thou'rt answer'd.
Isid. Answer'd, but not content—if false to vows
More sacred far;—yet surely not more sacred,—
For what should be more sacred than the vows

Which link the happiness of two in one
Till death dissolves the union?—If false
To Heav'n, Anselmo——
Ans. Who made me false, then?
Isid. Touch not that chord—treat me not as woman,
Easy to flattery, boastful of her charms:
You know me not, Anselmo; but till late
I scarcely knew myself.
Talk not to me of Heaven's vicegerent:
Can man absolve from compact made with God?
Ans. Isidora, it is now my duty
T' assume the monitor, and point out to thee
How e'en the purest of us, in our frailty,
May haply slide. A maiden in her pride,
But scarce in womanhood, dare to dispute
The tenets of our faith, strikes at the head
Of our religion; and what, for ages,
Holy men have reverenced and believed,
Hath been by her denounced as not her creed.
Isid. 'Tis true—'tis true. The sin of unbelief,
'Gainst which I've rail'd, I fall into myself,
Swayed by my foolish pride. (*Turns to Anselmo.*)
But still, as yet
Thou'rt bound, Anselmo—e'en this discourse,
Methinks, is sacrilege.
Ans. Nay, Isidora,
Does not the father, he whose spiritual sway
I yet acknowledge, grant me this sweet bliss?
And is the tender sanction of that saint,
Our more than mother, nothing? As monk,—
And now I scarce am one,—it would seem
I am an object of your utter hate.
Isid. Not hate, Anselmo—'tis a bitter word;
Say rather fear—of what belongs to Heav'n.
Was there no crime, Anselmo, when thou stol'st.
Like a disguised thief, this trusting heart?
What sophistry can'st thou put forth to show
Thou should'st retain thy base, dishonest theft?

Ans. Not words, but deeds, my Isidora,
Shall prove me worthy of the stolen treasure:
The first are due to God. This very night
With penance strict, I'll cleanse my tainted soul;
Deep in contrition, on my knees I'll wait
My dispensation from the sovereign pontiff;
Then——

Isid. And then—dear, dear Anselmo.

Ans. And then
Shall sneering cavalier or flaunting dame
Say, when a Guzman shall a Guzman wed,
The monk parades it boldly, and the bride
Hath cull'd the cloister for her wedded lord?
No, no; they never shall, my Isidora.
Then will I clad me in the warrior's steel:
Thou shalt receive me from the crimson'd field,
A laurel'd hero, or shall mourn me slain;
I will not steal to thee from cloister'd sloth,
But at thy portal light from battle steed.
Spain hath around and that within, shall make
The monk—a hero. Dost thou not think
The plumed helm will better fit this head,
Than the dull friar's cowl? My Isidora,
Now for a space—a brief one, fare thee well!
Once more I'll meet thee, and on bended knee,
As soldier should, I'll claim from my betroth'd
Some token that shall cheer me in the fight.
I must be worthy of you.

Isid. Thou art so. (*Embrace.*)
Anselmo, fare thee well! may Heav'n bless thee! [*Exit*

Ans. All powerful virtue, unto thy shrine
I bow. Sweet maid, whose great perfection
Hath as a glass display'd to me my crimes;
Oh may'st thou ever keep me in the path
Where peace and happiness attend my steps!
Now must I to the monast'ry repair,
There to remain until I'm freed;—but then,
To-night it is I meet the brave Don Felix:

I had forgotten it. Most willingly
Would I avoid this foolish rash dispute;
And yet I must not. When I was friendless,
Reckless of life,—a life not worth preserving,—
I could have pass'd whole days in mortal strife. [*Exit.*

Scene III.

A Part of Garden of Serafina's House.

Enter Antonio.

Ant. This friar's gown, which I have borrowed from my master, has proved most valuable. I never could have reached this spot, if I had not been thus disguised. (*Opens his gown, and shows his face and clothes smeared with blood.*) Here's blood enough. Noble, for all I know. I begged it from the barber. Thank Heaven, 'tis not mine own. Sancho will never know me. I see them coming in the distance. (*Takes off the gown, and puts it behind the trees, and then lies down.*) Now for self-murder. Lopez is no more.

Enter Sancho and Nina.

San. 'Tis here that we fought, and hereabouts should be the body.

Nina. (*fearfully pointing to the body.*) What's that? Sancho, it is—it is my husband! (*Bursts into tears.*)

San. Why do you grieve? Did you not wish him dead?

Nina. Alas! we often wish what we do not really want, prompted by the anger of the moment. What, in our selfish views, seems nothing at the time, becomes most horrible in the reality. Alas, poor Lopez! (*Weeps.*)

San. Why, Nina, did he not basely leave you? Forgot his vow to love and cherish you? Holy Saint Petronila! why, then, do you love and cherish him? Come, dry your eyes, Nina; he's not worth a tear. (*Kisses her hand.*)

Nina. From no one, I will grant, except from me. But there's a feeling in the heart of woman, you cannot comprehend. Even when it is breaking from ill-treatment, it

yearns towards her husband. I must go away, Sancho; I cannot bear to see him—nor you; for you did slay him.

San. Where are you going?

Nina. I'll meet you in the further walk.

[*Exit Nina, sobbing.*

San. Here's a pretty mess! Women are never of one mind: change, and change, and change for ever. This rascal deserted her at Toledo, took all her money, and her very clothes—and yet she grieves for him. I should not wonder if she rejected me now, believing that I killed him. (*Going up to Antonio.*) How bloody he is! Thou filthy carcase of a filthy knave! I've a great mind to have a thrust at thee, that I may swear my sword went through thy body. Saint Petronila bless the idea! (*Half drawing his sword.*) There's some one coming; and if I am found here, with my naked sword, near this bloody corpse, I shall be apprehended for his murder. [*Exit hastily.*

(*Antonio looks up and then lies down.*)

Enter Beppa.

Bep. I cannot find my mistress. She came with me into the garden, worked up to desperation against Don Gaspar, and earnest for his death. Alas! the tide is turned, and now, in some sequestered spot, she weeps his falsehood. I must go seek her, and steel her heart by praising Isidora. What's here? the body of a man (*going to Antonio*). Why! 'tis Antonio, my worthless husband; alas! and called away without repentance, full of misdeeds and roguery. Heaven pardon him! Whose deed was this? that villain Garcias'?—if so, he hath but gained the sin; for I would sooner hug an adder, than listen to his wooing. I must seek my mistress; then will I return to give him honest burial, and pay for masses for his guilty soul.

[*Exit.*

[*Antonio rises slowly, resumes his friar's dress, and comes forward.*]

Ant. That cowardly rascal, Sancho, had nearly brought

me to life again, instead of having killed me, as he said he had. Pitiful scoundrel, to thrust at a dead man! He'll never kill one living. Nina, I respect thee; yet must we part, for 'tis evident thou lov'st another. I'll meet them in this grove, and persuade them to marry. As for Beppa, if I am missing, 'tis clear she'll never look for me.

[*Exit.*

Scene IV.

Another Part of the Garden.

Enter Nina and Sancho.

Nina. Nay, no more, Sancho. To me there's something dreadful in such a hasty fresh espousal. My husband's body yet uninterred, still would you have me enter into fresh bonds.

San. He was no husband to you, Nina, but a worthless wretch, who deceived you. Remember, it is for years that I have loved you. Saint Petronila be my witness.

Nina. I know it, Sancho, and wish I had never married Lopez. Why did you leave me?

San. I could but leave you, when I followed my master: but remember, when we parted, I offered you my troth. You have been unjust to me, and owe some reparation; by Saint Petronila, you do!

Nina. And in good time I'll make it, Sancho.

San. The present is good time; now we are together, and my master is no more. Come, Nina, keep your promise, and the Saint will reward you.

Nina. Nay, Sancho, do not thus persuade me. Were I to yield to your wish, you would hate me after we were married.

San. Never; by this kiss (*kisses her*), I swear. I have you now, and will not part with you.

[*Nina throws herself into his arms.*

Enter Antonio in friar's gown and hood.

Ant. (*in a feigned voice*). Good hugging people, are you man and wife.

San. We are not yet, but soon we hope to be.

Ant. The sooner it were better, for this dalliance
In the ev'ning, in a sequester'd grove,
Is most unseemly, if not dangerous.
Woman, lovest thou this man ?—

Nina. I do, most holy father.

Ant. And I must tell thee, maiden, it were better
That you delay no longer. I have witness'd
Your stolen embraces; and, by Holy Church!
I think it right that you be married straight,
Ere vice usurps the throne that should be held
By virtue only. Children, not far from hence
There is a chapel, where attending priests
Chant holy masses for a soul's repose.
There may you join your hands, and there receive
The nuptial benediction.

San. Nina, you must obey this holy friar, and make me happy; Saint Petronila sent him.

Nina. It is against my wish that I consent; yet, father, you know best, although you know not all.

Ant. (*aside*). Indeed I do! (*Aloud*) Come with me, my children,
I'll point you out the path, to where you may,
By holy rites pronounced, become one flesh. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Serafina and Beppa.

Ser. My distracted mind, like some wild spendthrift,
Has drawn upon my heart till it is bankrupt.
God, how my soul is weary! I fear the sword
Of that Don Felix may prevail against him.
He is a man well knit in sinewy strength;
Gaspar a boy. O spare him, gracious Heaven!

Bep. To wed with Isidora, and with gibes
Mock at the tears of Donna Serafina!

Madam, you've not the lofty soul of woman,
Or you would act, and not thus vainly talk.
He's lost to you for ever! I've discover'd,
That since this noon he hath not left her house,
And all's in preparation for their union.

Ser. Have they been left together? Then, perchance,
She hath been foolish too, and much too fond.
Then will he quit her soon. Truant Gaspar,
These arms shall win thee back!

Bep. Oh, no!
She is too wise, too prudent, and too good.
Such charms of mind and body she possesses,
That all do worship her; but not as one
Of us mere mortals. He dare not think of it,
She is too perfect. Gaspar is hers alone,
And you—are thrown aside for ever!

Ser. Is it so?
Don Gaspar hers! Never, never! by Heav'n,
If I lose him, he shall be lost to her!
If I must weep, her tears shall fall with mine!
If my heart breaks, hers shall be riven too!
If I must die,—and that I shall, I feel,
Loves she as I do, they may dig her grave.
Don Felix, may thy practised sword prove true!—
And it will save me from a deed of horror.

Bep. Now do you speak as a wrong'd woman should.
Keep up this spirit—you will be avenged.
We must retire; for soon they will appear. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

Another part of the Garden attached to the House of Donna Serafina.

Enter Anselmo.

I would that it were o'er! A heavy gloom
Hangs on my spirits, like some threat'ning cloud
O'erspreading the wide firmament, without

One speck of blue, like hope, to cheer th' horizon.
Yet, from what cause it springs, I cannot tell.
His sword I fear not. It is mine estate,
So promising. He that hath nought to lose,
Is spurr'd to action with the hope of gain.
He that is wealthy, and 'gainst fortune plays,
Is like the gambler, who will risk his means
With those who nothing have.

Enter Felix.

Felix. If you have waited for me long, Don Gaspar,
It was against my will. I'm most impatient
To bring this meeting to a speedy issue.

Ans. At your request, Don Felix, I am here;
And if you please there should be strife between us,
You'll find me not unnerved. To be sincere,—
I do not wish this needless controversy.
Recall your words, offensive, as untrue,
And take my proffer'd hand. Then will I prove,
And not till then, how greatly you have wrong'd me.

Felix. That which is said, is said. I'll not retract.
But were it false, which I cannot believe,
You've slain my bosom friend, the brave Don Perez.

Ans. He wrong'd me much. Upon my soul he did.
I must not prove it now.

Felix. Then prove yourself, and draw.
For see, the sun is down, and daylight flies;
We have no time for parley. (*Draws.*)

[*Beppa and Serafina pass behind from r. to l.*

Ans. (*drawing*). Then, whether you or I, Don Felix, live
To hail that glorious orb, must now be tried.
Don Felix, to your guard. Whate'er the issue,
You will repent this most ungovern'd haste.

[*They fight. Don Felix is disarmed and he falls. Anselmo stands over him with his sword pointed to his breast.*]

Ans. You question'd if I'd manhood in my frame;

Allow, Don Felix, that the question's answer'd.
You call'd me an impostor,—name for those
Who clothe themselves in borrow'd plumes, t'appear
Greater, not less, than what they are. Then know,
He you upbraided as of no parentage,
Whose sword, impatient, waits its master's bidding,
T'avenge the affront, is heir to Guzman's house,
To which, in ancestry, thine own is nothing.
This truth, Don Felix, I could not reveal,

[*Serafina and Beppa appear behind in the wood.*]

Till we had measured swords. Honour forbade it.
Now manifest, I give you life, and proffer,
If that you please, my hand in amity.

[*Felix rising, Anselmo presents him his sword.*]

Felix. Your actions prove that you are truly noble.
I do regret the language which I used,
And cheerfully retract what proves so false.
Don Gaspar, are you satisfied? (*offering hand*).

Ans. (*taking Don Felix's hand*). And happy.
Now, Isidora, thou art surely mine;
Vistas of bliss are opening to my view;
My heart expands with gratitude to Heav'n,
And tears would flow of penitence and joy,
That one so little worthy, thus is bless'd.
O, may my life be long, that I may prove
To gracious Heav'n, I'm worthy Isidora.
Joy! joy! with lightning's speed, I fly——

[*Serafina, who has advanced, stabs Anselmo in the back.*]

Ser. To death! (*Then wishing to rush to him, she holds out her arms and exclaims*) Gaspar! Gaspar!

[*Serafina is borne off fainting by Beppa and Garcias, who have entered. Anselmo leans against Don Felix, who supports him, and then gradually sinks out of his arms to the ground.*]

Ans. I felt the blow would come. From whom, or where,

Was hid in the obscure. 'Twas Serafina!
I knew the voice, the knell——
Felix. Where are you hurt?
Ans. Don Felix, by that friendship we have pledged
So newly, one kind office I request.
Felix. Curs'd be the infuriate jealous wretch,
That one so noble should so basely fall!
Ans. Nay, curse her not, she is too curs'd already.
Her future life will be a constant shower
Of curses on herself. I do forgive her.
And yet to die so young, and late so happy.
More painful still to part from Isidora.
Would she were here, that I might comfort her!
My mother, too! O God! 'twill break her heart!

Enter Superior, Inez, Isidora, Nina, and Sancho. Inez and Isidora run to Anselmo and kneel down by him.

Inez. (*to Felix*). Wretch! that hath done this bloody, hateful deed,
Receive a frantic mother's bitter curse!
Ans. You are deceived, my mother; 'twas not he
Who dealt the fatal blow. It was a woman.
Inez. A woman! say you;
Who was this treach'rous woman? Let me know her,
That I may work on her a woman's vengeance.
Isid. I ne'er have learn'd to curse—I wish I had:
I can but weep. Look, mother, at his blood!
Oh, staunch it, or he'll bleed to death.
Inez. Are you much hurt, Anselmo?
Ans. Mother, to death.
'Tis useless to deceive you. You scarcely found me
But I am lost again: 'twill soon be over.
(*Faintly*) E'en now the blood's collecting in my heart
For its last rally;—Isidora, I would tell thee
What pain it is to part, but my strength fails,
And my parch'd tongue cannot perform its duty.
Isid. To part, Anselmo? Dost thou say to part?
No, no; thou shalt not die,—we must not part.

What false, already! How could'st thou utter
That which, to me, must be the knell of death?

(*Bursts into tears and embraces him.*)

Ans. Would that your gentle power o'er me was the same
In death, as life: then should I live for ever.
But—mother—fare you well—farewell—my Isidora.

[*Groans and falls dead. Donna Inez faints, and is supported by Don Felix and Nina. Isidora, whose face was hidden in Anselmo's breast, lifts up her head and looks wildly at the body.*

Isid. Anselmo! (*More loudly*) Anselmo! (*Shrieks. Throws herself on the body. The rest of the characters group round the body, and the curtain falls*).

THE GIPSY;

OR,

"WHOSE SON AM I?"

A COMEDY, IN THREE ACTS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Men.

Sir Gilbert Etheridge, *An old Admiral.*

Captain Etheridge, *His son ; grave.*

Captain Mertoun ; *gay.*

Old Bargrove.

Young Peter Bargrove, *His son.*

William, *The Admiral's sailor-footman.*

Bill, Dick, } *Gipsies.*

Women.

Lady Etheridge, *The Admiral's wife.*

Agnes, *Her daughter.*

Lucy, *The daughter of Bargrove.*

Mrs Bargrove.

Nelly, *The gipsy.*

The Gipsy

Scene.—The Hall, the residence of Sir Gilbert, and the vicinity. Time that of acting.

Act I. Scene I.

A Room in a respectable country inn.—Enter Captain Etheridge and Captain Mertoun, ushered in by the Landlord.

Land. Will you be pleased to take anything, gentlemen?

Capt. Eth. I can answer for myself, nothing.

Capt. Mer. I agree, and disagree, with you; that is, I coincide with you in—nothing.

Capt. Eth. Then I trust, Mr Harness, that you will coincide with us in expediting the greasing of that radical wheel as soon as possible, and let us know when the horses are put to.

Land. Most certainly, Captain Etheridge; I will superintend it myself. [*Exit Landlord.*

Capt. Eth. An old butler of my father's, who set up many years ago with a few hundred pounds, and the Etheridge Arms as a sign. He has done well.

Capt. Mer. That is to say, the Etheridge Arms have put him on his legs, and drawing corks for your father has enabled him to draw beer for himself and his customers. Of course he married the lady's maid.

Capt. Eth. No, he did more wisely; he married the cook.

Capt. Mer. With a good fat portion of kitchen stuff, and a life interest of culinary knowledge. I have no

doubt but that he had a further benefit from your liberal father and mother.

Capt. Eth. By-the-bye, I have spoken to you of my father repeatedly, Edward; but you have not yet heard any remarks relative to my mother.

Capt. Mer. I take it for granted, from your report of your father, and my knowledge (*bowing*) of the offspring, that she must be equally amiable.

Capt. Eth. Had she been so, I should not have been silent; but as I have no secrets from you, I must say, she is not the—the very paragon of perfection.

Capt. Mer. I am sorry for it.

Capt. Eth. My father, disgusted with the matrimonial traps that were set for the post-captain, and baronet of ten thousand a year, resolved, as he imagined wisely, to marry a woman in inferior life; who, having no pretensions of her own, would be humble and domestic. He chose one of his tenant's daughters, who was demure to an excess. The soft paw of the cat conceals her talons. My mother turned out the very antipodes of his expectations.

Capt. Mer. Hum!

Capt. Eth. Without any advantages, excepting her alliance with my father, and a tolerable share of rural beauty, she is as proud as if descended from the house of Hapsburg—insults her equals, tramples on her inferiors, and—what is worse than all—treats my father very ill.

Capt. Mer. Treats him ill! what! he that was such a martinet, such a disciplinarian on board! She does not beat him?

Capt. Eth. No, not exactly; but so completely has she gained the upper hand, that the Admiral is as subdued as a dancing bear, obeying her orders with a growl, but still obeying them. At her command he goads himself into a passion with whomsoever she may point as the object of his violence.

Capt. Mer. How completely she must have mastered him! How can he submit to it?

Capt. Eth. Habit, my dear Mertoun, reconciles us too much; and he, at whose frown hundreds of gallant fellows trembled, is now afraid to meet the eye of a woman. To avoid anger with her, he affects anger with every one else. This I mention to you, that you may guide your conduct towards her. Aware of your partiality to my sister, it may be as well——

Capt. Mer. To hold the candle to the devil, you mean. Your pardon, Etheridge, for the grossness of the proverb.

Capt. Eth. No apology, my dear fellow. Hold the candle when you will, it will not burn before a saint, and that's the truth. Follow my advice, and I will insure you success. I only wish that my amatory concerns had so promising an appearance.

Capt. Mer. Why, I never knew that you were stricken.

Capt. Eth. The fact is, that I am not satisfied with myself; and when I am away from my Circe, I strive all I can to drive her from my memory. By change of scene, absence, and occupation, I contrive to forget her indifferent well. Add to all this, I have not committed myself by word or deed. I have now been three years in this way; but the moment I find myself within two miles of my fair one, as the towers of my home rise upon my sight, so rises the passion in my bosom; and what I supposed I had reasoned away to a mere dwarfish penchant, becomes at once a mighty sentiment.

Capt. Mer. That looks very like attachment. Three years, did you say? My dear brother in affliction, make me your confident.

Capt. Eth. I intended to do so, or I should not have originated the subject. My father brought up the daughter of our steward, Bargrove, with my sister Agnes. I have therefore known Lucy from her infancy; and ought I to be ashamed to say, how much I am in love with her?

Capt. Mer. Etheridge, this is a point on which, I am afraid, my advice would not be well received.

Capt. Eth. Of course you would imply that she must be renounced.

Capt. Mer. Most assuredly; that is my opinion on a *primâ facie* view of the case. You have your father's example.

Capt. Eth. I have, but still there are many points in my favour. Bargrove is of a very old, though decayed family. Indeed, much more ancient than our own.

Capt. Mer. I grant you, there is one difficulty removed. But still your relative position. He is now your father's steward.

Capt. Eth. That is certainly a great obstacle; but on the other hand, she has been really well educated.

Capt. Mer. Another point in your favour, I grant.

Capt. Eth. With respect to Lucy herself, she is——

Capt. Mer. As your father thought your mother—perfection. Recollect, the soft paw of the cat conceals the talons.

Capt. Eth. Judge for yourself when you see and converse with her. I presume I am to consider myself blind. At all events, I have decided upon nothing; and have neither, by word or deed, allowed her to suppose an attachment on my part: still it is a source of great anxiety. I almost wish that she were happily married. By-the-bye, my mother hates her.

Capt. Mer. That's not in your favour, though it is in hers.

Capt. Eth. And my father doats upon her.

Capt. Mer. That's in favour of you both.

Capt. Eth. Now, you have the whole story, you may advise me as you please: but remember, I still preserve my veto.

Capt. Mer. My dear Etheridge, with your permission, I will not advise at all. Your father tried in the same lottery and drew a blank; you may gain the highest prize; but my hopes with your sister render it a most delicate subject for my opinion. Your own sense must guide you.

Capt. Eth. Unfortunately it often happens, that when a man takes his feelings for a guide, he walks too fast for good sense to keep pace with him.

Capt. Mer. At all events, be not precipitate; and do not advance one step, which, as a man of honour, you may not retrace.

Capt. Eth. I will not, if I can help it. But here comes Mr Harness.

Enter Landlord.

Land. The horses are to, Captain Etheridge, and the wheel is in order.

Capt. Eth. Come then, Edward, we shall not be long getting over these last eight miles. The boys know me well.

Capt. Mer. (*Going out*). Yes, and the length of your purse, I suspect, my dear fellow. (*Exeunt ambo.*)

Scene II.

A Wood in the back-ground, Gipsies' tents, etc. Gipsies come forward, group themselves, and sing.

The king will have his tax,
Tithes to parsons fall,
For rent the landlord racks,
The tenant cheats them all;
But the gipsy's claim'd right is more ancient yet,
And that right he still gains by the help of his wit.

Chorus (*joining hands*).

Then your hands right and left, see saw,

(*All turn.*)

Turn your backs on the church and the law;
Search all the world through,
From the king on his throne,
To the beggar—you'll own
There are none like the gipsy crew.
Wherever we rove,
We're sure to find home;
In field, lane, or grove,
Then roam, boys, roam!
'Tis only when walls his poor body surround,
That homeless a free roving gipsy is found.

(*Chorus as before.*)

[*Exeunt all the gipsies except Nelly, who, with Bill, comes forward; Bill, with a bundle on a pitchfork, over his shoulder. Throws down the bundle, and takes out a turkey.*

Nelly. Is that all that thou hast gathered?

Bill. All! Enough too, did ye know the sarcumstances. Travelled last night good twelve miles before I could light on this here cretur. Never seed such a scarcity o' fowl. Farmers above tending sich like things now-a-days, dom pride! says I.

Nelly. But what kept ye out till morning?

Bill. 'Cause why I was kept in. Lock'd up, by gosh! Why, arter dark, I'd just nabbed this here, when out pops on me the farmer's wife; and so she twists her scraggy neck round like a weathercock in a whirlwind, till at last she hears where Master Redcap wor a gobbling. I'd just time to creep under a cart, when up she comes; so down goes I on all fours and growls like a strange dog.

Nelly. And one day thou wilt be hung like one.

Bill. Every one gets his promotion in time. In goes the woman and calls her husband; and though on all fours, I warn't a match for two; so I slinks into a barn and twists the neck of the hanimal, that a might not peach. Well; farmer comes out, and seeing nought but barn door open, curses his man for a lazy hound and locks it, then walks home, leaving I fixed. Warn't that a good un?

Nelly. How did'st thou contrive to escape?

Bill. I burrowed into the back of the wheat. Two jockies came in at daylight to thrash——

Nelly. And they would have done well to have begun upon the rogue in grain.

Bill. Thank ye, mistress. But, howsomdever, the farmer came wi 'um, and a waundy big dog that stagged me, and barked like fury. "There be summut there," says farmer; so I squealed like a dozen rats in the wheat. "Rats agen," says he. "Tummus, go fetch the ferrets; and Bob, be you arter the terriers. I'll go get my break-

fast, and then we'll rout un out. Come, Bully." But Bully wouldn't, till farmer gave un a kick that set un howling; and then out they all went, and about a minute arter I makes a bolt. Terrible fuss about a turkey; warn't it, Nell?

Nelly. Hast thou seen Richard?

Bill. Never put eyes on him since we parted last night; but, as his tongue is as well hung as he will be himself, he'll gie ye a triple bob major, for here he comes.

Enter Dick, pulls out two geese, and flings them down.

Dick. Ah, missus, I sha'n't last long. I shall soon be scragged. I'm growing honest. Out of a flock of forty, I've only prigged two. To make amends, I did gnaw off the heads of two more, and so the foxes will have the credit of the job.

Bill. That was well thought of, my pal.

Dick. May I one day grow honest, if I don't make up for last night's paltry prig. Come, let's have one roasted, missus—I prefers roast goose. Honest hanimal! only fit to be plucked and eaten. I say, missus, I stumbled on a cove this morning, that I thinks will prove a bleeding cull,—honest hanimal, only fit to be plucked——

Bill. And eaten, Dick?

Dick. Yes, with your dom'd jaw, and so cly it. This here cove sits him down under a tree, with his head a-one side, like a fowl with the pip, and, with a book in his hand talks a mortal deal of stuff about shaking spears and the moon. So, when I had spied enow, I gets up and walks straight to him, and axes him, could he tell where the great fortin-telling woman were to be found in the wood; she as knew the past, the present, and the future. Laid a coil for him, my girl. He be the son of the great Squire's steward, that lives at the Hall, and he says that he be mightily anxious to have his fortin told. He seems to be mortal simple.

Nelly. What didst thou hear him mouth about?

Dick. May I grow honest if I bees able to tell, 'twere

sich outlandish gibberish. What have the rest done, missus?

Nelly. Why, like you, Richard, they're growing honest.

Dick. Ah! ware o' that. My grandam, who was the real seventh daughter of a seventh daughter, said of I, in my cradle, "The moment this here child grows honest, he'll be hung." I've done my best, all my life, to keep my neck out of the halter.

Nelly. So you have, Richard. I went up to the Hall to beg for the fragments off the rich man's table. Lady Bountiful, who was bountiful in nought but reviling, was the person whom I met. Bridewell and the stocks was the tune, and the big dog sang the chorus at my heels. But I'll be more than even with her. If I have the heart to feel an injury, she shall find that I've a head to help my heart to its revenge. Revenge—I love it!

Bill. That you do, missus; I'll answer for you there. If you be affronted, you be the most cantackerous hanimal that ever boiled a pot. Come, Dick, let's take the jacket off our customers, for fear of mischief. (*Dick and Bill retire with the poultry.*)

Nelly (*assuming a more elevated manner*). Heigho! how many things, long forgotten, come to my memory on this spot! Hard by I was brought up, and even from this place I can see where my father and mother lie buried. Here I was once innocent and happy. No, not happy, or I should have stayed, and still been innocent. But away with the useless thought! The steward's son—it must be young Bargrove. I did not meet him yesterday when I was at the village, but I saw and spoke to Lucy, his sister, who was nursed at this breast; and how I yearned to press her to it! Pretty creature, how she hath grown! Little did my lady think, when she drove me away, that I was the Nelly who used to be so much at the Hall, nursing Lucy, whilst Mrs Bargrove gave her breast to Miss Agnes. Little did Lucy, when she loaded my wallet with victuals, think that she had so long lain in these arms. Heigho! bye-gone is bye-gone! What a

haughty woman is that Lady Etheridge! And yet, she was once a farmer's daughter, but little better than myself. Could I be revenged on her! Ah! I may; I know every particular connected with the family; but here comes the lad. [*Nelly retires*

Enter Peter Bargrove, book in his hand.

Peter. O solitude—solitude! what a quiet thing is solitude! especially when you hold your tongue. I only wish that I had a dozen of my old schoolfellows here to enjoy it with me, for, as this divine Shakespeare says, it is so sweet to be alone. I wonder whether, if I were to take to study, if I could not in time write a Shakespeare myself? I'm blessed if I couldn't! How proud father ought to be of such a son! But father wouldn't care if I did: he thinks of nothing but the harvest: what a difference there is between father and me! I can't account for it. O, here comes the woman of fate. What a gaunt-looking body! What eyes! She can see through a post! Her looks go through me already.

Nelly (*advancing*). There is a bright leaf in the book of your fate, young sir, that waits only for my finger to turn it.

Peter. Then wet your thumb, good woman, and let's have the news in a twinkling.

Nelly. Not so fast, thou youth of lustrous fortunes! The time is not yet come. Time was, time is, and time shall be!

Peter. Bless me! how very prophetical!

Nelly. Meet me here, three hours hence; I shall then have communed with the astral influences!

Peter. Astral influences! I know of no such people hereabouts.

Nelly. The stars—the noonday stars!

Peter. The noonday stars! who can see the stars at noonday?

Nelly. The gifted.

Peter (*looking up*). Well, then, I ar'n't one of the gifted.

Nelly. Yes; but you might be, if you had but faith.

Peter. Well, I'm sure I've got plenty—try it."

Nelly. Very well; stand thus. Now wave your hands thus high in the air, then shade the sight, and close the left eye; look up, and tell me what thou seest there.

Peter. Three carrion crows.

Nelly. Nought else?

Peter. No.

Nelly. Not all the heavenly hosts?

Peter. Not a star as big as a sparkle from a red-hot horse-shoe.

Nelly (*pointing up*). Seest thou not those two bright stars, Castor and Pollux?

Peter. No, I can't, upon my honour.

Nelly. Not Copernicus, so fiery red? not the Great Bear?

Peter. Why, I don't know; I really think I do see something. No I don't, after all.

Nelly. Ah! then you want faith—you want faith. I, who see them all, must read them for you. Away; in three hours hence, you'll meet me here. (*Turns away.*)

Peter. Well, you might at least be civil; but that's not the custom of great people. What a wonderful woman, to see the stars at noon-day! Well, I'll put my faith in her, at all events.

(*Exit Peter. Dick and Bill come forward with the poultry picked.*)

Dick. Well, missus, ban't he a soft cove?

Nelly. I have not done with him yet.

Bill. Now let's get our dinner ready. The fowls be a axing for the pot.

Dick. And goose to be roasted.

Bill. No, I say; they'd smell us a mile. Your liquorice chops will transport you yet.

Dick. Tell ye, Bill, goose shall be roasted. May I grow honest, but it shall. I'll give up a pint—I'll sacrifice sage and innions. Eh, missus?

Nelly. The sooner they are out of sight the better.

[*They retire; the scene closes.*

Scene III.

A Drawing-Room in the Hall.

Enter Admiral and Lady Etheridge.

Lady Eth. Indeed, Admiral, I insist upon it, that you give the brutal seaman warning; or, to avoid such a plebeian mode of expression, advertise him to depart.

Adm. My dear, old Barnstaple has served me afloat and ashore these four-and-twenty years, and he's a little the worse for wear and tear. In a cutting-out affair his sword warded off the blow that would have sacrificed my life. We must overlook a little——

Lady Eth. Yes, that's always your way; always excusing. A serving man to appear fuddled in the presence of Lady Etheridge! faugh! And yet, not immediately to have his coat stripped off his back, and be kicked out of doors; or, to avoid the plebeian, expatriated from the portals.

Adm. Expatriated!

Lady Eth. How you take one up, Admiral. You know I meant to say expatiated.

Adm. Ah! that is mending the phrase, indeed. I grant that he was a little so so; but then, recollect, it was I who gave them the ale.

Lady Eth. Yes, that's your way, Sir Gilbert; you spoil them all. I shall never get a servant to show me proper respect. I may scold, scold, scold; or, to speak more aristocratically, vituperate, from morning till night.

Adm. Well, then, my dear, why trouble yourself to vituperate at all, as you call it? Keep them at a distance, and leave scolding to the housekeeper.

Lady Eth. Housekeeper, indeed! No, Sir Gilbert; she's just as bad as the rest. Once give her way, and she would treat me with disrespect, and cheat you in the bargain; or, less plebeianly, nefariously depropriate——

Adm. Appropriate, you mean, my dear.

Lady Eth. And appropriate I said, Admiral, did I not?

Adm. Why, really——

Lady Eth. (*raising her voice*). Did I not, Sir Gilbert?

Adm. Why, my dear, I suppose it was a mistake of mine. Well, my love, let them appropriate a little—I can afford it.

Lady Eth. You can't afford it, Sir Gilbert.

Adm. My dear Lady Etheridge, money can but buy us luxuries; and as I don't know a greater luxury than quiet, I am very willing to pay for it.

Lady Eth. You may be so, Admiral, but my duty as a wife will not permit me to suffer you to squander away your money so foolishly. Buy quiet, indeed! I would have you to know, Sir Gilbert, you must first consult your wife before you can make a purchase.

Adm. Yes, my lady, it is a fatal necessity.

Lady Eth. Fatal fal, lal. But, Sir Gilbert, you were always a spendthrift; witness the bringing up of the steward's children with your own, mixing the aristocratic streams with plebeian dregs! Sir Gilbert, the Bargroves are constantly intruding in our house, and Agnes will be no gainer by keeping such company.

Adm. Whose company, my dear? Do you mean Lucy Bargrove's? I wish all our fashionable acquaintance were only half so modest and so well-informed. She is a sweet girl, and an ornament to any society.

Lady Eth. Indeed, Sir Gilbert! Perhaps you intend to wear the ornament yourself. A second Lady Etheridge,—he, he, he! When you have vexed me to death, or, to speak more like a lady, when you have inurned my mortal remains.

Adm. Indeed, my lady, I have no idea of the kind. I don't want to break the fixed resolution that I have long since made, never to marry a second wife.

Lady Eth. I presume you mean to imply that you have had sufficient torment in the first?

Adm. I said not so, my dear; I only meant to remark, that I should not again venture on matrimony.

Lady Eth. I can take a hint, Sir Gilbert, though I

don't believe you. All husbands tell their wives they'll never marry again; but, as dead men tell no tales, so dead wives——

Adm. (*Aside*). Don't scold.

Lady Eth. What's that, Sir Gilbert?

Adm. Nothing—not worth repeating. But to revert to the Bargroves; I think, my dear, when you consider their father's long and faithful services, some gratitude on my part——

Lady Eth. Which they may live not to thank you for.

Adm. Recollect, my dear, that the Bargroves are a very old, though decayed family. One half of this estate was, at one time, the property of their ancestors. It was lost by a suit in chancery.

Lady Eth. Then it never was rightfully theirs.

Adm. I beg your pardon there, my dear; chancery will as often take the property from, as give it to, the rightful owner. Bargrove is of a good old family, and has some money to leave to his children.

Lady Eth. Out of your pocket, Sir Gilbert.

Adm. Not so; Bargrove has a property of his own, nearly three hundred acres, which has been in the family for many years.

Lady Eth. Ever since you afforded him the means of purchasing it.

Adm. I said many years, long before my name was added to the baronetage.

Lady Eth. Well, Admiral, it may be the case; but still there is no excuse for your folly: and mark me, Sir Gilbert, I will not have that pert minx, Lucy Bargrove, closeted with my daughter Agnes. As to the boy, it is a downright puppy and fool, or, to speak less plebeianly, is a *non composite mentus*.

Adm. Peter is not clever, but, without education, he would have been worse. It is not our fault if we are not blessed with talent. Lucy has wit enough for both.

Lady Eth. Lucy again! I declare, Admiral, my nerves are lacerated; or, to descend to your meanness of expres-

sion, it is quite shocking in a person of your age to become so infatuated with an artful hussy. Now, Sir Gilbert, am I to be protected, or am I to submit to insult? Is that sea-brute to remain, or am I to quit the house?

Adm. (*Aside.*) I should prefer the latter. (*Aloud.*) Why, my lady, if he must go——

Lady Eth. Must go? (*rings the bell*). Yes, Sir Gilbert, and with a proper lecture from you.

Enter William; Lady Etheridge sits down with a wave of her hand.

Lady Eth. Now, Admiral.

Adm. William, you—you ought to be ashamed of yourself, getting half-seas over, and behaving in that manner—but—to be sure, I sent you the ale.

Will. Yes, your honour, famous stuff it was!

Lady Eth. Sir Gilbert!

Adm. And that's no excuse. I did not tell you to get drunk, and the consequence is, that that, without a proper apology——

Will. Beg your pardon, Admiral, and yours too, my lady.

Lady Eth. Sir Gilbert!

Adm. The fact is, that without the apology, in one word, you, you (*looking round at Lady Etheridge*) must take warning, sir, you leave this house, sir.

Will. Leave, yer honour, arter twenty-five years' sarvitude!

Lady Eth. Sir Gilbert!

Adm. Yes, sir, leave the house—damme!

Will. If yer honour hadn't given the ale, I shouldn't have got into trouble.

Lady Eth. (*Rising, and as she is leaving the room*). Sir Gilbert, I am glad to perceive that you have a proper respect for me and for yourself. [*Exit.*

Adm. William, William, you must be aware that I cannot permit you to remain, when Lady Etheridge is displeased with you.

Will. First offence, yer honour.

Adm. But, however, I'll try and get you another place, as your general conduct has been correct.

Will. Thank you. I little thought, that after twenty-five years' sarvitude (*wipes his eyes*). I can always get a ship, Admiral.

Adm. Why, yes, and I only wish that I had one, in which to give you a good rating, my good fellow; but William, you must be aware——

Will. Yes, yer honour, I see how the cat jumps.

Adm. What do you mean?

Will. I sees that yer honour is no longer in command of your own ship.

Adm. You scoundrel! What do you mean?

Will. Lord, Sir Gilbert, we all knows how the matter be, and as how you can't call your soul your own. It warn't so in the *Menelaus*, when your little finger was enough to make every man jump out of his shoes. You *were* a bit of a tartar, that's sartin,—and, now you've cotched a tartar.

Adm. You insolent scoundrel!

Will. Your honour arn't angry, I hope, but we all pities ye, we do indeed!

Adm. Unbearable!

Will. And we says in the servants' hall—and we be all agreed *there*—that you be the kindest master in the world—but, that as for my lady——

Adm. Silence, sir; what insolence is this? Out of the room immediately; now, if I had you on board, you scoundrel, I'd give you as good a four dozen as ever a fellow had in his life. I was just going to pension the blackguard, now I'll see him hanged first.

(*The Admiral walks up and down the room in a rage, William still remains behind.*)

Well, well, even my servants laugh at, pity me. Here I am, cooled down into the quietest man in the world, yet obliged to put myself in a passion whenever my wife

pleases. It is very hard to lose my temper and my character at her bidding; but if I don't she would put herself into such a rage with me, that I should be even worse off;—of the two evils I must choose the least; but in falling in love, I was a great fool, and that's the truth.

Will. So you was, Admiral, that's sartin.

[*The Admiral runs at him with a stick. William runs off.*

Adm. Scoundrel! Well, it is the truth.

Enter Lady Etheridge, O.P.

Lady Eth. What is the truth, Sir Gilbert?

Adm. Truth, my lady? why, that when a man's intoxicated, he commits great folly.

Lady Eth. Yes, and ought to be punished for it.

Adm. (*Aside.*) I am sure that I have been.

Enter Agnes, who runs up and kisses her father.

Adm. Well, Agnes, my little clipper, where are you going this morning?

Agnes. Down to the homestead, papa, with Lucy Bargrove.

Lady Eth. I must request, Miss Etheridge, that you will be more select in your company. A steward's daughter is not the proper companion for the house of Etheridge.

Agnes. Indeed, mamma, the society of Lucy Bargrove will never be prejudicial to me. I wish you knew what an unassuming girl she is, and yet so clever and well informed. Besides, mamma, have we not been playmates since we have been children? It would be cruel to break with her now, even if we felt so inclined. I could not do it.

Lady Eth. There, Admiral, you feel the effect of your want of prudence, of your ridiculous good-nature. An unequal friendship insisted upon, and a mother treated with disrespect.

Agnes. Indeed, mamma, I had no such intention. I only

pleaded my own cause. If my father and you insist upon it, much as I regret it, it will be my duty to obey you.

Lady Eth. Miss Etheridge, we insist upon it.

Adm. Nay, Lady Etheridge, I do not,—that is exactly —(*Lady Etheridge looks astonished and bounces out of the room.*) My dearest Agnes, I must defend poor Lucy against the prejudices of your mother, if I can; but I'm afraid,—very much afraid. Your mother is an excellent woman, but her over anxiety for your welfare——

Agnes. There was no occasion to remind me of my mother's kindness. When a daughter looks into a parent's heart through the medium of her duty, she should see there no error, and believe no wrong.

Adm. That's a good girl. Now let us take a turn in the garden before dinner.

Agnes. Shall I ask mamma to accompany us?

Adm. No, no, my love, she's busy, depend upon it.

[*Exeunt ambo.*

Scene IV.

The Hall of an old-fashioned farming house.

Old Bar. (*outside.*) Don't take the saddle off her, boy, I'll be out again in ten minutes.

(*Enter Bargrove.*) Poof—this is, indeed, fine weather for the harvest. We can't cut fast enough—and such crops! (*Seats himself.*) My dear, where are you?

Mrs Bar. (*outside.*) I'm coming. [*Enters.*

Bar. Is dinner ready? No time, my dear, to wait. We are carrying at North Breck and Fifteen Acre. Good three miles off; the people will have dined before I'm back.

Mrs Bar. Lord bless you, Bargrove! don't fuss—can't they go on without you?

Bar. Yes, my dear, they can; but the question is, if they will. This fine weather mustn't be lost.

Mrs Bar. Nor your dinner either. It will be ready in five minutes.

Bar. Well, well,—where's Lucy ?

Mrs Bar. Upstairs, with Miss Agnes. She's a sweet young lady.

Bar. Yes, and so mild, and so good-tempered.

Mrs Bar. That sweet temper of hers don't come from her mother, but from me.

Bar. From you ?

Mrs Bar. Didn't I suckle her as well as Master Edward ? 'Tis the milk makes the nature.

Bar. Good-natured you are, my dear, that's certain. There may be something in it, for look at Peter. He was nursed by that foolish woman, Sally Stone, when you put him away for Master Edward. I can make nothing of Peter, dame.

Mrs Bar. Well, really Mr Bargrove, I can't find much fault in him. Bating that he's idle, and extravagant, and won't mind what's said to him, and don't try to please you, and talks foolishly, I see no harm in the boy.

Bar. No harm—heh ?

Mrs Bar. All this may appear improper in another, but somehow, it does not appear so very bad in one's own child.

Bar. He's his mother's child, that's plain ; but I say (striking his stick upon the ground), he's a foolish, ungrateful, wicked boy.

Mrs Bar. Not wicked, Bargrove, don't say that. He is a little foolish, I grant, but then he's young ; and, by-and-bye, he'll grow tired of being idle.

Bar. That's what no one was ever tired of, when he once took a liking to it. But, however, I will try if I can't bring him to his senses. Where is he now ?

Mrs Bar. Heaven knows ! He was up very early for him this morning, and took a book with him, so you see there are some signs of amendment.

Bar. Well, well,—we shall see. But I think dinner must be ready by this time. Come, my dear, time's precious.

[*Exeunt ambo.*

Enter Agnes, in a walking dress, with Lucy.

Agnes. Now, Lucy dear, I will stay no longer, for your dinner is ready.

Lucy. Indeed, Miss Agnes, I beg that you will not go so soon. Of what consequence is it when I dine? I dine every day, but every day I am not honoured with your company.

Agnes. Nonsense——honoured. How you have altered in your behaviour to me lately—so formal, and so stiff, now, I quite hate you.

Lucy. Indeed my heart is neither formal nor stiff; but when I was familiar with you, I was young, and knew not the difference of our situations. I do now, and only pay respect to whom respect is due.

Agnes. Then you have become very stupid, and I shall detest you. That's all your knowledge will have gained you, Miss Lucy; nay more, I will not come here so often if you do not treat me as you used to do, and call me Agnes.

Lucy. Rather than that you should stay away, I will obey you, but I still think that it is not right. Consider, when we used to learn and play together, I called your brother "Edward," but how improper it would be if I were to call him so now.

Agnes. I don't think that his objections would be very decided, Lucy, as you happen to be such a pretty girl: however, I'll ask him, when he comes home to-day.

Lucy. Ah, Miss Agnes, pray, pray, don't mention it.

Agnes. Well, you are pretty enough without blushing so much. I'll let you off, provided you speak to me as I wish. But now, Miss Gravity, I've a secret to tell you.

Lucy. A secret?

Agnes. I have found out that there's a gang of gipsies in the wood.

Lucy. Is that your secret? Then dame Fowler was let into it last night, for she lost her best turkey, and she frets about it very much. It was the one that she intended to send to the Hall on Christmas Day.

Agnes. But that is not the secret, Lucy. The real secret is—that I wish to have my fortune told; and you must contrive with me how to manage it.

Lucy. Shall I send the woman up to the Hall; she was here yesterday.

Agnes. No, no, you stupid thing. Lady Etheridge hates the very name of a gipsy. One was at the Hall yesterday, and she threatened her with Bridewell.

Lucy. Well then, shall I find out where they are? and we can go together.

Agnes. That's exactly what I wish, Lucy; but it must be soon, as we expect my brother and his friend belonging to the same regiment, and I must not be out of the way when they arrive.

Lucy. Who is this friend?

Agnes. A Captain Mertoun. (*Sighs.*) I have seen him before.

Lucy. He is then acquainted with your family?

Agnes. Not with my father and mother. When I was at Cheltenham with my aunt, I met him very often. There is a little secret there, too, Lucy.

Lucy. Another?

Agnes. Yes, another. Don't you long to hear it?

Lucy. (*Smiling*). If you long to tell it?

Agnes. How provoking you are! You know I do. Well, then, this Captain Mertoun is—a very handsome man.

Lucy. Is that all?

Agnes. No; but it's something to the point, because he says he is very much in love with me.

Lucy. I'll believe that. Who is not?

Agnes. Don't be silly, Lucy; but the last part of the secret is the most important. I think, Lucy, that I like him—that is—a little—a very little. Now, since my father has told me he was coming down with my brother, I've been in a perfect fever, I don't know why—and so—and so—that is the reason why I wish to have my fortune told. I know that it's very silly, and all nonsense; but still nonsense is very agreeable sometimes.

Lucy. But you will not believe a word that you are told.

Agnes. No, not one word, unless it happens to meet with my own wishes; and then you know.—But I really must be gone. Good-bye, Lucy. Remember our meeting in the wood. [*Exit Agnes.*

Lucy. God bless thee, dearest Agnes; yet would that I had never seen either you or your brother! What is intended in kindness is, too often, cruelty. The kiss of affection that is implanted on the lips, may take so deep a root, as to entwine the heart. Heigho! What an elegant young man is Captain Etheridge! I recollect, when we used to romp, and quarrel, and kiss; then, I had no fear of him: and now, if he but speaks to me, I tremble, and feel my face burn with blushes. Heigho! —this world demands more philosophy than is usually possessed by a girl of nineteen.

Scene V.

The Gipsy encampment.—Enter Nelly.

Nelly. I have been plotting my revenge on Lady Etheridge; and I have a scheme which may succeed. I must, however, be guided by circumstances; yet, by the means of this senseless fool, I hope to make much mischief. O, here he comes.

Enter Peter.

Good day, again. I have been waiting for you. The stars are in the ascendant.

Peter. I thought they were up in the sky.

Nelly. Exactly. Now let me read the lines on your face. The finest gentleman in the land would give half his fortune for those lines.

Peter. Then pray, what is my fortune, good woman?

Nelly. One that requires gold, with which to cross my hand; and then it would be too cheap.

Peter. Gold! Won't a shilling do?

Nelly. I wish you good-day, Sir; I thought you were a gentleman.

Peter. Well, so I am; but gentlemen are not always very flush of guineas. However, I have one here, and it shall go for my fortune. [*Gives money.*

Nelly. The planet, Georgium Sidum, says, that you are the son of the steward, and your name is Bargrove.

Peter. Now, that is surprising!

Nelly. But Georgium Sidum tells not the truth.

Peter. Do the stars ever lie?

Nelly. O, the new ones do. They have not been long in the business. But the old ones never fail.

Peter. Astonishing! and only supposed to be Bargrove's son. Go on, good woman, go on. What do the old planets say?

Nelly. Nay, I must stop a little. That is all I can see just now; but more will be revealed to me by-and-bye. What does Artemidorus say in his ninety-ninth chapter, written in double Chaldean before letters were invented?

Peter. I don't know. What does he say?

Nelly. That you must gain great truths by little ones. So you must tell me all you know about yourself, and I shall be able to find out more.

Peter. I was educated with Mr Edward Etheridge; and, when our education was completed, he went into the army and I was sent home to my father's—that is—to Mr Bargrove's.

Nelly. I understand.

Peter. This Mr Bargrove proposed that I should accompany him every day to obtain a knowledge of agriculture, and employ my evenings in keeping the accounts, that I might be able to succeed him in his office of steward.

Nelly. Exactly—but the stars tell me that you did not like it.

Peter. Couldn't bear it. Why, my boots, which I am so particular in having well polished, were so loaded with clay the very first time, that I could hardly lift my legs, and I stumbled into a ditch filled with stinging nettles; so

I gave it up, and the old gentleman constantly swears that I am no son of his.

Nelly. Did not I, the priestess of the stars, tell you so?

Peter. But if I am no son of his, the question is, "Whose son am I?"

Nelly. A gentleman's son, no doubt. But I shall discover more when I consult the stars anon. You must return.

Peter. That I surely will. Consult the old stars, if you please.

Nelly. I always do, sir; no dependence upon the others. In fact, we've quarrelled. I am hardly on speaking terms with them.

Peter. Speaking terms with the stars! How intimate you must be!

Nelly. You'll have to cross my hand again. Golden truths will not come out without gold.

Peter. What! gold again?

Nelly. Yes, another guinea. One for telling you who you are not, and another for telling you who you are. Don't you see?

Peter. One for telling me who I am not. Yes, that's told; I am not my father's son. They say it's a wise man who knows his own father.

Nelly. Wisely said.

Peter. And another for telling me who I am. Well, I think that is as well worth a guinea as the other.

Nelly. Better, I should imagine.

Peter. Yes, better. Well, good-bye, good woman. I'll be sure to be here.

Nelly. Fail not, or you'll repent it. (*Exit Peter*.) The gudgeon takes the bait kindly. Peter, Peter, you had always an immense swallow. When Sally Stone nursed him, she was forced to feed the little cormorant with a tablespoon. As far as I can see, notwithstanding his partnership education with the young Squire, I think the grown babe should be fed with spoon-meat still. But

what dainty lasses are these that come this way? Lucy and Miss Etheridge—how fortunate!

Enter Agnes and Lucy.

Lucy. There is the woman; so, if you are inclined to hear her nonsense, you must wait the Sibyl's pleasure.

Agnes. I hope she will not keep us long, or my brother will arrive before we return. (*Nelly advances.*)

Nelly. Save you, fair lady! which of you will first look into futurity?

Lucy. This young lady. (*Pointing to Agnes.*)

Nelly. Then you must retire out of hearing.

Agnes. No, no; I have no secrets from her. She must stay.

Nelly. That cannot be, my art will be useless, and I decline the task.

Lucy. Yield to her mummery, it can make no difference.

Agnes. Well, then, Lucy, don't go far away.

Lucy. I'll be out of hearing, but not out of sight.

[*Lucy retires, and amuses herself in collecting flowers.*

Nelly. Your name is Agnes.

Agnes. (*laughing*). I know that; and I am the daughter of Sir Gilbert of the Hall. Come, I'll help you, good woman.

Nelly. I did not say the last.

Agnes. What do you mean?

Nelly. I only said that your name was Agnes.

Agnes. Well, and I told you more than you knew.

Nelly. The stars reveal not what you assert.

Agnes. Well, then, I do; so I know more than the stars.

Nelly. You are wrong. You know not so much. You are not what you think you are.

Agnes. In the name of wonder, what do you mean?

Nelly. I have said it. Let me see your hand. Your fate is a dark one! Poor young lady! You will be crossed in everything.

Agnes. (*laughing faintly*). Love included, I suppose. Shall I not marry the man of my affections?

Nelly. If he is more generous than men usually are.

Agnes. I cannot understand you.

Nelly. There is a dark cloud hanging over your fate. The storm will soon rage. Poor young lady!

Agnes. You almost frighten me. Speak more intelligibly.

Nelly. I have said enough. Agnes *Bargrove*, fare thee well!

Agnes. (*astonished*). Agnes Bargrove! what can she mean? Good woman, will you not tell me more?

Nelly. Go home, you will soon hear more from others. (*Aside.*) The wound is given; let it fester. (*Nelly retires.*)

Agnes. Lucy, Lucy! (*Lucy advances.*)

Lucy. Dear Agnes, how confused you are! What can be the matter?

Agnes. (*much flurried*). I can hardly tell. The woman was so strange. I was a little surprised—that's all. (*Recovering herself.*) Now, Lucy, it's your turn. (*Nelly comes forward.*) There, good woman, is your money. (*Nelly shakes her head, and refuses it.*) How very strange! Come, Lucy, let her tell your fortune, and then we'll go home.

Lucy. Nay, Agnes, I have no curiosity.

Agnes. I insist upon it, Lucy. I will not be the only foolish one. I shall retire until you call me.

Lucy. Well, then, as you please. I know my fortune but too well. (*Sighs.*) [*Agnes retires.*

Nelly. (*looking Lucy earnestly in the face for a time*). You are perhaps come here for amusement. In olden times there were many false prophets; but still, some of them were true; so, in these days, there are many who pretend to our art, but really few who do possess it. Do you take this for a mocking matter?

Lucy. Why, really, good woman, I will not promise to believe all you may say, but I shall be glad to listen to it.

Nelly. I thought as much. But were I to tell you what is known only to yourself, would you then credit my asserted powers?

Lucy. I should certainly feel more inclined.

Nelly. There are marks upon your person known but to yourself.

Lucy. 'Tis very possible.

Nelly. Can you recollect them?

Lucy. (*smiling incredulously*). Can you describe them?

Nelly. To prove my power before I read your destiny, I will. You have a large mole beneath your right shoulder. (*Lucy starts.*) You have a scar on your instep by falling over a sickle in your infancy. Nay, more. (*Nelly whispers her.*)

Lucy. Merciful heavens!

Nelly. Are you satisfied?

Lucy. I'm a little frightened.

Nelly. So much to prove that I am no impostor. Now, let me see your hand. (*Lucy holds out her hand trembling.*) You have lost your fortune, and your rank in society—but you will soon regain them. The cloud is dispersing from before the sun of your happiness. Sweet girl, I wish thee joy!

Lucy. What mean you?

Nelly. Others will tell you soon. There are two in the secret, Nelly Armstrong and Martha Bargrove.

Lucy. My mother!

Nelly. No, not your mother. I said, Martha Bargrove. (*Lets go her hand.*) Lucy Etheridge, fare thee well.

[*Exit Nelly.*

Lucy. O God! Agnes, Agnes! (*Agnes runs up to her.*)

Agnes. My dear Lucy, has she frightened you too?

Lucy. O yes! indeed she has. Let us go home, Miss Agnes, I am so unhappy.

Agnes. So am I, Lucy. I wish we had never seen the odious woman.

[*Exeunt ambo, arm in arm, crying.*

Act II. Scene I.

A Drawing-room in the Hall.

Enter Captain Etheridge, Captain Mertoun, and William.

Will. Sir Gilbert be within gunshot, Captain Edward, and I'll make sail after him. I think he have the gardener in tow.

Capt. Eth. You will oblige me, William. How are you, my good fellow? You look dull; what's the news here?

Will. Why, Mr Edward, mortal bad. There be a misfortune happened in the family this morning.

Capt. Eth. Not to my father, I trust?

Capt. Mer. Not to Miss Etheridge?

Will. No; it be, Mr Edward, that Sir Gilbert have given me warning, and I have a month's law to find another berth.

(*Captain Etheridge and Mertoun look at each other, and laugh.*)

Capt. Eth. Well, William, I think I can doctor that.

Will. I'se afraid not, Mr Edward, for the Admiral be superseded—has hauled down his flag, and I'd as soon have my discharge as not. (*Putting his finger to his nose.*) A woman be at the bottom of all mischief.

Capt. Eth. You observe, Mertoun, how things are managed here. Now if any difference or dispute arise between my father and mother, do you immediately espouse the cause of the lady. Recollect, I'll bear you harmless.

Capt. Mer. I am guided by you; but I'm going to observe—

Enter Sir Gilbert.

Adm. My dear Edward, welcome again to your inheritance!

Capt. Eth. Thanks, my dear father. Allow me to introduce to you my most particular friend, Captain Mertoun, of our regiment.

Adm. Sir, you have the welcome of a father who loves all whom his children love.

Capt. Mer. Sir Gilbert, I am indeed flattered by your kind expressions.

Enter Lady Etheridge.

Capt. Eth. My dear mother, permit me to renew my duty.

Lady Eth. Edward, I have been a martyr to painful anxiety and maternal sentiment; but my sighs are accomplished now that I embrace my only son. (*Turning to Mertoun, and curtseying haughtily.*) Your friend?

Capt. Eth. My friend is Captain Mertoun, who is most anxious to pay his homage, and I trust will find favour in the sight of Lady Etheridge.

Capt. Mer. That were indeed anticipating bliss. (*Bowing very low.*)

Lady Eth. Captain Mertoun, you may approximate our kindly feelings.

Capt. Mer. Lady Etheridge, I duly appreciate the distinction. (*Aside to Etheridge.*) Why don't you ask after your sister?

Capt. Eth. Where is my sister Agnes, my dear mother? How is it that she is not here to receive her brother?

Lady Eth. Indeed, Edward, I am ashamed to say that, forgetful of her aristocratic birth, she has permitted herself to be seduced by bad company.

Adm. (*aside*). Whew! now for a breeze!

Capt. Eth. Bad company. Did I hear rightly? Surely, my lady——

Lady Eth. I have said it, Edward; and I am sorry to add, that the admiral eggs her on. O pardon, Captain Mertoun, the plebeian slip of the tongue! I mean to say corroborates the mésalliance.

Capt. Mer. (*aside to Etheridge.*) For Heaven's sake, ask her to explain.

Capt. Eth. What would you infer, my lady? Surely my sister cannot so far forget herself, much less my father approve of such conduct.

Adm. Edward, this bad company is—Lucy Bargrove.

Lady Eth. Yes, Sir Gilbert, I am sorry to retort before strangers; but just as you have confessed, it is even so. My daughter has formed an unequal connection, and, and dissipates her rank among unequal associates.

Capt. Eth. I am truly glad that it is no worse, my lady.

Lady Eth. What can be worse, sir? Rank is rank; but your father has absorbed notions which disgrace his baronetage.

Adm. Lady Etheridge, if I never disgrace my title by any other act, I shall be proud of the manner in which I have supported it. (*Aside.*) I won't give up this point if I can help it.

Lady Eth. You hear, Edward—I am quite cagged—I am all confusion—stigmatised, I mean, by his conduct. His infatuation is quite adulterous!

Capt. Eth. (*aside*). Now, Mertoun, coincide with her. Never mind me or my father.

Lady Eth. Did you speak, Captain Mertoun?

Capt. Mer. I did, my lady, but venture to express to Captain Etheridge my admiration of the elegance and elevation of your sentiments.

Adm. (*aside*). What the devil does he interfere for? confounded puppy.

Lady Eth. Captain Mertoun, I conceive at once that you are of *Oh tone.* I am sorry that family squabbles—pardon the low word—Captain Mertoun, we cannot touch pitch without being defiled—(*looking at Sir Gilbert.*)

Adm. Sorry you ever meddled with a *tar.*

Lady Eth. I am grieved, Captain Mertoun, that domestic fractions should be promulgated on our first meeting, and feel much prepossession for your corroboration of the Admiral's folly.

Capt. Mer. I cannot but assert that his conduct is most indefensible. Sir Gilbert, allow me to take the privilege of an early friend, and to express my regret at your infatuation, and my hope that you will be swayed by superior judgment.

Adm. Sir, I am much obliged to you for your friendly and polite interference. Does your friend stay dinner, Edward?

Lady Eth. Admiral, assuredly. I trust that Captain Mertoun will do us the honour of taking many dinners with us. At present, Captain Mertoun, you will excuse me; but when you are at leisure, I do not say that I will show you the grounds, as Sir Gilbert would have expressed himself; but I shall, as we of the *Oh tone* say, be most happy to be your cicero. [*Exit Lady Etheridge.*

Adm. (*angrily to Captain Mertoun.*) And pray, sir, what do you mean by offering your opinion so confounded freely, and disapproving of my conduct?

Capt. Eth. My dear father, you must blame me, and not him. Let us retire to your library, and I will explain everything. You will find that Captain Mertoun has no other object in view than the happiness of all parties.

Adm. Then I can tell Captain Mertoun, that interfering between man and wife is not the way to secure his own.

Capt. Mer. Your son will soon offer a satisfactory explanation. It is most true that the liberty I have taken with you is most essential to my happiness.

Adm. (*going up and lifting his cane*). The devil it is! but not to all parties, Captain Mertoun; and I am sorry to say this to any friend of my son's—but you are a d—d impudent puppy, and I expect satisfaction.

Capt. Eth. That you shall have, sir, from me, who requested Captain Mertoun to follow that line of conduct. Do me the favour to retire to the library.

Adm. You requested him to insult your father? I am not so old as to be insulted with impunity; and I hope, as you are a party, that the explanation will be satisfactory. (*Walks about in a rage.*) Captain Mertoun, you'll excuse us. There are the grounds, and as you have been so very assiduous to fall out with me, you may be equally so to fall in with Lady Etheridge. (*Bowing in derision very low, then exit, attended by Captain Etheridge.*)

Capt. Mer. Well, this is excellent, that a man, who is

henpecked till he has not a decent feather left, should be jealous about such a woman. But I feel assured that Etheridge will make all right. I shall take the advice of the old gentleman, and walk about the grounds, perhaps, as he says, I may fall in with Lady Etheridge and improve my acquaintance. [*Exit.*

Scene II.

The Gipsy encampment in the wood.

Nelly comes forward.

Nelly. Lady Etheridge, you spurned me! you chased me from your doors! what! shall humanity in any shape be worried by your pampered dogs? when youth was fresh upon our brows, our steps light upon the green, and our hearts still more light with innocence, had then the Lady Etheridge more admirers than the poor outcast gipsy, Nelly Armstrong? Have you forgotten your origin, proud lady of the Hall? Had his partial eyes fallen upon me when Sir Gilbert chose his wife from among the cottage maidens, and you, proud lady, had come hungry and in rags to my door, should I have unslipped the hounds upon your cry for charity? No, no, no! You have given insult—expect retaliation. But here comes one of my instruments. Unbend, Eleanor Armstrong, from this lofty carriage, and be again the miserable—the cheating gipsy.

Enter young Bargrove.

Nelly. A fine morning, most fortunate sir.

Peter. Well, my good woman, have you found it out?

Nelly. What, youth of a brilliant horoscope, do you mean the starlit mystery? It is revealed, but the planets have been very cross. I watched—and watched—and watched—

Peter. Well, and what did you discover?

Nelly. The discovery, sir, is precious. Golden, sir, golden! A guinea! it is worth twenty!

Peter. A bargain's a bargain. There's your guinea (*Takes out his purse and gives money.*) And now, let me have my value for it.

Nelly. I cast a trine through the rays of Saturn, and placing a quadrature upon his seventh house, I travelled wearily through the heavens; and, at last, this afternoon, at about thirty-five minutes, forty-nine seconds, after the hour of three, I discovered that your mother was wet nurse to both Sir Gilbert's children.

Peter. Miraculous! and so indeed she was!

Nelly. You were born at nearly the same time as Captain Etheridge, and was put out to nurse to one Sally Stone. I discovered all about this nursing and suckling in the milky way.

Peter. Did the stars there tell you all this? wonderful!

Nelly. Yes, and a great deal more. But first promise me, if your fate is no sordid one, you will not yourself be sordid; for now comes the great secret. Money, sir, money for the prophetess. Suppose, now, I should prove you a gentleman of ten thousand a year; what would you give me then?

Peter. Give you! another guinea—perhaps two. (*Holding up his purse.*) Ten thousand a year! I would give you the whole purse.

Nelly. (*laying hold of one end of the purse.*) Then listen to me—you were changed at nurse. You are the son of Sir Gilbert Etheridge of the Hall!

Peter. The son of Sir Gilbert Etheridge! and changed by the nurse!

Nelly. Why don't you clasp your hands, turn up your eyes, and thank the stars, that have gained for you your patrimony?

Peter. So I will (*Clasps his hands, and lets the purse go, Nelly pockets it.*) But what nurse changed me?

Nelly. Why, Mrs Bargrove to be sure, who nursed you, and put her own son in your place.

Peter. Infamous old woman! but how is this possible?

Nelly. The stars have said it.

Peter. My stars?

Nelly. Yes, yours.

Peter. But how am I to prove this?

Nelly. There again I can assist you. Did you never hear of a girl called Nelly Armstrong?

Peter. To be sure—she nursed my sister, that is, she nursed Lucy Bargrove. A sad reprobate was Nelly——

Nelly. Reprobate in your teeth, young man! Speak of that person with the utmost respect; for 'tis she that will appear and divulge the whole. She was the accomplice of Mrs Bargrove; but you must lose no time; challenge Mrs Bargrove, and she may confess all. Then hasten to Lady Etheridge, and flinging yourself into her arms, sob out upon her bosom that she is your mother.

Peter. Excellent! it will be quite moving. I think a white handkerchief looks most interesting.

Nelly. I hope, when your honour comes to your property, you won't forget the gipsy woman.

Peter. Forget you, good woman! no, that I won't. You shall have a right of encampment here, and permission to rob any tenants upon the estate. Leave me.

[*Exit Nelly, curtseying several times to the ground.*

Peter solus (strutting up and down). Well, I knew that I was a gentleman born, I knew I was (*rubbing his hands*). Why, what a shameful trick of the old woman. But I'll make her confess directly. And then—and then—I'll pardon her; for she has been very kind to me, that's certain. Sir Peter Etheridge with ten thousand a year! O! it will sound well. "Pray," says the traveller from London to one of my tenants, "whose superb mansion is that?" "Sir Peter's." Ha! ha! ha! "And that fine equipage?" "Sir Peter's." He! he! he! "And that beautiful lady all over jewels?" "Sir Peter's." Ho! ho! ho! Lucky, lucky Sir Peter! Hum! ha! I'll turn old Bargrove off for his impudence—that's decided; and I must cease to be cheerful and familiar. Melancholy—melancholy is your only gentlemanlike bearing, as Shakespeare says. [*Exit*

Scene III.

A room in the Hall.

Enter Agnes, with her bonnet in her hand. She sits down, musing.

Agnes. I never was so unhappy before; for that gipsy woman has raised doubts and fears which overwhelm me. Lucy, too, has been told something that affects her deeply. She never spoke during the whole way home, and seemed glad to get rid of me as she ran into her father's house. If this should be true (and why raise such a report without foundation? no one could be so wicked), what a discovery. At all events, until the truth be ascertained, I shall be miserable. Heigho! I anticipated so much pleasure in meeting my brother and Captain Mertoun. Now, what am I to do? If he were to—to—offer to——(*cries*). It would be so unhandsome, knowing this report, to say "Yes" (*sobs*), and so unkind to say "No!" O dear! I'm very miserable.

Enter Sir Gilbert.

Adm. Why, Agnes, the servants have been out everywhere seeking you. For shame! to be out of the way when you know that your brother was coming. Edward is much hurt at your indifference. Why, what's the matter, child? You appear to have been crying! My dear girl, what has vexed you? See, here they both come.

Enter Captain Etheridge and Mertoun.

Capt. Eth. My dear Agnes! (*Agnes runs up to him, embraces him, and then bursts into tears*). Why, what is the matter, my dear sister?

Agnes (*hanging on her brother's neck*). O! I am so rejoiced to see you!

Capt. Eth. (*kisses her*). You look the personification of joy! But, Agnes, here is one whom you have met before.

Is it necessary to introduce Mertoun? (*Capain Mertoun advances.*)

Agnes. O no! (*curtseying formally to Captain Mertoun, who offers his hand.*)

Capt. Mer. (*confused, and apart to Captain Etheridge*). Good heavens! I must have displeased her!

Capt. Eth. (*aside*). Impossible. I do not comprehend it.

Capt. Mer. I am most happy to renew our acquaintance, Miss Etheridge, under the sanction of your parents' roof.

Agnes (*inclining her head*). I shall always be most happy to receive my brother's friends.

Adm. Agnes, my love, the heat has overpowered you. You have hastened home too fast. Come out with me. You'll be better soon. [*Exeunt Sir Gilbert and Agnes.*

Capt. Eth. What can it be? She is certainly distressed.

Capt. Mer. Her reception of me is, indeed, very different from what I had anticipated from the manner in which we parted. I must say, that either her conduct is very inconsistent, or her memory very treacherous.

Capt. Eth. Nay, Mertoun, it is some time since you met; and then, not under the auspices of her father's roof. Make some allowances for maidenly reserve.

Capt. Mer. Still I must say I am both mortified and disappointed.

Capt. Eth. I can feel for you; but knowing her generous character, I do not hesitate to take up her defence. Something presses heavily on her mind; what, I cannot surmise. But I will see her and find it out. Till then, wear your willow as gracefully as you do your laurels, and construe nothing to your disadvantage. This I ask in justice.

Capt. Mer. You may with confidence.

Capt. Eth. But here comes Lady Etheridge; now will I hasten to Agnes, and leave you to pay your court. Though you have already made a sufficiently favourable impression, yet still remember my injunctions.

Enter Lady Etheridge.

Lady Etheridge, my sister has just quitted the room far

from well. If you will permit me, I will inquire after her, leaving Captain Mertoun to cultivate your acquaintance.

[*Exit Capt. Etheridge.*

Capt. Mer. An honour, madam, I have long courted.

Lady Eth. O sir! if your leisure is now, as it were, unoccupied, I should be most happy to be your cicero. There are such grounds——

Capt. Mer. (*ogling Lady Etheridge*). For admiration, when I cast my eyes that way.

Lady Eth. The quintessence of politeness, I declare. This way, sir.

Capt. Mer. The arm of the humblest of your slaves.

(*Offering his arm.*)

Lady Eth. Infinitely honoured.

[*Exeunt ambo, ceremoniously, and mutually complimenting each other in dumb show.*

Scene IV.

A Drawing-Room at the Hall.

Enter Sir Gilbert and Captain Etheridge.

Capt. Eth. Well, my dear father, where is Agnes?

Adm. She has been here just now; she appears to be much distressed about something. She will return directly.

Capt. Eth. What can have annoyed her?

Adm. That I don't know. Perhaps my Lady Etheridge. She wishes her to break off with Lucy Bargrove, but that I will resist—that is—that is—as much as I can.

Capt. Eth. My dear father, why do you submit to such tyranny? You, that have led fleets to victory, to be governed by a woman! A little firmness on your part would soon relieve you from your thraldom, and bring my mother to a proper sense of her duties.

Adm. (*shaking his head*). Too late—too late, Edward.

Capt. Eth. Never too late, sir. Take courage for once,

and I'll answer for the success. With all respect to my mother, bullies are always cowards.

Adm. Why, really, Edward, your advice is good; and, as I must always keep up a running fight, I don't see why we shouldn't have a general action.

Capt. Eth. Bravo, sir, a decisive engagement to your honour, if you only bring decision into play. I agree with you, in respect to Lucy Bargrove, heartily.

Adm. Edward, this girl has been so long with me, and has so entwined herself about my heart, that I cannot bear that she should be used ill. Your sister is fond of her, and I dote upon her.

Capt. Eth. Why, yes, sir, I acknowledge that she is a nice girl, but still, there is a line to be drawn. You would not, for instance, like to see her my wife.

Adm. Indeed but I would, Edward, for your own sake. You would have a fair prospect of matrimonial bliss. Talking about marriage, Edward, I again repeat, if, as you say, the happiness of Agnes depends upon her union with Mertoun, from the character you have given him, I shall raise no objections; but, as I do think in the disposal of her children, the mother has some claim to be consulted, I suppose he must be permitted to follow up your plan, rather a novel one, of bearding the father to gain the daughter.

Capt. Eth. You forget, sir, that you are to have a general action, and then it will be no longer necessary.

Enter Captain Mertoun.

Here comes Mertoun.

Adm. True, true, I forgot that. Well Captain Mertoun, I hope you have found amusement.

Capt. Eth. I have, sir, been walking with my lady, who has just gone into her room to take off her bonnet.

Enter Lady Etheridge and Agnes.

Lady Eth. I am quite exhausted with my pedestrian performance. (*Captain Mertoun hands a chair, she sits.*)

Sir Gilbert, I am sorry to request that you will reprove your daughter for disobedience, for, notwithstanding my command of this morning, I find that she has agian visited Lucy Bargrove. You say that you have no objection, but I tell you it shall not be, so there is an end of the matter, and of the discussion; and I insist upon it, Admiral, I insist that you give her a proper lecture in my presence. Now, Sir Gilbert.

Capt. Eth. (*aside*). Now, sir, this is your time, we'll support you.

Adm. My dear Lucy is concerned—I don't feel that I want any support. Agnes, your mother has expressed her disapprobation at your visit to Lucy Bargrove.

Agnes. My dear father!

Adm. And I don't agree with your mother.

Lady Eth. Sir Gilbert!

Adm. I consider Lucy Bargrove a very amiable, good girl. I am partial to her, and have no objection to your visiting her whenever you please.

Lady Eth. (*more loudly*). Sir Gilbert!

Capt. Eth. (*aside*). Excellent, Sir Gilbert.

Adm. I repeat again, Agnes, that so far from agreeing with, I totally disagree with Lady, and, in this matter, I will not allow her to interfere in future. I intend to be *master of my own house!*

Lady Eth. (*screaming*). Sir Gilbert!!!

Capt. Eth. (*aside*). The day's our own.

Adm. (*angrily*). Yes, my lady, master of my own house! and expect humility and submission on your part. (*Softening.*) Although I never shall forget that I have advanced you to the dignity of Lady Etheridge.

Lady Eth. Captain Mertoun! Captain Mertoun! Oh! Oh! will nobody assist me? Oh! lead me to my room.

Adm. Edward, help your mother to her room, Captain Mertoun will assist you. [*Exeunt Lady Etheridge, Captains Mertoun and Etheridge.*

Manent, Sir Gilbert and Agnes.

Adm. I have, my dear Agnes, as you perceive, made a

resolution to be no longer second in my own house, but your good sense will point out to you, that your mother deserves your respect.

Agnes. My dear father, I have never believed otherwise; but still I must rejoice at what has taken place, as I am convinced it is for her happiness, as well as for your own.

Adm. Come, dear, let us take a walk; I feel rather excited. No wonder, this being firm is one of the most unsteady feelings imaginable, for I have no sooner come to a resolution of making a stand, than I find my head running round consumedly. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

A parlour in the homestead. Enter Dame Bargrove.

Mrs Bar. Well, I wonder whether Mr Bargrove intends to come home to-day. I never knew a man work so hard for his employer. He is an honest man, I will say that, and there are not many wives who are in their husband's secrets can say the same. Aye, and he's no poor man either. His own property to nurse, and twenty years' service with a liberal master have made him independent, and our boy and girl will be none the worse for it. Well, it has been fairly and honourably earned, and there are few who can count so much and say the same. I wish Peter were not so idle and thoughtless. It frets his father very much. Here he comes, and I'll try if I can't reason with him.

Enter Peter Bargrove with great consequence.

Mrs Bar. Well, Peter, have you seen your father?

Peter. I have not yet communicated the important intelligence.

Mrs Bar. Why, what's the matter with the boy? important intelligence!

Peter. I had forgot. She is still unaware of my discovery. Hem! (*walking up to his mother.*) good woman! look me full in the face.

Mrs Bar. Good woman! Mercy on us, Peter! Is it thus you address your mother?

Peter. My mother! I tell you to look in my face.

Mrs Bar. Look in your face? Well, sir, I do look in your face; and a very foolish face you're making of it. Are you mad?

Peter. Mad! no, Mrs Bargrove, I'm not mad, but I've discovered all.

Mrs Bar. All!

Peter. Yes, all. Down on your knees and confess.

Mrs Bar. Confess! confess what? Down on my knees too? Why, you ungracious boy, what do you mean?

Enter Mr Bargrove, unperceived, who stands aside.

Peter. What do I mean? Confess your enormous guilt —the wicked trick that you played me in my infancy.

Mrs Bar. Dear me, dear me, my child is out of his senses.

Peter. Madam, I am in my senses, but I am not your child. Woman, you know it.

Mrs Bar. (*weeping*). O dear, O dear!

Peter. Tell me, will you confess at once, thou infamous——

[*Old Bargrove comes forward, and knocks Peter down with his cudgel.*

Old Bar. I can't stand it any longer. What do you mean, you rascal, by calling your mother infamous?

Peter (*rubbing his head, and getting up slowly*). 'Tis well —'tis very well I had resolved before to turn you away; now you may expect the severest chastisement. Take warning this moment, you old——

Old Bar. (*lifting up his cudgel*). You old what?

Peter. I'll swear the peace against you. Take care what you are about. This is a violent assault, you know; and you don't know him you are beating.

Old Bar. Don't I?

Peter. No, you don't—but I'll tell you. This woman

changed me at nurse, and I can prove it. I—yes—I, humble as I stand here, with my head broken also—am no less than Peter Etheridge—the young Squire!

Old Bar. Look at the almanac, dame. Is the harvest moon at full? He's mad, indeed!

Peter. I am not. Mrs Bargrove, where is your accomplice, Nelly Armstrong? You see I know all. (*Mrs Bargrove weeps, but makes no answer.*) I say again confess all, and then, perhaps, I may pardon you, and let your husband keep his place.

Old Bar. Keep my place, and so you are Peter Etheridge, are you?

Peter. I am, and she knows it well.

Old Bar. Well, but I don't. I only know you as my foolish son, Peter Bargrove, and so long as you are so supposed to be, I shall not permit you to insult your mother. So, Mr Peter, I'll just take the liberty of giving you a little wholesome chastisement, which I hope may prove beneficial.

[*Old Bargrove beats Peter round the room, while Mrs Bargrove tries to prevent him.*

Peter. I'll tell my mother, Lady Etheridge! that I will. I'll go directly.

[*Peter runs off. Mr and Mrs Bargrove sit down. Mrs Bargrove sobbing.*

Old Bar. (*panting*). The scoundrel!

Enter Lucy, in her bonnet, from walking.

Lucy. Good Heavens, father, what was all that noise? Mother, why, what *is* the matter?

Old Bar. Matter enough; here's your brother Peter gone out of his senses. But I have rubbed him well down with this cudgel.

Mrs Bar. (*crying*). He's mad, Lucy, quite mad! Called me an infamous old woman, and said that I changed him at nurse. He will have it, that he is Peter Etheridge.

Lucy (*confounded*). Good heavens! how strange! (*Aside*) I hardly know what to think. That gipsy's knowledge—and now my brother—where could he have obtained similar information?—yet it cannot be, she is too good a woman.

Old Bar. What do you say, Lucy?

Lucy. Nothing, father.

Old Bar. Did you ever hear of such conduct?

Lucy. He must have been told so, or he never would have been so violent.

Old Bar. So violent! who could have told him such a falsehood? or who would have believed it for a moment, but a fool like him?

Mrs Bar. How could he have known anything about Nelly Armstrong?

Lucy. Nelly Armstrong! Did he mention her name?

Mrs Bar. Yes; he asked me where she was, and says, that she was my accomplice.

[*Lucy remains in thought.*

Old Bar. Lucy, why don't you comfort your mother? One would think you were leagued with Peter.

Lucy. I, father!

Old Bar. Yes, you—you are not yourself. Pray have you heard anything of this before? (*Lucy silent.*) Answer me, girl, I say, have you before heard anything of this?

Lucy. I have.

Old Bar. And pray from whom?

Lucy. From a strange quarter, and most strangely told. I am not well, father. [*Lucy bursts into tears, and Exit.*

Old Bar. (*after a pause, looking his wife earnestly in the face*). Why, Dame Bargrove, how is this? Lucy is not a fool, and she is evidently of the same opinion as Peter. (*Walks up and down the room, and betrays much agitation.*) Dame, dame, if, for foolish love of thine own children, and I see that thou lovest the other two, as well, if not better than, these—if, I say, thou hast done this great

wrong, down on thy knees, and confess it! Guilt can never prosper, and reparation must be made.

Mrs Bar. (*throwing herself on her knees before her husband*). On my knees, husband, I swear to you, before God, that these children, Peter and Lucy, were born to me, and are the fruits of our marriage. May I never prosper in this world, and lose all hope of mercy in the next, if I speak not now the truth.

Old Bar. (*taking up his wife and kissing her*). I do believe thee, dame, thou hast ever been honest; but there is mischief brewing, and we must find out who are the authors of this report. Come, cheer up! All will be discovered, and all will be well.

[*Exeunt ambo; Old Bargrove leading off and caressing Mrs Bargrove.*

Act III.—Scene I.

A wood.—Enter Bill and Dick.

Dick. Well, Bill, what do ye say to it—will it do?

Bill. Can't tell—been thinking on it all night. Don't much like the consarn. There be too many on 'en.

Dick. Yes, and there be a mortal lot of plate, Bill, all kept in the butler's pantry. I met a servant at a public-house, who is going away, a sea chap, drinking malt like a fish, and I wormed all out of him. I think it be an easy job. The butler be fat and pursey. The Admiral be old and toothless.

Bill. That's all right, so far, Dick; but then there be the two young officers just come down.

Dick. Yes, but I finds that they sleep quite t'other end of the house altogether; and d'ye see, Bill, the plate be only left out because they be come to the Hall. When they're off, the best of the pewter will be all locked up again; so, it's no use to wait till they start off. Come, what d'ye say, Bill? Jack and Nim be both of my mind. I see'd them this morning.

Bill. (*thoughtfully*). It be hanging matter, Dick.

Dick. Why, yes—so it be, if so be as we be found out first, and caught arterwards—and then go to 'sizes—and then a true bill be given—and then we be found guilty, and arter all, gets no reprieve; but there be as many a slip between the noose and the neck, as there be 'tween the cup and the lip.

Bill. Well, Dick, I tell ye what, I've no objection to stand outside, and help carry off.

Dick. That be all we wants. One must look to the nag and cart, and that one must be you. Gie's your hand on it. [*They shake hands.*

Bill. But I say, Dick, does Nelly know the business in hand?

Dick. Not yet.

Bill. I've an idea she won't allow it. I heard her talk summit about conscience—or the like of it.

Dick. Talk about fiddlesticks. Show her the pewter and she'll snap her fingers. Here she comes. I'll let her into the gammon.

Enter Nelly.

Nelly. Well, lads; what's in the wind?

Dick. Summit worth sneezing at, Nell. We are up to a rig to-night. Got a bit of a frolic for pewter.

Nelly. Aye, boys, where?

Dick. At the Hall here.

Nelly. It won't do.

Dick. Yes, but it will though.

Nelly. Yes it will do for you (*pointing to her neck*). I know the Hall well. It must not be thought of.

Dick. But we *have* thought on it, and *will* think on it. We be all determined, so there be an end of the matter, and an end of your palaver.

Nelly. I say no!

Dick. None o' your gammon—pewter arn't to be picked up in the highways. The thing be settled.

Nelly. Think no more on it.

Dick. You mind your own business, missus. Go and tell fortunes to fools and women; leave men alone.

Nelly. I can tell your fortune. A dance in the air till you are out of breath.

Dick. Didn't require a wise woman to find out that. (*Aside.*) But we must keep our eyes upon her—she's queer. (*Aloud.*) Come Bill. [*Exeunt Bill and Dick.*

Nelly sola.

Am I so fallen, never to recover? Must I sink deeper and deeper with these villains? Since I joined them they have never yet attempted anything like this. Petty theft, to support existence, I have participated in, but nothing more. Can I retreat? Ah, when I look upon these hills, and remember the time when I roved here, careless, innocent, and happy, how often do I wish that I could retrace my steps! Yonder is the church where I used to pray. How long is it now since I have dared perform that sacred duty? Yet, how often, since I have returned to this spot, have I longed to fall upon my knees! But I am an outcast. Pride and vanity have made me so, and pride has reduced me so to remain, although I loathe myself, and those connected with me. This intention of theirs has, however, resolved me. The deed shall not take place. I will, by some means, warn them at the Hall —a letter, but how to get it there? It shall be done, and done directly. They can but murder me if I am discovered, and what is my life now?—a burden to myself. [*Exit.*

Scene II.

An Ornamental Shrubbery near the Lodge of the Hall.

Enter Peter Bargrove.

Peter. What a stupid old woman not to confess, after the stars had told the truth! As to old Bargrove, I will have my revenge upon him. Beat me! me, Sir Peter's

heir to the property! How confounded strong he is! the old brute! Out of respect to his age, I did not strike him again; but I should like to see, just like to see the next man who will venture to lay his stick across *my* back. Now I'll to the Hall, and make myself known to Lady Etheridge. How affected she will be! I'll lay my life there will be a scene. Who comes here? O, the fictitious heir to the property, Captain Bargrove, as he will find himself in a very short time. I must hold myself rather high; it will prepare him, as it were, for the bad news. Poor fellow!

Enter Captain Etheridge and Mertoun, from the gates of the Lodge.

Capt. Eth. (*holding out his hand*). Hail! Peter, my good fellow! how are you all at home?

Peter. (*turning away, and folding his arms*). Pretty well, Captain.

Capt. Mer. (*aside*). I say, Etheridge, that's a dead cut; who is your friend?

Capt. Eth. (*astonished*). What's the matter now? I think, Mr Peter, when I offer my hand, it is not very courteous in you to refuse it.

Peter. (*ostentatiously*). Property, Captain, is property. You'll allow that. My hand is my own, and I have it in possession. You'll allow that. But there is other property, which at present is not in my possession, but which you will allow to be hereafter. (*Aside.*) That's a hard hit.

Capt. Mer. Property is property, Etheridge, and to judge by his manners, your friend must have an excess of it in possession.

Capt. Eth. Property is property, but I doubt if my friend has much of it in possession.

Peter. No, but I hope to have.

Capt. Eth. Well, I hope so too. But what's the matter with you, Peter?

Peter. Excessively familiar!

Capt. Mer. Upon my word, Etheridge I wonder at your patience. Who is the brute?

Peter. Brute, sir, did you say brute?

Capt. Mer. Yes, sir, I did.

Peter. Then, sir, if you say brute, I beg to observe to you, sir, that—that——

Capt. Mer. What? Well, sir!

Peter. That, sir, a brute is a beast, sir——

Capt. Mer. Exactly.

Peter. And if that's what you meant, there's no offence. Now, if you say brute beast——

Capt. Mer. Well, sir, I do say so.

Peter. You do—you do say so? Well, then, sir, allow me to tell you, in very positive terms, sir, that you have been guilty of—of tautology.

Capt. Mer. Your friend is very harmless, Etheridge.

Capt. Eth. I am aware of that; but still I was not prepared for this impertinence, considering the obligations he is under to my family.

Peter. Obligations, sir, what obligations? Do you refer to the advantages that you had in being educated with me?

Capt. Eth. I have ever considered the reverse; and that it was you who had the advantages, had you had sense enough to profit by them.

Peter. Now, observe, there's your mistake.

Capt. Eth. to Capt. Mer. The fool is mad.

Peter. Mad, Captain what's your name?

Capt. Eth. Captain what's-your-name, Peter, don't stand insult.

Peter. There is no insult. I repeat again, Captain what's-your-name. Do you know your name?

Capt. Eth. to Capt. Mer. Why, he's as mad as a March hare.

Capt. Mer. Yes, but not so hot as a Welsh rabbit.

Peter. A rabbit—that's a boroughmonger! Now I ought to take that up, it is a downright insult; but perhaps he did not mean it. Captain what's-your-name,

I tell you a secret; you don't know your own name, no, nor you don't know your station in life.

Capt. Eth. I'm sure you forget yours, Mr Peter. How long has this change taken place?

Peter. Ask your nurse. (*Aside.*) That was a hard hit; he must smell a rat now.

Capt. Eth. Ask my nurse!

Capt. Mer. Ask your granny, Etheridge; upon my soul, it's as good as a play.

Capt. Eth. To the audience, perhaps; but I feel rather inclined to be in earnest. Hark you, Mr Peter, do you know I am very particular in payment, and always give every man his due.

Peter. That's it exactly. All that I wish is, that you would give me mine; but if you don't—I shall oblige you, depend upon it.

Capt. Mer. I rather expect he will, Etheridge, if he goes on much longer.

Peter. Thank you for taking my part. That's handsome. Perhaps you will persuade him to do me justice.

Capt. Mer. If you had been in my hands, I should have done you justice long before this.

Peter. "There's virtue still extant," as the play has it. Sir, as you have joined my side, I'll permit you to shake hands with me.

Capt. Mer. O certainly! we always do preparatory to a set-to. Now, then, take my advice—on your guard!

Peter (*aside*). Now I don't fear him. (*Aloud.*) Captain what's-your-name, shall I tell you your fortune?

Capt. Eth. O certainly! you look like a conjuror.

Peter. It is your fortune, sir, to be under the baleful influence of the stars, Georgium Sidum and Copernicum. In a few days you will find your name to be *Bargrove*, and you will have to change situations with me.

Capt. Eth. Indeed!

Peter. Yes, Captain Bargrove, so it is. A wicked woman changed us in our cradles; but the secret is come out, and evidence is at hand. You must return to

obscurity, whilst I emerge from mine. The stars will have it so. Your fortune's told.

Capt. Eth. Nonsense! the fool has been imposed upon. Now, Mr Peter, I'll tell your fortune.

Peter. I thank you. It has been already told to my satisfaction.

Capt. Eth. Nevertheless, it must be told again, although, perhaps, not to your satisfaction. Mr Peter, I can put up with folly, but never with impertinence. Mars and Saturn are about to be in strong opposition, and heavy Saturn will soon jump about like Mercury. The stars will have it so.

Peter. I don't comprehend that.

Capt. Eth. It shall be explained. You, Peter Bargrove, have been excessively insolent to me, Edward Etheridge; in consequence, I shall now take the liberty of giving you a little wholesome correction. [*Seizes Peter by the collar.*

Capt. Mer. Don't use violence to the natural. He offends more in ignorance than malice.

Peter. Thank you, sir. I see that you are a well-behaved gentleman. O sir! sir! 'tis a vile, ungrateful world. I intended to do something for that young man. (*Captain Etheridge shakes him.*) Why, yes, I did. I not only intended to allow you forty pounds a year, but to do what would be more agreeable to your sister Agnes.

Capt. Eth. Agreeable to Miss Etheridge! What do you mean, sir?

Peter. Mean—why, I'm not quite sure—recollect, I don't promise; but I was thinking of marrying her. (*Captain Mertoun flies at him, and seizes him by the collar on the other side. They both shake him violently.*)

Capt. Eth. } You marry { my sister, } you
Capt. Mer. } { Miss Etheridge, } scoundrel!

Capt. Mer. (*letting him go*). I am sorry that I was provoked to lay hands on him. Etheridge, I'll leave his chastisement entirely to you.

Peter. Thank you, sir; I always thought ye were on my side. I suppose that was a mistake just now.

Capt. Mer. I certainly had no right to interfere between you and Captain Etheridge.

Capt. Eth. (*still holding Peter by the collar*). But, Mr Peter, we do not part yet. You may have made your peace with Captain Mertoun, but not with me. How dare you insult me thus?

Peter. I insult you! (*To Captain Mertoun.*) Arn't you of my side?

Capt. Mer. (*laughing*). Yes; if you are knocked down, I, as your second, will help you up again, no more.

Peter. Well—but I'm not a nine-pin. Why not prevent him from knocking me down?

Capt. Mer. The stars won't permit that.

Capt. Eth. And the stars ordain this. (*Lifting his cane.*)

Peter. Captain Etheridge, one word; let go my collar, behave like a reasonable man, and I now promise, upon my word of honour, that I will elevate your sister to my —nuptial bed. (*Captain Mertoun shakes his cane, and makes signs to Captain Etheridge to thrash him.*)

Capt. Eth. I can bear no more. (*Beats Peter round the stage.*)

Peter. Oh! oh! My stars again. Why don't you help me, sir?

Capt. Mer. You are not down yet, Peter. (*Captain Etheridge continues striking.*)

Peter (*throwing himself down, and panting*). Now I am.

Capt. Mer. Yes, and now I may help you up. Then you may go at it again.

Peter. What! am I to have more of it if I am up?

Capt. Mer. I rather suspect so.

Peter. Then I prefer lying here. You need not wait, Captain Bargrove. I sha'n't get up this half-hour. (*Rubbing his shoulders.*)

Capt. Eth. You observe, Peter, I told you your fortune correctly. The stars would have it so. I hope, when next we meet, you will be a little more reasonable, and also a little more respectful. If not, I hold your fortune in my hands. (*Holding up his cane.*)

Peter. Didn't I tell you that you did? Why don't you return it like an honest man? As I said before, I'll make you an allowance.

Capt. Eth. That's more than I will for you, if I have any more impertinence Come, Mertoun, he'll not come to time, that's clear.

Capt. Mer. No, nor to his fortune or title either, I'm afraid. Good morning, Peter. Ha! ha! ha!

Capt. Eth. Farewell, Sir Peter! Ha! ha! ha!

[*Exeunt Captains Mertoun and Etheridge.*

Peter (*sitting up*). *Come to time*—nor to my title and fortune. Well, I hope they'll both come to the gallows. I thought of that as a repartee when they were here, but it was too good to be thrown away upon them. (*Rises.*) It *is* very odd that nobody will believe me when the facts are so plain. As Shakespeare says, the "ladder of my ambition is so hard to climb." I presume these are all the sticks I am to get up by. I'm almost tired of it already; but, however, after two misses comes a hit; and I'll try the last. Now to Lady Etheridge, discover myself to her, sob upon her bosom, as the gipsy foretold I should; and then if she is but on my side, why I defy all the men in the family. [*Exit.*

Scene III.

A parlour in the homestead.

Enter Old Bargrove and Mrs Bargrove.

Old Bar. Why, dame, I can make nothing out of it. have questioned Lucy as closely as possible, and it appears that it was a gipsy woman who told their fortunes. But still, as Lucy told me the story, there is something very strange about it.

Mrs Bar. Lucy appears to take it very much to heart, poor thing!

Old Bar. She does, dame, but in the right way. She thinks of others, and not of herself. I tell you this,

dame, if I thought that Lucy was not my daughter, it would almost break my heart.

Mrs Bar. She's a good girl, and content with her father and mother. I only wish that Peter was the same.

Old Bar. Peter was born a fool, dame, and he'll never be anything else. But I hope this may prove of service to him. I hear that he has already been up to the Hall.

Mrs Bar. Had we not better go there, too, Bargrove, and see Sir Gilbert, or they may suppose we be parties to the report.

Old Bar. Why should they, and who knows the report as yet?

Mrs Bar. O, everybody! I was told of it ten minutes back by Mrs Benson. She heard it of the footman, William. He says, that Captain Etheridge has given Peter a sound thrashing.

Old Bar. Did he? Then I am very much indebted to him. I'll tell you what, dame, I'll to the wood and find out this gipsy woman; and if threatening her with the stocks and Bridewell won't make her confess, I have a warrant in my pocket, just made out by the magistrates' clerk, for the apprehension of the gang, on suspicion of their stealing Mrs Fowler's turkey, and Farmer Groves' geese. We'll first see what can be done there; and then I'll come back, and we'll walk up to the Hall.

Mrs Bar. Do so, Bargrove; let us show that we've a clear conscience, at all events.

Old Bar. I'll be back in an hour, dame; I must go down to Wilson, the constable. [*Exit old Bar.*

Mrs Bar. I never was so put out in my life. That boy Peter's folly worries me to death. Who comes here? why, it's Captain Etheridge, I do declare. I am almost afraid to see one of the family now.

Enter Captain Etheridge.

Capt. Eth. My dear Mrs Bargrove, with your permission. (*Kissing her.*) I can't leave off my old habit

of kissing my nurse. How are you, and your husband, and how is pretty Lucy?

Mrs Bar. Quite well, thank you, Mr Edward. Dear me, what a man you do grow!

Capt. Eth. If I am not a man at five-and-twenty, dame, I never shall be.

Mrs Bar. Five-and-twenty! dear heart! so it is—but time does fly fast! It appears to me but the other day that I had you in my arms. How does Miss Agnes to-day?

Capt. Eth. Not very well, dame, she has something to vex her. Indeed, there's a rumour flying about, and I've come down to speak with you and Lucy on the subject.

Mrs Bar. I know it all; but it's all false, Mr Edward, all stuff and nonsense from beginning to end. Bargrove has now gone to sift the matter. I'm sure I ought to know. A pretty trouble I've had about it; what with foolish Peter, even Bargrove himself spoke to me as if I could have been guilty of such an act.

Capt. Eth. What does Lucy think of it?

Mrs Bar. Lucy is more vexed than any of us. I really think, if she thought it true, that she would make away with herself.

Capt. Eth. What! at the idea of being Miss Etheridge! no cause that for suicide either.

Mrs Bar. No, not that, Captain Etheridge; but at the idea of rising in the world at the expense of those to whom she owes both love and gratitude. She's a good girl, Captain Etheridge.

Capt. Eth. I agree with you, dame, she's a very sweet girl. I wish to speak to her. Will you send her to me?

Mrs Bar. To be sure I will, Master Edward. She'll be glad to see you. She's always asking after you when you be away. [*Exit Mrs Bargrove.*

Capt. Eth. I did but say a few words to her on my arrival. I dared not trust myself with more. She looked so beautiful. I have not been able to drive her from my thoughts ever since. Heigho! the conflict between love

and pride is well contested: nothing but opportunity can give the victory to the one, and absence to the other. The more I know of her, the more deserving she appears. I often try to find faults in her, but I cannot discover them. I suppose that I inherit all my pride from my mother; that I cherish it in preference to my happiness is clear. But should this report prove true. Such things have occurred, and this may have been done without the knowledge of Mrs Bargrove. Agnes and Lucy then change situations; and I with that cub, Peter Bargrove. Very pleasant indeed! the former is not of much consequence but to be jostled out of my supposed birthright by a booby!

Enter Lucy.

Capt. Eth. (*going up to her and taking her by the hand*). I took the liberty to request a few minutes' interview.

Lucy (*smiling*). Surely not a very great liberty with one whom you have known so long, and who is so very much indebted to your father.

Capt. Eth. Not so much as his children are indebted to your mother. But the object of my visit is, Lucy, to request that you will give me some information relative to a ridiculous report.

Lucy. I can, and I can assure you, Captain Etheridge, that I believe it to be without the shadow of a foundation. That Agnes and I were both taken by surprise at the moment, you must not wonder at; but on reflection, I am convinced that it is a fabrication. Indeed, the very idea is most injurious to the character of my mother.

Capt. Eth. I grant this; but the change may have taken place without the knowledge of your mother.

Lucy. It is possible, but barely possible, who but a foolish mother, blinded by partiality, would ever have been guilty of an act which never could benefit herself?

Capt. Eth. You are not well acquainted with the knavery of the world. To prove a fact like this, in a court of justice, would, in most instances, be rewarded liberally.

Your brother, for instance, seems to view the affair in a very different light.

Lucy. Captain Etheridge, I can honestly assert, that the rumour has occasioned to me the greatest uneasiness; and were it to prove true, I should be still more unhappy.

Capt. Eth. I cannot understand you. You would find yourself raised to a position in society which you did not expect; courted by those who at present disregard you, and moving in a circle to which, I must say, your beauty and your other natural gifts would contribute to adorn.

Lucy. Do not flatter me. I have a great dislike to it. I am, I trust, satisfied in my present situation; and, were I weak enough to indulge a transient feeling of vanity, the reminiscence which would instantly intrude, that my advancement was founded on the misery of those I love better than myself, would render it a source of deep and unceasing regret.

Capt. Eth. Those you love better than yourself, Lucy; who are they?

Lucy (*confused*). I referred to your sister Agnes, and to your father.

Capt. Eth. O, not to me!—then I am an *exclusion*.

Lucy. My gratitude to your father for his kindness, and our intimacy from childhood, ought to assure you, Captain Etheridge, that——I must ever wish for your happiness.

Capt. Eth. But suppose, my dear Lucy, this should prove to be true.

Lucy. I have already stated my sentiments.

Capt. Eth. You have, Lucy, generally, and much to your honour; but I am just putting the case for my amusement. Suppose it were proved true, you would not look down upon me as the child of your inferiors?

Lucy. Captain Etheridge, the very observation, for your amusement, is both ungenerous and unkind. I acknowledge our present inferiority, but not perhaps to the extent which would be exacted from your family. But oblige me by not carrying your suppositions any further. (*Tremulously.*) I am not very happy—as it is.

Capt. Eth. Forgive me, Lucy, I did not intend to inflict pain. I am much too fond of you for that.

Lucy. Then why do you come here to make me miserable?

Capt. Eth. To make you miserable, my dear Lucy? I should, indeed, be a wretch, when my own happiness depends upon you. (*Lucy starts.*) (*Aside.*) It is out at last. Now there's no retreat in honour, and I thank heaven for it. (*Aloud.*) Did you hear me, Lucy? (*Lucy appears fainting, Etheridge supports her.*) Are you angry with me, Lucy? (*She weeps.*) I will confess to you honestly, that I have long struggled with my passion, but pride, ridiculous pride, has severely punished me for listening to its selfish dictates. Believe me, when I assert, that never was man more attached than I am to you. Answer me, Lucy, am I then indifferent to you?

Lucy. (*separating herself gently from Captain Etheridge*). I will be as candid as you have been. (*Remains for a little time silent.*) Whether you are indifferent to me or not, I must leave you to judge, from the effects of your communication; but I have also pride, and that pride never will allow me to enter a family against the wishes of those who have a right to be consulted on a question of such serious importance.

Capt. Eth. Only one question, Lucy. If my father consents to our union, will you be satisfied, without the concurrence of my mother?

Lucy. I should abide by the decision of my own father and mother; but, to confess the truth, I should not be satisfied.

Capt. Eth. Am I then to consider this as a mere act of duty, Lucy? Is there no feeling towards me?

Lucy. O yes! Why should I deny it? Indeed, Edward, if you could have read my heart for some time back, you would have found——

Capt. Eth. What, my dear Lucy?

Lucy. That your image has long occupied it—to its unhappiness.

Capt. Eth. As yours has mine. Now I trust they will cherish their inmates with delight. Farewell, my dearest Lucy; I hasten to my father, and I've an idea in my brain which may procure the completion of our wishes.

[*They embrace. Exit Captain Etheridge.*

Lucy. God give me strength, and make me sufficiently grateful! This was so unexpected. O Edward! Edward! you have opened such a vista of delight through the dark clouds that surrounded me, that I tremble as I gaze. How dreadful will be this suspense! Now am I arrived at the crisis of my fate. Either I am blessed beyond all hope, and all desert—or else—I die. [*Exit.*

Scene IV.

A room in the Hall. Enter William, showing in Peter Bargrove.

Will. Step in this room, Mr Peter, and I'll let my lady know that you are here. I say, Mr Peter, what can you want with my lady?

Peter (*consequentially*). That cannot concern you, sir, I should think.

Will. What's the matter now? Why, you used to be civil and genteel. I say, I suppose you have found a mare's nest.

Peter. Don't be saucy, sir; go and deliver your message to my lady.

Will. And if it warn't for my own sake, I wouldn't now. [*Exit William.*

Peter. We shall see some difference, I flatter myself, in their behaviour when they know who's who. How shall I address her? I never before dare speak to her, she is so haughty and proud. But she won't be so when she knows that I am her son. Pooh! I don't care for her now.

Re-enter William.

Will. My lady desires you to wait in the servants' hall till she sends for you. This way.

Peter. Indeed, I will not—I'll wait here.

Will. O, very well—just as you please; but you'll take the consequences. Recollect, I have delivered my lady's message.

Peter. You have—and you may go.

Will. Well, I suspect you be got a cloth in the wind, Mr Peter. [*Exit William.*

Peter. Means I'm drunk! Insolent fellow! I'll give him warning. I daresay my lady will be very angry till she knows the circumstances. Then the sooner I let it out the better (*walks about*). What care I. I'll be as brave as brass.

Lady Eth. (*without*). I'll be back directly.

Peter (*fanning himself with his hat*). O lud! here she comes. (*Recovering himself*). Who cares! Let her come.

Enter Lady Etheridge.

Lady Eth. You here, sir! I desired you to wait in the servants' hall.

Peter. Yes, my lady, you did—but—but—that is not a fit place for me.

Lady Eth. I am sure this room is not. Well, sir—what do you want?

Peter. Lady Etheridge, I have most important intelligence to communicate.

Lady Eth. Well, sir, let me hear it.

Peter. Lady Etheridge, prepare yourself for most unthought-of news.

Lady Eth. Will you speak out, fool?

Peter (*aside*). Fool! very maternal indeed. (*Aloud.*) If I am a fool, Lady Etheridge, why, all the worse for you.

Lady Eth. How, sir?

Peter. Yes, my lady, I think you'll treat me with more respect very soon.

Lady Eth. I shall order the servants to show you the door very soon.

Peter. If you do, my lady, I sha'n't go out of it.

Lady Eth. Insolent fellow, leave the room directly.

Peter. No, can't, upon my honour. (*Aside.*) How she'll

beg my pardon for all this by-and-bye! It's really very pleasant. (*Aloud.*) I come, my lady, to communicate most important intelligence, but I want to break it to you carefully, lest you should be too much overcome with joy. Prepare yourself, my lady, for astounding news. You have a son!

Lady Eth. (*Aside.*) The fellow's mad. (*Aloud.*) Well, sir, what's that to you?

Peter. A great deal, my lady; you don't know him.

Lady Eth. What does the fool mean?

Peter. No, my lady, you don't know him. Him whom you suppose to be your son—is—not your son.

Lady Eth. (*Startled.*) Indeed!

Peter. Yes, my lady, but your son is not far off.

Lady Eth. Are you deranged?

Peter. No; quite sensible—hear me out. Dame Bargrove nursed that son.

Lady Eth. Well, sir!

Peter. And, Lady Etheridge, we have proof positive, that the wicked woman changed him.

Lady Eth. (*screaming.*) Changed him!

Peter. Yes, changed him for her own. Edward Etheridge is Edward Bargrove, and Peter Bargrove Peter Etheridge. My dear, dear mother! (*Runs into her arms and kisses her repeatedly, notwithstanding her endeavours to prevent him.*)

Lady Eth. (*screaming.*) Oh! oh!

[*Peter leads her to a chair, and she goes into hysterics.*

Peter. How very affecting.

Enter Sir Gilbert.

Adm. What's all this! Is Lady Etheridge ill?

Peter. A little overcome with joy, Sir Gilbert. It will be your turn next.

Adm. (*Going to Lady Etheridge, who recovers.*) What's the matter, my love?

Lady Eth. (*spitting*). O the wretch—the brute! He has taken liberties!

Adm. Taken liberties, the scoundrel! Pray, sir, what liberties have you taken with Lady Etheridge?

Peter. I only smothered her with kisses.

Adm. What do you mean, sir? Are you mad? Smothering her with kisses!

Peter. (*smiling*). I certainly did assume that privilege, Sir Gilbert.

Adm. Did you, you rascal? then I'll just assume another (*Thrashes Peter round the room.*)

Peter. My father! O my honoured parent! Oh! your own son! Oh, your affectionate——

[*Exit Peter, pursued by the Admiral.*

Adm. (*returning, puffing and blowing*). Why, positively, the fellow is stark, staring mad.

Enter Agnes, Captains Etheridge and Mertoun.

Capt. Eth. What is all this disturbance, my dear father?

Adm. What is it, why, I hardly can tell. There has been an impudent scoundrel—that young Bargrove—kissing your mother till she has fainted, and swearing that he is my son. Called me his honoured parent—but I cudgelled the rascal!

Agnes. (*leaning on Captain Etheridge's shoulder*). O heavens!

Capt. Eth. The fellow himself has just now been trying to elbow me out of my birthright. However, I met his pretensions with the same argument as you did. Who could have put all this nonsense into his addled head so firmly, that two good cudgellings cannot beat it out?

Capt. Mer. Etheridge, your sister is unwell.

Capt. Eth. Don't be alarmed, my dear Agnes.

Agnes. Oh! but indeed I am—I expected this.

Adm. Expected this! Have you, then, heard anything, my love?

Agnes. Yes, I have indeed; just before my brother arrived I was told that my real name was Agnes Bargrove.

Adm. How very extraordinary! Who told you so?

Agnes. A very strange woman; but she appeared to know all about it. It has made me very unhappy ever since.

Adm. This must be inquired into. Where did you meet with her?

Agnes. In the lower wood. But Lucy can tell you more. Speak to her.

Lady Eth. I'm very ill. Lead me to my room.

[*Exeunt Sir Gilbert and Lady Etheridge.*

Capt. Eth. And I must away to unravel this deep-laid plot. Mertoun, I must leave you to take care of Agnes.

[*Exit Capt. Etheridge.*

Capt. Mer. A pleasing change, if I am not unwelcome. May I be permitted, Miss Etheridge, from a very great interest which I must ever take in the prosperity of your family—may I ask if you imagine there is any truth in this report?

Agnes. It is impossible for me to answer, Captain Mertoun. Why should such a report be raised without some foundation. True or not, I have ever since felt in a situation so awkward, that I fear my conduct may have appeared strange to others.

Capt. Mer. I must confess that your evident restraint towards me, so different from what perhaps my vanity induced me to hope, has been to me a source of wonder as well as regret. May I flatter myself that this rumour has been the occasion of an apparent caprice, which I never could have imagined that Miss Etheridge would have indulged in?

Agnes. You must be aware, Captain Mertoun, that I could not receive you as Agnes Etheridge until those doubts upon my parentage were removed. It would not have been honest.

Capt. Mer. And was this the only cause for your change of behaviour towards me, Agnes?

Agnes. Why—yes,—I believe so.

Capt. Mer. Now, then, let me declare that, whether you prove to be Agnes Etheridge, or Agnes Bargrove, those

sentiments which I have felt towards you, and which have not hitherto been revealed excepting to your brother, must ever remain the same. For your own sake, and for the sake of Sir Gilbert and Lady Etheridge, who would deeply regret the loss of such a daughter, I trust that the report is without foundation. For my own part, I rather rejoice at this opportunity of proving the sincerity of my attachment. Let me but find favour in the sight of Agnes, and the surname will be immaterial.

Agnes. Immaterial, Captain Mertoun!

Capt. Mer. Yes, quite so; for I shall persuade you to change it as soon as possible, for my own. (*Kneels.*) Tell me, dearest Agnes——

Agnes. Tell you what?

Capt. Mer. Something that will make me happy.

Agnes. (*smiling*). Shall I tell you what the gipsy woman said when she told me my fortune?

Capt. Mer. Nay, do not trifle with me.

Agnes. (*archly*). I asked whether I should marry the person that I loved.

Capt. Mer. A very natural question.

Agnes. She replied, "Yes, if he is more generous than the generality of his sex." (*Gives her hand.*) Captain Mertoun, you have proved yourself so to be, and, since you offer to take Agnes, truly speaking, for "better or for worse," I will not keep you in suspense by disguising my real sentiments.

Capt. Mer. Dearest Agnes, you have indeed made me happy. (*Embraces her.*) I accompanied your brother, with the sole view of pleading my own cause. Imagine then my misery at your cruel reception.

Agnes. That you may not think me interested by my accepting your generous offer during this state of uncertainty, I will own how often I have thought of you, and how eagerly I looked for your arrival. Let us go now, Mertoun, and see whether Lady Etheridge is recovered.

[*Exeunt arm in arm*

Scene V.

The wood. Enter Nelly.

Nelly. I have tried in vain to dissuade them to abandon their projects. They are preparing their instruments and their weapons. They have determined to attempt the Hall to-night. I have written this letter to Sir Gilbert, and, if I can find any one to convey it, the scoundrels will be taken and punished. If I cannot, I must contrive some means to escape to the Hall; but they suspect me, and watch me so narrowly, that it is almost impossible. What shall I do? There is somebody coming; it is that fool, Peter Bargrove. Then all is right. I will make use of him.

Enter Peter.

Your servant, fortunate sir!

Peter. Fortunate! why now ar'n't you an infamous hussy? Hav'n't you taken my purse and my money, for your intelligence that I was changed in my cradle,—and what has been the consequence?

Nelly. That everybody has been astonished.

Peter. I have been astonished, at all events. I have had so many cudgellings that I must count them with my fingers. First, a huge one from old Bargrove; secondly, a smart one from Captain Etheridge; and thirdly, a severe one from Sir Gilbert. What is the value of your good news if no one will believe it?

Nelly. Very true — but how could you expect they would?

Peter. Then what's the good of knowing it?

Nelly. You must know a fact before you attempt to prove it. You only bought the knowledge of me, you never paid for the proof.

Peter. No; but I've paid for the knowledge. (*Rubbing his shoulders.*) But didn't you say that Mrs Bargrove would confess?

Nelly. I thought it likely—but, if she won't, we must make her.

Peter. How?

Nelly. Bring evidence against her that will convict her, so that she will find it useless denying it?

Peter. But where is it?

Nelly. Here (*holding out the letter*).

Peter. Give it me.

Nelly. Stop, stop; you've not paid for it.

Peter. Upon my honour, I've not got a farthing in the world. I durst not ask either father or mother after the bobbery we've had. Indeed, I hardly know whether I dare go home and get my victuals. Won't you trust me?

Nelly. When will you pay me?

Peter. When I come to my title and estate.

Nelly. Well then, as I think you are a gentleman, I will trust you. Now observe, this letter is addressed to Sir Gilbert. It contains a statement of facts that will astonish and convince him. You must not trust it into other hands, but deliver it yourself.

Peter. He'll cudgel me.

Nelly. No, he will not. But, even if he did, would you mind a few blows for the certainty of being one day Sir Peter Etheridge?

Peter. No, hang me if I do. They might all cudgel me together, if they could cudgel me into the only son of a baronet of ten thousand a year.

Nelly. Well, then, as soon as you can, go boldly up to the Hall, and say to Sir Gilbert, "Sir Gilbert, in justice to yourself, read this letter, and do not despise the caution, as it is all true." You will then see the effect of it.

Peter. See—not feel. You are certain he won't be angry. Well, then, I will—in this case I'm in a great hurry as anybody. I can promise. So good-bye.

[*Exit.*

Nelly. Now I think all is safe; but I must quit the gang or my life will be in danger

Enter Old Bargrove, with Constable.

Oh, that I could recall the last twenty years! How wicked, how infamous have I become.

[*Covers her face with her hands. Old Bargrove advances and taps her on the shoulder. Nelly starts.*

Mercy on me!

Old Bar. You must not expect much. I believe you tell fortunes, my good woman!

Nelly. (*curtseying.*) Yes, sir, sometimes.

Old Bar. And steal geese and turkeys?

Nelly. No, sir, indeed.

Old Bar. Well, you help to eat them afterwards, and the receiver is just as bad as the thief. You must come along with me.

Nelly. Along with you, sir!

Old Bar. Do you see this little bit of paper? But, now I look at you, haven't we met before?

Nelly. Met before, sir!

Old Bar. Yes—hold your head up a little, either my eyes deceive me, or you—yes, I'll swear to it—you are Nelly Armstrong. Not quite so good-looking as you were when we parted. Now I understand all. Come, take her along to the Hall at once.

Nelly. Indeed, sir——

Old Bar. Not a word. Away with her, slanderous, lying, mischievous—— [*Exeunt omnes.*

Scene VI.

A Drawing-Room in the Hall.

Enter Sir Gilbert and Captain Etheridge.

Adm. I love Lucy as my own daughter, and it often occurred to me how delighted I should be to receive her as such. But your mother's dislike to her is most unaccountable.

Capt. Eth. There is the difficulty which I am most anxious

to surmount. I am afraid that, without my mother's concurrence, Lucy will never consent to enter into the family. She has pride as well as Lady Etheridge.

Adm. Yes, but of a very different quality; a proper pride, Edward; a respect for herself, added to a little feeling, to which she adheres in the decayed state of her family, which once was superior to ours.

Capt. Eth. If my mother could but once be induced to suppose that this rumour is correct, we might obtain her unwilling consent.

Adm. The report I believe to be wholly without foundation, and so I would, even if it were given against us in a court of justice.

Capt. Eth. My opinion coincides with yours. But my happiness is at stake, and I, therefore, shall not pause at a trifling deception, which may be productive of so much good. Will you assist me?

Adm. Why, Edward, can't you manage without me?

Capt. Eth. Not very well. Let me entreat you. I hear my mother coming.

Adm. Well, well—she is always asserting I deceive her when I don't—for once, I'll not be accused without a cause.

Enter Lady Etheridge; they pretend not to see her.

Capt. Eth. (*Aside.*) Now, sir. (*Aloud.*) The proofs are, indeed, too strong, my dear sir, to hope for any other issue, and I regret that we have all been so long and so cruelly deceived.

Adm. Well, Edward, I can only say, if you are not really my son, you will always be considered as such; for, whether your name be Etheridge or Bargrove, you must still look upon me as your father.

Capt. Eth. I thank you, sir; but there are circumstances over which you have no control. The title and estate must descend to the lawful heir; and that silly fellow, Peter, will in future claim the affections of yourself, and of

my dear Lady Etheridge. It is on her account, more than my own, that I feel so much distressed.

Lady Eth. (*coming forward*). What is this that I hear? Is there then any foundation for that vile report? that hideous tale that turned the brain of that silly wretch? (*The Admiral shakes his head in mournful silence.*) Edward, will you not answer me?

Capt. Eth. I'm afraid that my answer will be most unsatisfactory. Madam, I had my doubts: indeed, I spurned the idea, until I called upon Lucy Etheridge—I believe I must call her now—and the proofs which she can bring forward.

Lady Eth. The hussy!

Capt. Eth. Nay, my lady, I must do justice to her. She is more inclined to conceal the facts than to disclose them. Her regard for my father, her profound respect for you, and a certain feeling of good-will towards me——

Lady Eth. Well, I am glad to see a little good sense in the girl; indeed, if the Admiral had not spoilt her——

Adm. Lady Etheridge, I have always felt towards that girl as my own daughter. It's very odd. Do you think, Edward, that this matter could not be hushed up?

Capt. Eth. I know but of one way, sir, which is, to sacrifice myself for the welfare of the family. I will do it —I may say, almost willingly.

Adm. How is that, Edward?

Capt. Eth. By a marriage with Lucy.

Lady Eth. Never!

Capt. Eth. Who will then, for her own sake, keep the proofs in her possession.

Lady. Eth. Never! never! I cannot consent to it.

Capt. Eth. May I ask, my dear Lady Etheridge, if you refuse me as your son, or is Lucy refused to me as your daughter?

Lady Eth. Oh!

Capt. Eth. And again, my dear madam, when you reflect, on the establishment of these facts by undoubted proofs,

that booby, Peter, will have a right to claim your maternal kindness.

Lady Eth. Odious wretch!

Capt. Eth. To occupy that place in your affections which, hitherto, I have so proudly held, and must surrender with such deep regret.

Lady Eth. I would consent to—submit to anything, rather than that monster should dare to call me mother.

Capt. Eth. Yet so he will, madam, without you consent to the proposed arrangement. Lucy has always treated you with respect, and expressed the warmest gratitude for your protection; but, as for Peter, he will be more bearish and insolent than ever, again smother you with his nauseous kisses, and claim them as an offspring's right.

Lady Eth. I really feel quite ill again at the very idea. Save me from that, and I'll consent to anything.

Capt. Eth. Well, then, madam, have I your permission?

Enter William.

Will. Please, Sir Gilbert, here be Mr Bargrove, and Madam Bargrove and Miss Lucy, and the constables, and the malefactors, coming up to prove the whole truth of the consarn, to your's and my lady's satisfaction.

Lady Eth. I'll not see them. I must leave you.

Capt. Eth. Nay, madam, stay but one moment, and acquaint Lucy that you give your consent. She may not believe me.

Enter Old Bargrove, Lucy, Constables, and Nelly.

Old Bar. Your servant, my lady; your servant, Sir Gilbert. I've got the whole story out at last. I have brought up Lucy, who will prove the facts. My son Peter, I have sent after, and I took the liberty to tell the servant that Miss Agnes would be necessary.

Capt Eth. (*leading up Lucy to Lady Etheridge*). Lady Etheridge, will you honour us so far as to give your consent? (*Lady Etheridge hesitates.*) My dear madam, recollect the circumstances

Enter Peter.

Adm. Come, Lady Etheridge, they have mine, and your's must not be refused.

Peter. Sir Gilbert, I am your's (*seeing Nelly*). Oh, you're here—then all's right, and so I don't care. (*Advancing towards Lady Etheridge.*) Lady Etheridge, my dear mamma, with your permission——

Lady Eth. (*hastily joining the hands of Captain Etheridge and Lucy*). Yes, Lucy, I consent. [*Exit hastily.*

Capt. Eth. Thank you, Peter, you never did me so good a turn in your life.

Peter. Sir Gilbert, in justice to yourself, read this, and do not despise the caution, for it is all true. (*Gives the letter.*)

Adm. How do you know? (*Reads.*) "Your house will be robbed this night—the parties are well armed and resolute. Take immediate precautions, and despise not this warning from one who has a sincere regard for you, and for your family."

Capt. Eth. A friendly caution, sir. It must be attended to. The favour is intended us by the gang of gipsies in the wood. Perhaps this woman may know something about it.

Old Bar. Like enough, for we have an old acquaintance here, who knows every part of the Hall. This is Nelly Armstrong, who nursed Lucy.

Mrs. Bar. I'll swear to her, and it is she who has been the occasion of all this mischief.

Enter Agnes and Capt. Mertoun.

Agnes. My dear Lucy! I did not know that you were here. (*Turning to Nelly.*)

Nelly. Yes, Miss Agnes, the gipsy woman that told you your fortune, and, as Mrs Bargrove states, nursed you, Miss Lucy, at her breast. Sir Gilbert, I will save you trouble by confessing, that all I told these young people was from a feeling of revenge towards Lady Etheridge, who spurned me from her door. My long residence in the

family enabled me to give a show of truth to what has occasioned so much uneasiness.

Peter. What! ar'n't it all true, then?

Nelly. Not one word, Mr Peter.

Old Bar. Then we must have you to Bridewell.

Nelly. I trust, Sir Gilbert, you will be merciful, for I have proved my strong regard to your family.

Adm. What, by making us all miserable?

Nelly. Sir Gilbert, by that letter in your hand, that I wrote, little expecting that I should ever appear before you.

Peter. O, the letter is true, then!

Adm. (*holding up his cane*). Silence, sir!

Old Bar. (*holding up his stick*). Yes, silence, sir!

Nelly. I know, Sir Gilbert, that you have too kind a heart to injure any one; and, if repentance for my folly and wickedness can—if you, Miss Lucy, will plead for me—and my letter, Sir Gilbert, ought to plead for me too—all I beg is, that you will place me in a situation to keep my good resolutions.

Capt. Eth. Lucy will plead for her, sir, and so do I, for to her I owe my present happiness.

Adm. Well, well, woman, it shall be your own fault if you do wrong again.

Nelly (*curtseying*.) Then let me beg pardon of all those to whom I have occasioned uneasiness.

Adm. Well, it's all settled now, except the affair of the letter, which we must attend to, Bargrove.

Capt. Mer. Not quite all, sir; here are two who wish for your sanction.

Adm. Hah! Is it so, Agnes? In this instance I may safely join your hands for your mother, for this morning she expressed a wish that it might be so. At the same time, Mr and Mrs Bargrove, I must request your sanction for the choice that my son has made. He has already secured mine and that of Lady Etheridge.

Mrs Bar. (*wiping her eyes*.) This is indeed a joyous end to all my vexations.

Nelly (*with emotion.*) May heaven bless your union, my dear Miss Lucy!

Old Bar. God bless you both! Now, with your permission, Sir Gilbert, I will resign my office of steward. For many years I have filled it through gratitude, and not from any wish of emolument. I have enough to portion my daughter, and even to make that foolish boy a gentleman, according to his notions of gentility.

Peter. Have you, my dear father? Then I am glad that I was not changed. But I say, Etheridge, I'm your brother-in-law. Indeed you've a strong hand, brother Edward.

Capt. Eth. There, Peter, take it in friendship. (*Shake hands.*)

Adm. And mine.

Capt. Mer. Peter, mine.

Old Bar. Well, I suppose, Peter, I must do the same, and forget and forgive.

Mrs Bar. And me, Peter. (*Peter jumps up, clasps her round the neck, and gives her a hearty kiss.*) The boy's heart is right after all.

Adm. Thus, then, do all our vexations end in happiness, and may we be allowed to indulge the hope that the same may prove the case with all the parties (*bowing to the audience*) who have honoured us with their presence.

[*Curtain falls.*

ILL-WILL:

AN ACTING CHARADE

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Mr Cadaverous, *An old miser, very rich and very ill.*

Edward, *A young lawyer without a brief.*

Mr Haustus Gumarabic, *Apothecary.*

Seedy, *Solicitor.*

Thomas Montagu, } *Nephews to Mr Cadaverous.*
John Montagu, }

James Sterling, } *Nephews twice removed to Mr Cadaverous*
William Sterling, }

Clementina Montagu, *Niece to Mr Cadaverous.*

Mrs Jellybags, *Housekeeper and nurse.*

Ill-Will

Act I.

Scene.—A sick room.—Mr Cadaverous in an easy chair asleep, supported by cushions, wrapped up in his dressing-gown, a night-cap on his head.—A small table with phials, gallipots, &c.—Mrs Jellybags seated on a chair close to the table.

Mrs Jellybags (*looks at Mr Cadaverous, and then comes forward*). He sleeps yet—the odious old miser! Mercy on me, how I do hate him,—almost as much as he loves his money! Well, there's one comfort, he cannot take his money-bags with him, and the doctor says that he cannot last much longer. Ten years have I been his slave—ten years have I been engaged to be married to Sergeant-Major O'Callaghan of the Blues—ten years has he kept me waiting at the porch of Hymen,—and what thousands of couples have I seen enter during the time! Oh dear! it's enough to drive a widow mad. I think I have managed it; —he has now quarrelled with all his relations, and Doctor Gumarabic intends this day to suggest the propriety of his making his last will and testament. [*Mr Cadaverous, still asleep, coughs.*] He is waking. (*Looks at him.*) No, he is not. Well, then, I shall wake him, and give him a draught, for, after such a comfortable sleep as he is now in, he might last a whole week longer. (*Goes up to Mr Cadaverous, and shakes him*).

Mr Cad. (*starting up.*) Ugh! ugh! ugh! (*coughs violently.*) Oh! Mrs Jellybags, I'm so ill. Ugh! ugh!

Jel. My dear, dear sir! now don't say so. I was in hopes, after such a nice long sleep you would have found yourself so much better.

Cad. Long sleep! oh dear!—I'm sure I've not slept ten minutes.

Jel. (*Aside.*) I know that. (*Aloud.*) Indeed, my dear sir, you are mistaken. Time passes very quick when we are fast asleep. I have been watching you and keeping the flies off. But you must now take your draught, my dear sir, and your pill first.

Cad. What! more pills and more draughts! Why, there's no end to them.

Jel. Yes, there will be, by-and-bye, my dear sir. You know Doctor Gumarabic has ordered you to take one pill and one draught every half-hour.

Cad. And so I have—never missed one for the last six weeks — woke up for them day and night. I feel very weak—very weak, indeed! Don't you think I might eat something, my dear Mrs Jellybags?

Jel. Eat, my dear Mr Cadaverous!—how can you ask me, when you know that Doctor Gumarabic says that it would be the death of you?

Cad. Only the wing of a chicken,—or a bit of the breast——

Jel. Impossible!

Cad. A bit of dry toast, then; anything, my dear Mrs Jellybags. I've such a gnawing. Ugh! ugh!

Jel. My dear sir, you would die if you swallowed the least thing that's nourishing.

Cad. I'm sure I shall die if I do not. Well, then, a little soup—I should like that very much indeed.

Jel. Soup! it would be poison, my dear sir! No, no. You must take your pill and your draught.

Cad. Oh dear! oh dear!—Forty-eight pills and forty-eight draughts every twenty-four hours!—not a wink of sleep day or night.

Jel. (*soothingly.*) But it's to make you well, you know, my dear Mr Cadaverous. Come, now. (*Hands him a pill and some water in a tumbler.*)

Cad. The last one is hardly down yet;—I feel it sticking half-way. Ugh! ugh!

Jel. Then wash them both down at once. Come, now, 'tis to make you well, you know.

[*Cadaverous takes the pill with a wry face, and coughs it up again.*

Cad. Ugh! ugh! There—it's up again. Oh dear! oh dear!

Jel. You must take it, my dear sir. Come, now, try again.

Cad. (*coughing.*) My cough is so bad. (*Takes the pill.*) Oh, my poor head! Now I'll lie down again.

Jel. Not yet, my dear Mr Cadaverous. You must take your draught;—it's to make you well, you know.

Cad. What! another draught? I'm sure I must have twenty draughts in my inside, besides two boxes of pills!

Jel. Come, now—it will be down in a minute.

[*Cadaverous takes the wine-glass in his hand, and looks at it with abhorrence.*

Jel. Come, now.

[*Cadaverous swallows the draught, and feels very sick, puts his handkerchief to his mouth, and, after a time, sinks back in the chair quite exhausted, and shuts his eyes.*

Jel. (*Aside.*) I wish the doctor would come. It's high time that he made his will.

Cad. (*drawing up his leg.*) Oh! oh! oh!

Jel. What's the matter, my dear Mr Cadaverous?

Cad. Oh! such pain!—oh! rub it, Mrs Jellybags.

Jel. What, here, my dear sir? (*Rubs his knee.*)

Cad. No, no!—not there!—Oh, my hip!

Jel. What, here? (*Rubs his hip.*)

Cad. No, no!—higher—higher! Oh, my side!

Jel. What, here? (*Rubs his side.*)

Cad. No!—lower!

Jel. Here? (*Rubbing.*)

Cad. No!—higher!—Oh, my chest!—my stomach! Oh dear!—oh dear!

Jel. Are you better now, my dear sir?

Cad. Oh dear! oh! I do believe that I shall die! I've been a very wicked man, I'm afraid

Jel. Don't say so, Mr Cadaverous. Every one but your nephews and nieces say that you are the best man in the world.

Cad. Do they? I was afraid that I had not been quite so good as they think I am.

Jel. I'd like to hear any one say to the contrary. I'd tear their eyes out,—that I would.

Cad. You are a good woman, Mrs Jellybags; and I shall not forget you in my will.

Jel. Don't mention wills, my dear sir. You make me so miserable. (*Puts her handkerchief to her eyes.*)

Cad. Don't cry, Mrs Jellybags. I wo'n't talk any more about it. (*Sinks back exhausted.*)

Jel. (*wiping her eyes.*) Here comes Doctor Gumarabic.

Enter Gumarabic.

Gum. Good morning, Mistress Jellybags. Well, how's our patient?—better?—heh?

[*Mrs Jellybags shakes her head.*

Gum. No: well, that's odd. (*Goes up to Mr Cadaverous.*) Not better, my dear sir?—don't you feel stronger?

Cad. (*faintly*). Oh, no!

Gum. Not stronger! Let us feel the pulse. [*Mrs Jellybags hands a chair, and Gumarabic sits down, pulls out his watch, and counts.*] Intermittent—135—well, now—that's very odd! Mrs Jellybags, have you adhered punctually to my prescriptions?

Jel. Oh yes, sir, exactly.

Gum. He has eaten nothing?

Cad. Nothing at all.

Gum. And don't feel stronger? Odd—very odd! Pray, has he had anything in the way of drink? Come, Mrs Jellybags, no disguise,—tell the truth;—no soup—warm jelly—heh?

Jel. No, sir; upon my word, he has had nothing.

Gum. Humph!—and yet feels no stronger? Well, that's odd!—Has he taken the pill every half-hour?

Jel. Yes, sir, regularly.

Gum. And feels no better! Are you sure that he has had his draught with his pill?

Jel. Every time, sir.

Gum. And feels no better! Well, that's odd!—very odd, indeed! (*Rises and comes forward with Mrs Jellybags.*) We must throw in some more draughts, Mrs Jellybags; there is no time to be lost.

Jel. I'm afraid he's much worse, sir.

Gum. I am not at all afraid of it, Mrs Jellybags,—I am sure of it;—it's very odd,—but the fact is, that all the physic in the world won't save him; but still he must take it,—because—physic was made to be taken.

Jel. Very true, sir. (*Whispers to Gumarabic.*)

Gum. Ah! yes;—very proper. (*Going to Mr Cadaverous.*) My dear sir, I have done my best; nevertheless, you are ill,—very ill,—which is odd,—very odd! It is not pleasant,—I may say, very unpleasant,—but if you have any little worldly affairs to settle,—will to make,—or a codicil to add, in favour of your good nurse, your doctor, or so on,—it might be as well to send for your lawyer;—there is no saying, but, during my practice, I have sometimes found that people die. After all the physic you have taken, it certainly is odd—very odd—very odd, indeed; —but you might die to-morrow.

Cad. Oh dear!—I'm very ill.

Jel. (*sobbing.*) Oh dear! oh dear!—he's very ill.

Gum. (*comes forward, shrugging up his shoulders.*) Yes; he is ill—very ill;—to-morrow, dead as mutton! At all events he has not died for WANT of physic. We must throw in some more draughts immediately;—no time to be lost. Life is short,—but my bill will be long—very long!

[*Exit as scene closes.*

Act II. Scene I.

Enter Clementina, with a letter in her hand.

Clem. I have just received a letter from my dear Edward:

he knows of my uncle's danger, and is anxious to see me. I expect him immediately. I hope he will not be seen by Mrs Jellybags as he comes in, for she would try to make more mischief than she has already. Dear Edward! how he loves me! (*Kisses the letter.*)

Enter Edward.

Edw. My lovely, my beautiful, my adored Clementina! I have called upon Mr Gumarabic, who tells me that your uncle cannot live through the twenty-four hours, and I have flown here, my sweetest, dearest, to—to ——

Clem. To see me, Edward: surely there needs no excuse for coming?

Edw. To reiterate my ardent, pure, and unchangeable affection, my dearest Clementina; to assure you, that in sickness or in health, for richer or for poorer, for better or for worse, as they say in the marriage ceremony, I am yours till death us do part.

Clem. I accept the vow, dearest Edward. You know too well my heart for me to say more.

Edw. I do know your heart, Clementina, as it is,—nor do I think it possible that you could change;—still, sometimes—that is for a moment when I call to mind that, by your uncle's death, as his favourite niece, living with him for so many years, you may soon find yourself in the possession of thousands,—and that titled men may lay their coronets at your feet,—then, Clementina——

Clem. Ungenerous and unkind!—Edward, I almost hate you. Is a little money, then, to sway my affections? Shame, Edward, shame on you! Is such your opinion of my constancy? (*Weeps.*) You must judge me by your own heart.

Edw. Clementina! dearest Clementina!—I did!—but rather—that is,—I was not in earnest;—but when we value any object as I value you,—it may be forgiven, if I feel at times a little jealous;—yes, dearest, jealous!

Clem. 'Twas jealousy then, Edward, which made you so unkind? Well, then, I can forgive *that*.

Edw. Nothing but jealousy, dearest! I cannot help, at times, representing you surrounded by noble admirers,—all of them suing to you,—not for yourself, but for your money,—tempting you with their rank;—and it makes me jealous, horribly jealous! I cannot compete with lords, Clementina,—a poor barrister without a brief.

Clem. I have loved you for yourself, Edward. I trust you have done the same toward me.

Edw. Yes; upon my soul, my Clementina!

Clem. Then my uncle's disposition of his property will make no difference in me. For your sake, my dear Edward, I hope he will not forget me. What's that? Mrs Jelly-bags is coming out of the room. Haste, Edward;—you must not be seen here. Away, dearest!—and may God bless you.

Edw. (*kisses her hand.*) Heaven preserve my adored, my matchless, ever-to-be-loved Clementina.

[*Exeunt separately.*

Scene II.

The sick-room—Mr Cadaverous, lying on a sofa-bed—Mr Seedy, the lawyer, sitting by his side, with papers on the table before him.

Seedy. I believe now, sir, that everything is arranged in your will according to your instructions. Shall I read it over again; for although signed and witnessed, you may make any alteration you please by a codicil.

Cad. No, no. You have read it twice, Mr Seedy, and you may leave me now. I am ill, very ill, and wish to be alone.

Seedy (*folds up his papers and rises.*) I take my leave, Mr Cadaverous, trusting to be long employed as your solicitor.

Cad. Afraid not, Mr Seedy. Lawyers have no great interest in heaven. Your being my solicitor will not help me there.

Seedy (*coming forward as he goes out.*) Not a sixpence

to his legal adviser! Well, well! I know how to make out a bill for the executors.

[*Exit Seedy, and enter Mrs Jellybags.*

Jel. (*with her handkerchief to her eyes.*) Oh dear! oh dear! oh, Mr Cadaverous, how can you fatigue and annoy yourself with such things as wills?

Cad. (*faintly.*) Don't cry, Mrs Jellybags. I've not forgotten you.

Jel. (*sobbing.*) I can't—help—crying. And there's Miss Clementina,—now that you are dying,—who insists upon coming in to see you.

Cad. Clementina, my niece, let her come in, Mrs Jellybags; I feel I'm going fast,—I may as well take leave of everybody.

Jel. (*sobbing.*) Oh dear! oh dear! You may come in, Miss.

Enter Clementina.

Clem. My dear uncle, why have you, for so many days, refused me admittance? Every morning have I asked to be allowed to come and nurse you, and for more than three weeks have received a positive refusal.

Cad. Refusal! Why I never had a message from you.

Clem. No message! Every day I have sent, and every day did Mrs Jellybags reply that you would not see me.

Cad. (*faintly.*) Mrs Jellybags,—Mrs Jellybags——

Clem. Yes, uncle; it is true as I stand here;—and my brother Thomas has called almost every day, and John every Sunday, the only day he can leave the banking-house; and cousins William and James have both been here very often.

Cad. Nobody told me! I thought everyone had forgotten me. Why was I not informed, Mrs Jellybags?

Jel. (*in a rage.*) Why, you little story-telling creature, coming here to impose upon your good uncle! You know that no one has been here—not a soul;—and as for yourself, you have been too busy looking after a certain gentleman ever to think of your poor uncle;—

that you have ;—taking advantage of his illness to behave in so indecorous a manner. I would have told him everything, but I was afraid of making him worse.

Clem. You are a false, wicked woman !

Jel. Little impudent creature,—trying to make mischief between me and my kind master, but it won't do. (*To Clementina aside.*) The will is signed, and I'll take care he does not alter it ;—so do your worst.

Cad. (*faintly.*) Give me the mixture, Mrs——

Clem. I will, dear uncle. (*Pours out the restorative mixture in a glass.*)

Jel. (*going back.*) You will, Miss !—indeed ! but you shan't.

Clem. Be quiet, Mrs Jellybags ;—allow me at least to do something for my poor uncle.

Cad. Give me the mix——

Jel. (*prevents Clementina from giving it, and tries to take it from her.*) You shan't, Miss !—You never shall.

Cad. Give me the——

[*Mrs Jellybags and Clementina scuffle, at last Clementina throws the contents of the glass into Mrs Jellybag's face.*

Clem. There, then !—since you will have it.

Jel (*in a rage.*) You little minx !—I'll be revenged for that. Wait a little till the will is read,—that's all !—See if I don't bundle you out of doors,—that I will.

Clem. As you please, Mrs Jellybags ; but pray, give my poor uncle his restorative mixture.

Jel. To please you ?—Not I ! I'll not give him a drop till I think proper. Little, infamous, good-for-nothing——

Cad. Give me——oh !

Jel. Saucy—man-seeking——

Clem. Oh ! as for that, Mrs Jellybags, the big sergeant was here last night—I know that. Talk of men, indeed !

Jel. Very well, Miss !—very well ! Stop till the breath is out of your uncle's body—and I'll beat you till yours is also.

Cad. Give——oh !

Clem. My poor uncle! He will have no help till I leave the room—I must go. Infamous woman! [*Exit.*

Cad. Oh!

Jel. I'm in such a rage!—I could tear her to pieces! —the little!—the gnat! Oh, I'll be revenged! Stop till the will is read, and then I'll turn her out into the streets to starve. Yes! yes! the will!—the will! (*Pauses and pants for breath.*) Now, I recollect the old fellow called for his mixture. I must go and get some more. I'll teach her to throw physic in my face.

[*Goes out and returns with a phial—pours out a portion, and goes up to Mr Cadaverous.*

Jel. Here, my dear Mr Cadaverous. Mercy on me!—Mr Cadaverous!—why, he's fainted!—Mr Cadaverous! (*Screams.*) Lord help us!—why, he's dead! Well now, this sort of thing does give one a shock, even when one has longed for it. Yes, he's quite dead! (*Coming forward.*) So, there's an end of all his troubles—and, thank Heaven! of mine also. Now for Sergeant-Major O'Callaghan, and—love! Now for Miss Clementina, and —revenge! But first the will!—the will!

[*Curtain drops.*

Act III.

Mrs Jellybags.

Oh dear!—this is a very long morning. I feel such suspense — such anxiety; and poor Sergeant-Major O'Callaghan is quite in a perspiration! He is drinking and smoking down in the kitchen to pass away the time, and if the lawyer don't come soon, the dear man will be quite fuddled. He talks of buying a farm in the country. Well, we shall see; but if the Sergeant thinks that he will make ducks and drakes of my money, he is mistaken. I have not been three times a widow for nothing—I will have it all settled upon myself; that must and shall be, or else—no Sergeant O'Callaghan for me!

Enter Clementina.

So, here you are, Miss. Well, we'll wait till the will is read, and then we shall see who is mistress here.

Clem. I am as anxious as you, Mrs Jellybags. You may have wheedled my poor uncle to make the will in your favour; if so, depend upon it, I shall expect nothing from your hands.

Jel. I should rather think not, Miss. If I recollect right, you threw the carminative mixture in my face.

Clem. And made you blush for the first time in your life.

Jel. I shall not blush to slam the door in your face.

Clem. Rather than be indebted to you, I would beg my bread from door to door

Jel. I expect that you very soon will.

Enter Edward.

Edw. My dearest Clementina, I have come to support you on this trying occasion.

Jel. And ascertain how matters stand, before you decide upon marrying, I presume, Mr Edward.

Edw. Madam, I am above all pecuniary considerations.

Jel. So everybody says, when they think themselves sure of money.

Edw. You judge of others by yourself.

Jel. Perhaps I do—I certainly do expect to be rewarded for my long and faithful services.

Clem. Do not waste words upon her, my dear. You have my solemn promise, nothing shall change my feelings towards you.

Jel. That may be; but did it never occur to you, Miss, that the gentleman's feelings might alter?

Edw. Detestable wretch!

[*Hands Clementina to a chair on the right, and sits by her.*

Enter Nephews John, Thomas, William, and James, all with white pocket-handkerchiefs in their hand—they take their seats two right and two left.

Jel. (*Aside.*) Here they all come, like crows that smell carrion. How odious is the selfishness of this world! But here is Mr Gumarabic. How do you do, sir? (*Curtsies with a grave air.*)

Gum. Very well, I thank you, Mrs Jellybags. Can't say the same of all my patients. Just happened to pass by—thought I would step in and hear the will read—odd, that I should pop in at the time—very odd. Pray, may I ask, my dear Mrs Jellybags, were you present at the making of the will?

Jel. No, my dear sir; my nerves would not permit me.

Gum. Nerves!—odd, very odd! Then you don't know how things are settled?

Jel. No more than the man in the moon, my dear sir.

Gum. Man in the moon!—odd comparison that from a woman!—very odd! Hope my chance won't prove all moonshine.

Jel. I should think not, my dear sir; but here comes Mr Seedy, and we shall soon know all about it.

Enter Mr Seedy—Mrs Jellybags, all courtesy, waves her hand to a chair in the centre, with a table before it. Mr Seedy sits down, pulls the will out of his pocket, lays it on the table, takes out his snuff-box, takes a pinch, then his handkerchief, blows his nose, snuffs the candles, takes his spectacles from his waistcoat pocket, puts them on, breaks the seals, and bows to the company; Mrs Jellybags has taken her seat on the left next to him, and Doctor Gumarabic by her side. Mrs Jellybags sobs very loud, with her handkerchief to her face.

Seedy. Silence, if you please.

[*Mrs Jellybags stops sobbing immediately.*

Edw. (*putting his arm round Clementina's waist.*) My dearest Clementina!

Mr Seedy hems twice, and then reads.

"The Last Will and Testament of Christopher Cadaverous, Gentleman, of Copse Horton, in the county of Cumberland.

"I, Christopher Cadaverous, being at this time in sound mind, do hereby make my last will and testament.

"First, I pray that I may be forgiven all my manifold sins and wickedness, and I do beg forgiveness of all those whom I may have injured unintentionally or otherwise; and at the same time do pardon all those who may have done me wrong, even to John Jones, the turnpike man, who unjustly made me pay the threepenny toll twice over on Easter last, when I went up to receive my dividends.

"My property, personal and real, I devise to my two friends Solomon Lazarus, residing at No. 3 Lower Thames-street, and Hezekiah Flint, residing at No. 16 Lothbury, to have and to hold for the following uses and purposes:—

"First, to my dearly-beloved niece, Clementina Montagu, I leave the sum of one hundred and fifty pounds, $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. consols, for her sole use and benefit, to be made over to her, both principal and interest, on the day of her marriage.

[*Edwards withdraws his arm from Clementina's waist —turns half round from her, and falls back in his chair with a pish!*

"To my nephew, Thomas Montagu, I leave the sum of nineteen pounds nineteen shillings and sixpence—having deducted the other sixpence to avoid the legacy duty.

[*Thomas turns from the lawyer with his face to the front of the stage, crossing his legs.*

"To my nephew, John Montagu, I leave also the sum of nineteen pounds nineteen shillings and sixpence.

[*John turns away in the same manner.*

"To my nephew, once removed, James Stirling, I leave the sum of five pounds to purchase a suit of mourning.

[*James turns away as the others.*

"To my nephew, once removed, William Stirling, I

also leave the sum of five pounds to purchase a suit of mourning.

[*William turns away as the others.*

"To my kind and affectionate housekeeper, Mrs Martha Jellybags——"

[*Mrs Jellybags sobs loudly, and cries "Oh dear! Oh dear!"*

Mr Seedy. Silence, if your please. [*Reads.*

"In return for all her attention to me during my illness, and her ten years' service, I leave the whole of my——

[*Mr Seedy having come to the bottom of the page lays down the will, takes out his snuff-box, takes a pinch, blows his nose, snuffs the candles, and proceeds.*

—"I leave the whole of my wardrobe, for her entire use and disposal; and also my silver watch with my key and seal hanging to it.

"And having thus provided for——"

[*Mrs Jellybags, who has been listening attentively, interrupts Mr Seedy in great agitation.*

Jel. Will you be pleased to read that part over again?

Seedy. Certainly, ma'am. "I leave the whole of my wardrobe, and also my silver watch, with the key and seal hanging to it.

[*Mrs Jellybags screams, and falls back in a swoon on her chair—no one assists her.*

"And having thus provided for all my relations, I do hereby devise the rest of my property to the said Solomon Lazarus and Hezekiah Flint, to have and to hold for the building and endowment of an hospital for diseases of the heart, lights, liver, and spleen, as set off by the provisions in the schedule annexed to my will as part and codicil to it."

Seedy. Would the relations like me to read the provisions?

Omnes. No! no! no!

(*Mr Seedy is about to fold up the papers.*)

Gum. I beg your pardon, sir, but is there no other codicil?

Seedy. I beg your pardon, Mr Gumarabic, I recollect now there is one relative to you.

Gum. (*nods his head.*) I thought so.

(*Seedy reads.*)

"And whereas I consider that my apothecary, Mr Haustus Gumarabic, hath sent in much unnecessary physic, during my long illness—it is my earnest request that my executors will not fail to tax his bill."

Gum. (*rises and comes forward.*) Tax my bill!—well that is odd, very odd! I may as well go and look after my patients. [*Exit.*

(*James and William come forward.*)

James. I say, Bill, how are you off for a suit of mourning?

Will. Thanky for nothing, Jem. If the old gentleman don't go to heaven until I put it on, he will be in a very bad way. Come along, it's no use staying here.

(*John and Thomas come forward.*)

John. I say, Tom, how are you off for nineteen pounds nineteen and six? Heh!

Thos. Let's toss and see which shall have both legacies. Here goes—heads or tails?

John. Woman for ever.

Thos. You've won, so there's an end of not only my expectations but realities. Come along, Mrs Jellybags must be anxious to look over her wardrobe.

John. Yes, and also the silver watch and the key and seal hanging to it. Good-bye, Jemmy! Ha! ha!

[*Exeunt, laughing.*

Clem. For shame, John. (*Turns to Edward.*) My dear Edward, do not appear so downcast. I acknowledge that I am myself much mortified and disappointed—but we must submit to circumstances. What did I tell you before this will was read?—that nothing could alter my feelings towards you, did I not?

Edw. (*with indifference.*) Yes.

Clem. Why then annoy yourself, my dear Edward?

Edw. The confounded old junks!

Clem. Nay, Edward, recollect that he is dead—I can forgive him.

Edw. But I won't. Has he not dashed my cup of bliss to the ground? Heavens! what delightful anticipations I had formed of possessing you and competence—all gone!

Clem. All gone, dear Edward?

[*Mrs Jellybags, who has been sitting very still, takes her handkerchief from her eyes and listens.*

Edw. Yes, gone!—gone for ever! Do you imagine, my ever dear Clementina, that I would be so base, so cruel, so regardless of you and your welfare, to entrap you into marriage with only one hundred and fifty pounds? No, no!—judge me better. I sacrifice myself—my happiness—all for you!—banish myself from your dear presence, and retire to pass the remainder of my existence in misery and regret, maddened with the feeling that some happier mortal will obtain that dear hand, and will rejoice in the possession of those charms which I had too fondly, too credulously, imagined as certain to be mine.

[*Takes out his handkerchief, and covers his face; Clementina also puts her handkerchief to her face and weeps. Mrs Jellybags nods her head ironically.*

Clem. Edward!

Edw. My dear, dear Clementina!

Clem. You won't have me?

Edw. My honour forbids it. If you knew my feelings—how this poor heart is racked!

Clem. Don't leave me, Edward. Did you not say that for richer or for poorer, for better or for worse, you would be mine, till death did us part?

Edw. Did I?

Clem. You know you did, Edward.

Edw. It's astonishing how much nonsense we talk when in love. My dearest Clementina, let us be rational. We are almost without a sixpence. There is an old adage, that when poverty comes in at the door, love flies out of the window. Shall I then make you miserable! No, no! Hear me, Clementina. I will be generous. I now absolve you from all your vows. You are free. Should the time ever come that prosperity shine upon me, and I find that

I have sufficient for both of us of that dross which I despise, then will I return, and, should my Clementina not have entered into any other engagement, throw my fortune and my person at her feet. Till then, dearest Clementina, farewell!

Clem. (*sinking into a chair sobbing.*) Cruel Edward! Oh, my heart will break!

Edw. I can bear it myself no longer. Farewell! farewell! [*Exit.*

Jel. (*coming forward.*) Well, this is some comfort. (*To Clementina.*) Did not I tell you, Miss, that if you did not change your mind, others might?

Clem. Leave me, leave me.

Jel. No, I shan't; I have as good a right here as you, at all events. I shall stay, Miss.

Clem. (*rising.*) Stay then—but I shall not. Oh, Edward! Edward! [*Exit, weeping.*

Jel. (*alone.*) Well, I really thought I should have burst—to be forced not to allow people to suppose that I cared, when I should like to tear the old wretch out of his coffin to beat him. *His* wardrobe! If people knew his wardrobe as well as I do, who have been patching at it these last ten years—not a shirt or a stocking that would fetch sixpence! And as for his other garments, why a Jew would hardly put them into his bag! (*Crying.*) Oh dear! oh dear! After all, I'm just like Miss Clementina; for Sergeant O'Callaghan, when he knows all this, will as surely walk off without beat of drum, as did Mr Edward—and that too with all the money I have lent him. Oh these men! these men!—whether they are living or dying there is nothing in them but treachery and disappointment! When they pretend to be in love, they only are trying for your money; and e'en when they make their wills, they leave to those behind them nothing but *ill-will!*

[*Exit, crying, off the stage as the curtain falls.*

How to write a Fashionable Novel

[*Scene.—Chambers in Lincoln's Inn. Arthur Ansard at a briefless table, tête-à-tête with his wig on a block. A. casts a disconsolate look upon his companion, and soliloquises.*]

Yes, there you stand, "partner of my toils, my feelings, and my fame." We do not *suit*, for we never gained a *suit* together. Well, what with reporting for the bar, writing for the Annuals and the Pocket-books, I shall be able to meet all demands, except those of my tailor; and, as his bill is most characteristically long, I think I shall be able to make it stretch over till next term, by which time I hope to fulfil my engagements with Mr C., who has given me an order for a fashionable novel, written by a "nobleman." But how I, who was never inside of an aristocratical mansion in my life, whose whole idea of Court is comprised in the Court of King's Bench, am to complete my engagement, I know no more than my companion opposite, who looks so placidly stupid under my venerable wig. As far as the street door, the footman and carriage, and the porter, are concerned, I can manage well enough; but as to what occurs within doors, I am quite abroad. I shall never get through the first chapter; yet that tailor's bill must be paid. (*Knocking outside.*) Come in, I pray.

Enter Barnstaple.

B. Merry Christmas to you, Arthur.

A. Sit down, my dear fellow; but don't mock me with merry Christmas. He emigrated long ago. Answer me

seriously: do you think it possible for a man to describe what he never saw?

B. (*putting his stick up to his chin.*) Why, 'tis possible; but I would not answer for the description being quite correct.

A. But suppose the parties who read it have never seen the thing described?

B. Why then it won't signify whether the description be correct or not.

A. You have taken a load off my mind; but still I am not quite at ease. I have engaged to furnish C. with a fashionable novel.

B. What do you mean to imply by a fashionable novel?

A. I really can hardly tell. His stipulations were, that it was to be a "fashionable novel in three volumes, each volume not less than three hundred pages."

B. That is to say, that you are to assist him in imposing on the public.

A. Something very like it, I'm afraid; as it is further agreed that it is to be puffed as coming from a highly talented nobleman.

B. You should not do it, Ansard.

A. So conscience tells me, but my tailor's bill says Yes; and that is a thing out of all conscience. Only look here.

[*Displays a long bill.*

B. Why, I must acknowledge, Ansard, that there is some excuse. One needs must, when the devil drives; but you are capable of better things.

A. I certainly don't feel great capability in this instance. But what can I do? The man will have nothing else—he says the public will read nothing else.

B. That is to say, that because one talented author astonished the public by style and merits peculiarly his own, and established, as it were, a school for neophites, his popularity is to be injured by contemptible imitators. It is sufficient to drive a man mad, to find that the tinsel of others, if to be purchased more cheaply, is to be pawned

upon the public instead of his gold; and more annoying still, that the majority of the public cannot appreciate the difference between the metal and the alloy. Do you know, Ansard, that by getting up this work, you really injure the popularity of a man of great talent?

A. Will he pay my tailor's bill?

B. No; I daresay he has enough to do to pay his own. What does your tailor say?

A. He is a staunch reformer, and on March the 1st he declares that he will have the bill, the whole bill, and nothing but the bill—carried to my credit. Mr C., on the 10th of February, also expects the novel, the whole novel, and nothing but the novel, and that must be a fashionable novel. Look here, Barnstaple. (*Shows his tailor's bill.*)

B. I see how it is. He "pays your poverty, and not your will."

A. And, by your leave, I thus must pay my bill (*bowing*).

B. Well, well, I can help you: nothing more difficult than to write a good novel, and nothing more easy than to write a bad one. If I were not above the temptation, I could pen you a dozen of the latter every ordinary year, and thirteen, perhaps, in the bissextile. So banish that Christmas cloud from your brow; leave off nibbling your pen at the wrong end, and clap a fresh nib to the right one. I have an hour to spare.

A. I thank you: that spare hour of yours may save me many a spare day. I'm all attention—proceed.

B. The first point to be considered is the *tempus*, or time; the next the *locus*, or place; and lastly, the *dramatis personæ;* and thus, chapter upon chapter, will you build a novel.

A. Build!

B. Yes, build; you have had your dimensions given, the interior is left to your own decoration. First, as to the opening. Suppose we introduce the hero in his dressing-room. We have something of the kind in Pelham; and if we can't copy his merits, we must his peculiarities. Besides, it always is effective: a dressing-room or boudoir

of supposed great people, is admitting the vulgar into the arcana, which they delight in.

A. Nothing can be better.

B. Then, as to time; as the hero is still in bed, suppose we say four o'clock in the afternoon?

A. In the morning, you mean.

B. No; the afternoon. I grant you that fashionable young men in real life get up much about the same time as other people; but in a fashionable novel your real exclusive never rises early. The very idea makes the tradesman's wife lift up her eyes. So begin. "It was about thirty-three minutes after four, *post meridian*——"

A. Minute—to a minute!

B. "That the Honourable Augustus Bouverie's finely chiselled——"

A. Chiselled!

B. Yes; great people are always chiselled; common people are only cast.—"Finely chiselled head was still recumbent upon his silk-encased pillow. His luxuriant and Antinous-like curls were now confined in *papillotes* of the finest satin paper, and the *tout ensemble* of his head——"

A. Tout ensemble!

B. Yes; go on.—"Was gently compressed by a caul of the finest net-work, composed of the threads spun from the beauteous production of the Italian worm."

A. Ah! now I perceive—a silk nightcap. But why can't I say at once a silk nightcap?

B. Because you are writing a fashionable novel.—"With the forefinger of his gloved left hand——"

A. But he's not coming in from a walk—he's not yet out of bed.

B. You don't understand it.—"Gloved left hand he applied a gentle friction to the portal of his right eye, which unclosing at the silent summons, enabled him to perceive a repeater studded with brilliants, and ascertain the exact minute of time, which we have already made known to the reader, and at which our history opens."

A. A very grand opening indeed!

B. Not more than it ought to be for a fashionable novel. —"At the sound of a silver *clochette*, his faithful Swiss valet Coridon, who had for some time been unperceived at the door, waiting for some notice of his master, having thrown off the empire of Somnus, in his light pumps, covered with beaver, moved with noiseless step up to the bedside, like the advance of eve stealing over the face of nature."

A. Rather an incongruous simile.

B. Not for a fashionable novel.—"There he stood, like Taciturnity bowing at the feet of proud Authority."

A. Indeed, Barnstaple, that is too *outré*.

B. Not a whit: I am in the true "Cambysis' vein."—"Coridon having softly withdrawn the rose-coloured gros de Naples bed-curtains, which by some might have been thought to have been rather too extravagantly fringed with the finest Mechlin lace, exclaimed with a tone of tremulous deference and affection, '*Monsieur a bien dormi?*' 'Coridon,' said the Honourable Augustus Bouverie, raising himself on his elbow in that eminently graceful attitude, for which he was so remarkable when reclining on the ottomans at Almack's——"

A. Are you sure they have ottamans there?

B. No; but your readers can't disprove it.—"'Coridon,' said he, surveying his attendant from head to foot, and ultimately assuming a severity of countenance, 'Coridon, you are becoming gross, if not positively what the people call *fat*.' The Swiss attendant fell back in graceful astonishment three steps, and arching his eyebrows, extending his inverted palms forward, and raising his shoulders above the apex of his head, exclaimed, '*Pardon, mi lor, j'en aurois un horreur parfait*.' 'I tell you,' replied our gracefully recumbent hero, 'that it is so, Coridon; and I ascribe it to your partiality for that detestable wine called Port. Confine yourself to Hock and Moselle, sirrah: I fear me, you have a base hankering after mutton and beef. Restrict yourself to salads, and do not sin even with an omelette more than once a week. Coridon must be visionary and

diaphanous, or he is no Coridon for me. Remove my night-gloves, and assist me to rise: it is past four o'clock, and the sun must have, by this time, sufficiently aired this terrestrial globe.'"

A. I have it now; I feel I could go on for an hour.

B. Longer than that, before you get him out of his dressing-room. You must make at least five chapters before he is apparelled, or how can you write a fashionable novel, in which you cannot afford more than two incidents in the three volumes? Two are absolutely necessary for the editor of the ——— Gazette to extract as specimens, before he winds up an eulogy. Do you think that you can proceed now for a week, without my assistance?

A. I think so, if you will first give me some general ideas. In the first place, am I always to continue in this style?

B. No; I thought you knew better. You must throw in patches of philosophy every now and then.

A. Philosophy in a fashionable novel?

B. Most assuredly, or it would be complained of as trifling; but a piece, now and then, of philosophy, as unintelligible as possible, stamps it with deep thought. In the dressing-room, or boudoir, it must be occasionally Epicurean; elsewhere, especially in the open air, more Stoical.

A. I'm afraid that I shall not manage that without a specimen to copy from. Now I think of it, Eugene Aram says something very beautiful on a starry night.

B. He does: it is one of the most splendid pieces of writing in our language. But I will have no profanation, Arthur;—to your pen again, and write. We'll suppose our hero to have retired from the crowded festivities of a ball-room at some lordly mansion in the country, and to have wandered into a churchyard, damp and dreary with a thick London fog. In the light dress of fashion, he throws himself on a tombstone. "Ye dead!" exclaims the hero, "where are ye? Do your disembodied spirits now float around me, and, shrouded in this horrible veil

of nature, glare unseen upon vitality? Float ye upon this intolerable mist, in yourselves still more misty and intolerable? Hold ye high jubilee to-night? or do ye crouch behind these monitorial stones, gibbering and chattering at one who dares thus to invade your precincts? Here may I hold communion with my soul, and, in the invisible presence of those who could, but dare not to reveal. Away! it must not be."

A. What mustn't be?

B. That is the mystery which gives the point to his soliloquy. Leave it to the reader's imagination.

A. I understand. But still the Honourable Augustus cannot lie in bed much longer, and I really shall not be able to get him out without your assistance. I do not comprehend how a man can get out of bed *gracefully;* he must show his bare legs, and the alteration of position is in itself awkward.

B. Not half so awkward as you are. Do you not feel that he must not be got out of bed at all—that is, by description.

A. How then?

B. By saying nothing about it. Re-commence as follows:—"'I should like the bath at seventy-six and a half, Coridon,' observed the Honourable Augustus Bouverie, as he wrapped his embroidered dressing-gown round his elegant form, and sank into a *chaise longue*, wheeled by his faithful attendant to the fire." There, you observe, he is out of bed, and nothing said about it.

A. Go on, I pray thee.

B. "'How is the bath perfumed?' '*Eau de mille fleurs.*' '*Eau de mille fleurs!* Did not I tell you last week that I was tired of that villanous compound? It has been adulterated till nothing remains but its name. Get me another bath immediately *au violet;* and, Coridon, you may use that other scent, if there is any left, for the poodle; but observe, only when *you* take him an airing, not when he goes with *me.*'"

A. Excellent! I now feel the real merits of an ex-

clusive; but you said something about dressing-room, or in-door philosophy.

B. I did; and now is a good opportunity to introduce it. Coridon goes into the ante-chamber, to renew the bath, and of course your hero has met with a disappointment in not having the bath to his immediate pleasure. He must press his hands to his forehead. By-the-bye, recollect that his forehead, when you describe it, must be high and white as snow: all aristocratical foreheads are—at least, are in a fashionable novel.

A. What! the women's and all?

B. The heroine's must be; the others you may lower as a contrast. But to resume with the philosophy. He strikes his forehead, lifts his eyes slowly up to the ceiling, and drops his right arm as slowly down by the side of the *chaise longue;* and then in a voice so low that it might have been considered a whisper, were it not for its clear and brilliant intonation, he exclaims——

A. Exclaims in a whisper!

B. To be sure; you exclaim mentally,—why should you not in a whisper?

A. I perceive—your argument is unanswerable.

B. Stop a moment; it will run better thus:—"The Honourable Augustus Bouverie no sooner perceived himself alone, than he felt the dark shades of melancholy ascending and brooding over his mind, and enveloping his throbbing heart in their—their *adamantine* chains. Yielding to the overwhelming force, he thus exclaimed, 'Such is life—we require but one flower, and we are offered noisome thousands—refused that we wish, we live in loathing of that not worthy to be received—mourners from our cradle to our grave, we utter the shrill cry at our birth, and we sink in oblivion with the faint wail of terror. Why should we, then, ever commit the folly to be happy?'"

A. Hang me, but that's a poser!

B. Nonsense! hold your tongue; it is only preparatory to the end. "Conviction astonishes and torments—destiny prescribes and falsifies—attraction drives us away—humili-

ation supports our energies. Thus do we recede into the present, and shudder at the Elysium of posterity."

A. I have written all that down, Barnstaple; but I cannot understand it, upon my soul!

B. If you had understood one particle, that particle I would have erased. This is your true philosophy of a fashionable novel, the extreme interest of which consists in its being unintelligible. People have such an opinion of their own abilities, that if they understood you, they would despise you; but a dose like this strikes them with veneration for your talents.

A. Your argument is unanswerable; but you said that I must describe the dressing-room.

B. Nothing more easy; as a simile, compare it to the shrine of some favoured saint in a richly-endowed Catholic church. Three tables at least, full of materials in methodised confusion—all tending to the beautification of the human form divine. Tinted perfumes in every variety of cut crystal receivers, gold and silver. If at a loss, call at Bayley's and Blew's, or Smith's in Bond Street. Take an accurate survey of all you see, and introduce your whole catalogue. You cannot be too minute. But, Arthur, you must not expect me to write the whole book for you.

A. Indeed I am not so exorbitant in my demands upon your good-nature; but observe, I may get up four or five chapters already with the hints you have given me, but I do not know how to move such a creation of the brain—so ethereal, that I fear he will melt away; and so fragile, that I am in terror lest he fall to pieces. Now only get him into the breakfast-room for me, and then I ask no more for the present. Only dress him, and bring him *down stairs*.

B. There again you prove your incapability. Bring him down stairs! Your hero of a fashionable novel never ascends to the first floor. Bed-room, dressing-room, breakfast-room, library, and boudoir, all are upon a level. As for his dressing, you must only describe it as perfect when finished; but not enter into a regular detail, except

that, in conversation with his valet, he occasionally asks for something unheard-of, or fastidious to a degree. You must not walk him from one chamber to another, but manage it as follows:—"It was not until the beautiful airs of the French clock that decorated the mantel-piece had been thrice played, with all their variations, that the Honourable Augustus Bouverie entered his library, where he found his assiduous Coridon burning an aromatic pastile to disperse the compound of villanous exhalations arising from the condensed metropolitan atmosphere. Once more in a state of repose, to the repeated and almost affecting solicitations of his faithful attendant, who alternately presented to him the hyson of Pekoe, the bohea of Twankay, the fragrant berry from the Asiatic shore, and the frothing and perfumed decoction of the Indian nut, our hero shook his head in denial, until he at last was prevailed upon to sip a small liqueur glass of *eau sucrée*." The fact is, Arthur, he is in love—don't you perceive? Now introduce a friend, who rallies him—then a resolution to think no more of the heroine—a billet on a golden salver—a counter resolution—a debate which equipage to order—a decision at last—hat, gloves, and furred great-coat—and by that time you will have arrived to the middle of the first volume.

A. I perceive; but I shall certainly stick there without your assistance.

B. You shall have it, my dear fellow. In a week I will call again, and see how you get on. Then we'll introduce the heroine; that, I can tell you, requires some tact—*au revoir*.

A. Thanks, many thanks, my dear Barnstaple. Fare you well. [*Exit Barnstaple.*

A. (*Looking over his memoranda.*)—It will do! (*Hopping and dancing about the room.*) Hurrah! my tailor's bill will be paid after all!

PART II

[*Mr Arthur Ansard's Chambers as before. Mr Ansard, with his eyes fixed upon the wig block, gnawing the feather end of his pen. The table, covered with sundry sheets of foolscap, shows strong symptoms of the Novel progressing.*]

Ansard (*solus*).

WHERE is Barnstaple? If he do not come soon, I shall have finished my novel without a heroine. Well, I'm not the first person who has been foiled by a woman. (*Continues to gnaw his pen in a brown study.*)

Barnstaple enters unperceived, and slaps Ansard on the shoulder. The latter starts up.

B. So, friend Ansard, making your dinner off your pen: it is not every novel writer who can contrive to do that even in anticipation. Have you profited by my instructions?

A. I wish I had. I assure you that this light diet has not contributed, as might be expected, to assist a heavy head; and one feather is not sufficient to enable my genius to take wing. If the public knew what dull work it is to write a novel, they would not be surprised at finding them dull reading. *Ex nihilo nihil fit.* Barnstaple, I am at the very bathos of stupidity.

B. You certainly were absorbed when I entered, for I introduced myself.

A. I wish you had introduced another personage with you—you would have been doubly welcome.

B. Who is that?

A. My heroine. I have followed your instructions to the letter. My hero is as listless as I fear my readers will be, and he is not yet in love. In fact, he is only captivated with himself. I have made him dismiss Coridon.

B. Hah! how did you manage that?

A. He was sent to ascertain the arms on the panel of a carriage. In his eagerness to execute his master's wishes, he came home with a considerable degree of perspiration on his brow, for which offence he was immediately put out of doors.

B. Bravo—it was unpardonable—but still——

A. O! I know what you mean—that is all arranged; he has an annuity of one hundred pounds per annum.

B. My dear Ansard, you have exceeded my expectations; but now for the heroine.

A. Yes, indeed; help me—for I have exhausted all my powers.

B. It certainly requires much tact to present your heroine to your readers. We are unfortunately denied what the ancients were so happy to possess—a whole *cortége* of divinities that might be summoned to help any great personage in, or the author out of, a difficulty; but since we cannot command their assistance, like the man in the play who forgot his part, we will do without it. Now, have you thought of nothing new, for we must not plagiarise even from fashionable novels?

A. I have thought—and thought—and can find nothing new, unless we bring her in in a whirlwind: that has not yet been attempted.

B. A whirlwind! I don't know — that's hazardous. Nevertheless, if she were placed on a beetling cliff, overhanging the tempestuous ocean, lashing the rocks with its wild surge; of a sudden, after she has been permitted to finish her soliloquy, a white cloud rising rapidly and unnoticed—the sudden vacuum—the rush of mighty winds through the majestic and alpine scenery — the vortex gathering round her—first admiring the vast efforts of nature; then astonished; and, lastly, alarmed, as she finds herself compelled to perform involuntary gyrations, till at length she spins round like a well-whipped top, nearing the dangerous edge of the precipice. It is bold, and certainly quite novel—I think it will do. Portray her delicate little feet, peeping out, pointing downwards,

the force of the elements raising her on her tip toes, now touching, now disdaining the earth. Her dress expanded wide like that of Herbelé in her last and best pirouette—round, round she goes—her white arms are tossed frantically in the air. Corinne never threw herself into more graceful attitudes. Now is seen her diminishing ankle—now the rounded symmetry—mustn't go too high up though—the wind increases—her distance from the edge of the precipice decreases—she has no breath left to shriek—no power to fall—threatened to be ravished by the wild and powerful god of the elements—she is discovered by the Honourable Augustus Bouverie, who has just finished his soliloquy upon another adjacent hill. He delights in her danger — before he rushes to her rescue, makes one pause for the purpose of admiration, and another for the purpose of adjusting his shirt collar.

A. The devil he does!

B. To be sure. The hero of a fashionable novel never loses caste. Whether in a storm, a whirlwind, up to his neck in the foaming ocean, or tumbling down a precipice, he is still the elegant and correct Honourable Augustus Bouverie. To punish you for your interruption, I have a great mind to make him take a pinch of snuff before he starts. Well—he flies to her assistance—is himself caught in the rushing vortex, which prevents him from getting nearer to the lady, and, despite of himself, takes to whirling in the opposite direction. They approach—they recede—she shrieks without being heard — holds out her arms for help—she would drop them in despair, but cannot, for they are twisted over her head by the tremendous force of the element. One moment they are near to each other, and the next they are separated; at one instant they are close to the abyss, and the waters below roar in delight of their anticipated victims, and in the next a favouring change of the vortex increases their distance from the danger—there they spin—and there you may leave them, and commence a new chapter.

A. But is not all this naturally and physically impossible?

B. By no means; there is nothing supernatural in a whirlwind, and the effect of a whirlwind is to twist everything round. Why should the heroine and the Honourable Augustus Bouverie not be submitted to the laws of nature? besides, we are writing a fashionable novel. Wild and improbable as this whirlwind may appear, it is within the range of probability; whereas, that is not at all adhered to in many novels—witness the drinking-scene in————, and others equally *outrées*, in which the author, having turned probability out of doors, ends by throwing possibility out of the window—leaving folly and madness to usurp their place—and play a thousand antics for the admiration of the public, who, pleased with novelty, cry out "How fine!"

A. Buy the book, and laud the author.

B. Exactly. Now, having left your hero and heroine in a situation peculiarly interesting, with the greatest nonchalance, pass over to the continent, rave on the summit of Mont Blanc, and descant upon the strata which compose the mountains of the Moon in central Africa. You have been philosophical, now you must be geological. No one can then say that your book is light reading.

A. That can be said of few novels. In most of them even smoke assumes the ponderosity of lead.

B. There is a metal still heavier, which they have the power of creating—gold—to pay a dunning tailor's bill.

A. But after having been philosophical and geological, ought one not to be a little moral?

B. Pshaw! I thought you had more sense. The great art of novel writing is to make the vices glorious, by placing them in close alliance with redeeming qualities. Depend upon it, Ansard, there is a deeper, more heartfelt satisfaction than mere amusement in novel reading; a satisfaction no less real, because we will not own it to ourselves; the satisfaction of seeing all our favourite and selfish ideas dressed up in a garb so becoming, that we persuade ourselves that our false pride is proper dignity, our ferocity courage, our

cowardice prudence, our irreligion liberality, and our baser appetites mere gallantry.

A. Very true, Barnstaple; but really I do not like this whirlwind.

B. Well, well, I give it up then; it was your own idea. We'll try again. Cannot you create some difficulty or dilemma, in which to throw her, so that the hero may come to her rescue with *éclat*?

A. Her grey palfrey takes fright.

B. So will your readers; stale—quite stale!

A. A wild bull has his horns close to her, and is about to toss her.

B. As your book would be—away with contempt. Vapid—quite vapid!

A. A shipwreck—the waves are about to close over her.

B. Your book would be closed at the same moment—worn out—quite worn out.

A. In the dead of the night, a fire breaks out—she is already in the midst of the flames——

B. Where your book would also be, by the disgusted reader—worse and worse.

A. Confound it—you will not allow me to expose her to earth, air, fire or water. I have a great mind to hang her in her garters, and make the hero come and cut her down.

B. You might do worse—and better.

A. What—hang myself?

B. That certainly would put an end to all your difficulties. But, Ansard, I think I can put your heroine in a situation really critical and eminently distressing, and the hero shall come to her relief, like the descent of a god to the rescue of a Greek or Trojan warrior.

A. Or of Bacchus to Ariadne in her distress.

B. Perhaps a better simile. The consequence will be, that eternal gratitude in the bosom of the maiden will prove the parent of eternal love, which eternity of passion will, of course, last until they are married.

A. I'm all attention.

B. Get up a splendid dinner party for their first casual meeting. Place the company at table.

A. Surely you are not going to choke her with the bone of a chicken.

B. You surely are about to murder me, as Samson did the Philistines——

A. With the jaw-bone of a fashionable novel writer, you mean.

B. Exactly. But to proceed:—they are seated at table; can you describe a grand dinner?

A. Certainly, I have partaken of more than one.

B. Where?

A. I once sat down three hundred strong at the Freemasons' Tavern.

B. Pshaw! a mere hog feed.

A. Well, then, I dined with the late lord mayor.

B. Still worse. My dear Ansard, it is however of no consequence. Nothing is more difficult to attain, yet nothing is more easy to describe, than a good dinner. I was once reading a very fashionable novel by a very fashionable bookseller, for the author is a mere nonentity, and was very much surprised at the accuracy with which a good dinner was described. The mystery was explained a short time afterwards, when casually taking up Eustache Eude's book in Sams's library, I found that the author had copied it out exactly from the injunctions of that celebrated gastronome. You can borrow the book.

A. Well, we will suppose that done; but I am all anxiety to know what is the danger from which the heroine is to be rescued.

B. I will explain. There are two species of existence—that of mere mortal existence, which is of little consequence, provided, like Cæsar, the hero and heroine die decently: the other is of much greater consequence, which is fashionable existence. Let them once lose caste in that respect, and they are virtually dead, and one mistake, one oversight, is a death-blow for which there is no remedy, and from which there is no recovery.

For instance, we will suppose our heroine to be quite confounded with the appearance of our hero—to have become *distraite*, *reveuse*—and, in short, to have lost her recollection and presence of mind. She has been assisted to *fillet de soles*. Say that the only sauce ever taken with them is *au macedoine*—this is offered to her, and, at the same time, another, which to eat with the above dish would be unheard of. In her distraction she is about to take the wrong sauce—actually at the point of ruining herself for ever and committing suicide upon her fashionable existence, while the keen grey eyes of Sir Antinous Antibes, the arbiter of fashion, are fixed upon her. At this awful moment, which is for ever to terminate her fashionable existence, the Honourable Augustus Bouverie, who sits next to her, gently touches her *séduisante* sleeve—blandly smiling, he whispers to her that the *other* is the sauce *macedoine*. She perceives her mistake, trembles at her danger, rewards him with a smile, which penetrates into the deepest recesses of his heart, helps herself to the right sauce, darts a look of contemptuous triumph upon Sir Antinous Antibes, and, while she is dipping her sole into the sauce, her soul expands with gratitude and love.

A. I see, I see. Many thanks; my heroine is now a fair counterpart of my hero.

> "Ah, sure a pair were never seen,
> So justly form'd to meet by nature."

B. And now I'll give you another hint, since you appear grateful. It is a species of claptrap in a novel, which always takes—to wit, a rich old uncle or misanthrope, who, at the very time that he is bitterly offended and disgusted with the hero, who is in awkward circumstances, pulls out a pocket-book and counts down, say fifteen or twenty thousand pounds in bank notes, to relieve him from his difficulties. An old coat and monosyllables will increase the interest.

A. True (*sighing.*) Alas! there are no such uncles in real life; I wish there were.

B. I beg your pardon; I know no time in which *my uncle* forks out more bank notes than at the present.

A. Yes, but it is for value, or more than value, received.

B. That I grant; but I'm afraid it is the only *uncle* left now; except in a fashionable novel. But you comprehend the value of this new auxiliary.

A. Nothing can be better. Barnstaple, you are really ——, but I say no more. If a truly great man cannot be flattered with delicacy, it must not be attempted at all; silence then becomes the best tribute. Your advice proves you to be truly great. I am *silent*, therefore you understand the full force of the oratory of my thanks.

B. (*bowing.*) Well, Ansard, you have found out the cheapest way of paying off your bills of gratitude I ever heard of. "Poor, even in thanks," was well said by Shakespeare; but you, it appears, are rich, in having nothing at all wherewith to pay. If you could transfer the same doctrine to your tradesmen, you need not write novels.

A. Alas! my dear fellow, mine is not yet written. There is one important feature, nay, the most important feature of all—the style of language, the diction—on that, Barnstaple, you have not yet doctrinated.

B. (*pompously.*) When Demosthenes was asked what were the three principal attributes of eloquence, he answered, that the first was action; on being asked which was the second, he replied, action; and the third, action; and such is the idea of the Irish *mimbers* in the House of Commons. Now there are three important requisites in the diction of a fashionable novel. The first, my dear fellow, is—flippancy; the second, flippancy; and flippancy is also the third. With the dull it will pass for wit, with some it will pass for scorn, and even the witty will not be enabled to point out the difference, without running the risk of being considered invidious. It will cover every defect with a defect still greater; for who can call small beer tasteless when it is sour, or dull when it is bottled and has a froth upon it?

A. The advice is excellent; but I fear that this flippancy is as difficult to acquire as the tone of true eloquence.

B. Difficult! I defy the writers of the silver-fork school to write out of the style flippant. Read but one volume of——, and you will be saturated with it; but if you wish to go to the fountain-head, do as have done most of the late fashionable novel writers, repair to their instructors —the lady's-maid, for flippancy in the vein *spirituelle;* to a London footman for the vein critical; but, if you wish a flippancy of a still higher order, at once more solemn and more empty, which I would call the vein political, read the speeches of some of our members of Parliament. Only read them; I wish no man so ill as to inflict upon him the torture of hearing them—read them, I say, and you will have taken the very highest degree in the order of inane flippancy.

A. I see it at once. Your observations are as true as they are severe. When we would harangue geese, we must condescend to hiss; but still, my dear Barnstaple, though you have fully proved to me that in a fashionable novel all plot is unnecessary, don't you think there ought to be a catastrophe, or sort of a kind of an end to the work, or the reader may be brought up short, or as the sailors say, "all standing," when he comes to the word "Finis," and exclaim with an air of stupefaction,—"And then——"

B. And then, if he did, it would be no more than the fool deserved. I don't know whether it would not be advisable to leave off in the middle of a sentence, of a word, nay of a syllable, if it be possible: I'm sure the winding-up would be better than the lackadaisical running-down of most of the fashionable novels. Snap the main-spring of your watch, and none but an ass can expect you to tell by it what it is o'clock; snap the thread of your narrative in the same way, and he must be an unreasonable being who would expect a reasonable conclusion. Finish thus, in a case of delicate distress; say, "The honourable Mr Augustus Bouverie was struck in a heap with horror.

He rushed with a frantic grace, a deliberate haste, and a graceful awkwardness, and whispered in her ear these dread and awful words, 'IT IS TOO LATE!'" Follow up with a——and Finis.

A. I see; the fair and agitated reader will pass a sleepless night in endeavouring to decipher the mutilated sentence. She will fail, and consequently call the book delightful. But should there not have been a marriage previously to this happy awful climax?

B. Yes; everything is arranged for the nuptials—carriages are sent home, jewellery received but not paid for, dresses all tried on, the party invited—nay, assembled in the blue-and-white drawing-room. The right reverend, my lord bishop, is standing behind the temporary altar—he has wiped his spectacles, and thumbed his prayer-book—all eyes are turned towards the door, which opens not—the bride faints, for the bridegroom cometh not—he's not "i' the vein"—a something, as like nothing as possible, has given him a disgust that is insurmountable—he flings his happiness to the winds, though he never loved with more outrageous intensity than at the moment he discards his mistress; so he fights three duels with the two brothers and father. He wounds one of the young men dangerously, the other slightly; fires his pistol in the air when he meets her father—for how could he take the life of him who gave life to his adored one? Your hero can always hit a man just where he pleases—*vide* every novel in Mr C.'s collection. The hero becomes misanthropical, the heroine maniacal. The former marries an antiquated and toothless dowager, as an escape from the imaginary disgust he took at a sight of a matchless woman; and the latter marries an old brute, who threatens her life every night, and puts her in bodily fear every morning, as an indemnity in full for the loss of the man of her affections. They are both romantically miserable; and then come on your tantalising scenes of delicate distress, and so the end of your third volume, and then finish without any end at all. *Verb. sap. sat.* Or, if you like it better, kill the old

dowager of a surfeit, and make the old brute who marries the heroine commit suicide ; and, after all these unheard-of trials, marry them as fresh and beautiful as ever.

A. A thousand thanks. Your *verba* are not thrown to a *sap*. Can I possibly do you any favour for all this kindness ?

B. Oh, my dear fellow ! the very greatest. As I see yours will be, at all points, a most fashionable novel, do me the inestimable favour *not* to ask me *to read it*.

How to write a Book of Travels

Mr Ansard's Chambers.

A. (*alone.*) Well, I thought it hard enough to write a novel at the dictate of the bibliopolist; but to be condemned to sit down and write my travels—travels that have never extended farther than the Lincoln's Inn Coffee House for my daily food, and a walk to Hampstead on a Sunday. These travels to be swelled into Travels up the Rhine in the year 18—. Why, it's impossible. O that Barnstaple were here, for he has proved my guardian angel! Lazy, clever dog!

Enter Barnstaple.

B. Pray, my dear Ansard, to whom did you apply that last epithet?

A. My dear Barnstaple, I never was more happy to see you. Sit down, I have much to tell you, all about myself and my difficulties.

B. The conversation promises to be interesting to me, at all events.

A. Everything is interesting to true friendship.

B. Now I perceive that you do want something. Well, before you state your case, tell me, how did the novel go off?

A. Wonderfully well. It was ascribed to Lord G——: the bait took, and 750 went off in a first edition, and the remainder of the copies printed went off in a second.

B. Without being reprinted?

A. Exactly. I was surprised at my success, and told my publisher so; but he answered that he could sell an edition of any trash he pleased.

B. That was not flattering.

A. Not very; but his bill was honoured, and that consoled me. However, to proceed to business—he has given me another order—A Journey up the Rhine, in two vols. large octavo, in the year 18—. Now, Barnstaple, what's to be done?

B. Write it, to be sure.

A. But you well know I have never been out of England in my life.

B. Never mind, write it.

A. Yes, it's very well to say write it; but how the devil am I to write it? Write what I have never seen—detail events which never occurred—describe views of that which I have not even an idea—travel post in my old arm-chair. It's all very well to say write it, but tell me, how.

B. I say again, write it, and pocket the money. Ansard, allow me to state that you are a greenhorn. I will make this mountain of difficulties vanish and melt away like snow before the powerful rays of the sun. You are told to write what you have never seen; but if you have not, others have, which will serve your purpose just as well. To detail events which have never occurred—invent them, they will be more amusing. Describe views, &c. of which you are ignorant—so are most of your readers; but have we not the art of engraving to assist you? To travel post in your armchair—a very pleasant and a very profitable way of travelling, as you have not to pay for the horses and postilions, and are not knocked to pieces by continental roads. Depend upon it, the best travels are those written at home, by those who have never put their foot into the Calais packet-boat.

A. To me this is all a mystery. I certainly must be a greenhorn, as you observe.

B. Why, Ansard, my dear fellow, with a book of roads and a gazetteer, I would write a more amusing book of travels than one half which are now foisted on the public. All you have to do is to fill up the chinks.

A. All I want to do is to fill up the chinks in my

stomach, Barnstaple; for, between you and me, times are rather queer.

B. You shall do it, if you will follow my advice. I taught you how to write a fashionable novel, it will be hard, indeed, if I cannot send you up the Rhine. One little expense must be incurred—you must subscribe a quarter to a circulating library, for I wish that what you do should be well done.

A. Barnstaple, I will subscribe to—anything.

B. Well, then, since you are so reasonable, I will proceed. You must wade through all the various "Journies on the Rhine," "Two Months on the Rhine," "Autumns on the Rhine," &c., which you can collect. This you will find the most tiresome part of your task. Select one as your guide, one who has a reputation; follow his course, not exactly—that I will explain afterwards — and agree with him in everything, generally speaking. Praise his exactitude and fidelity, and occasionally quote him; this is but fair: after you rob a man (and I intend you shall rifle him most completely), it is but decent to give him kind words. All others you must abuse, contradict, and depreciate. Now, there is a great advantage in so doing: in the first place, you make the best writer your friend—he forgets your larcenies in your commendation of him, and in your abuse of others. If his work be correct, so must yours be; he praises it everywhere—perhaps finds you out, and asks you to dine with him.

A. How should I ever look at his injured face?

B. On the contrary, he is the obliged party—your travels are a puff to his own.

A. But, Barnstaple, allowing that I follow this part of your advice, which I grant to be very excellent, how can I contradict others, when they may be, and probably are, perfectly correct in their assertions?

B. If they are so, virtue must be its own reward. It is necessary that you write a book of travels, and all travellers contradict each other—*ergo*, you must contradict,

or nobody will believe that you have travelled. Not only contradict, but sneer at them.

A. Well, now do explain how that is to be done.

B. Nothing more simple: for instance, a man measures a certain remarkable piece of antiquity—its length is 747 feet. You must measure it over again, and declare that he is in error, that it is only 727. To be sure of your being correct, measure it *twice* over, and then convict him.

A. But surely, Barnstaple, one who has measured it, is more likely to be correct than one who has not.

B. I'll grant you that he is correct to half an inch—that's no matter. The public will, in all probability, believe you, because you are the last writer, and because you have *decreased* the dimensions. Travellers are notorious for amplification, and if the public do not believe you, let them go and measure it themselves.

A. A third traveller may hereafter measure it, and find that I am in the wrong.

B. Ten to one if you are not both in the wrong; but what matter will that be, your book will have been sold.

A. Most true, O king! I perceive now the general outline, and I feel confident, that with your kind assistance, I may accomplish it. But, Barnstaple, the beginning is everything. If I only had the first chapter as a start, I think I could get on. It is the *modus* that I want—the style. A first chapter would be a keynote for the remainder of the tune, with all the variations.

B. Well, then, take up your pen. But before I commence, it may be as well to observe, that there is a certain method required, even in writing travels. In every chapter you should have certain landmarks to guide you. For instance, enumerate the following, and select the works from which they may be obtained, so as to mix up the instructive with the amusing. Travelling—remarks on country passed through—anecdote—arrival at a town—churches — population — historical remarks — another

anecdote—eating and drinking—natural curiosities—egotism —remarks on the women (never mind the men)—another anecdote—reflections—an adventure—and go to bed. You understand, Ansard, that in these memoranda you have all that is required; the rule is not to be followed absolutely, but generally. As you observed, such is to be the tune, but your variations may be infinite. When at a loss, or you think you are dull, always call in a grisette, and a little mystery; and, above all, never be afraid of talking too much about yourself.

A. Many, many thanks; but now, my dear Barnstaple, for the first chapter.

B. Let your style be flowery—I should say florid—never mind a false epithet or two in a page, they will never be observed. A great deal depends upon the first two pages —you must not limp at starting; we will, therefore, be particular. Take your pen.

[*Barnstaple muses for a little while and then continues:*

"A severe cough, which refused to yield even to the balmy influence of the genial spring of 18—, and threatened a pulmonary complaint, induced me to yield to the reiterated persuasions of my physicians to try a change of air, as most likely to ward off the threatened danger. Where to direct my steps was the difficult point to ascertain. Brighton, Torquay, Cromer, Ilfracombe, had all been visited and re-visited. At either of these fashionable resorts I was certain to fall in with a numerous acquaintance, whose persuasions would have induced me to depart from that regularity of diet and of rest, so imperiously insisted upon by my medical advisers. After much cogitation, I resolved upon a journey up the Rhine, and to escape the ruthless winter of our northern clime in the more genial land of history."

A. Land of history—I presume you mean Italy; but am I to go there?

B. No, you may recover, and come back again to skate upon the Serpentine, if you please. You observe, Ansard, I have not made you a fellow with £50 in his pocket, setting out to turn it into £300 by a book of travels. I have

avoided mention of Margate, Ramsgate, Broadstairs, and all common watering-places; I have talked of physicians in the plural; in short, no one who reads that paragraph, but will suppose that you are a young man of rank and fortune, to whom money is no object, and who spends hundreds to cure that which might be effected by a little regularity, and a few doses of ipecacuanha.

A. I wish it were so. Nevertheless, I'll travel *en grand seigneur*—that's more agreeable even in imagination, than being rumbled in a "*diligence*."

B. And will produce more respect for your work, I can assure you. But to proceed. Always, when you leave England, talk about *hospitality*. The English like it. Have you no relations or friends in whose opinion you wish to stand well? Public mention in print does wonders, especially with a copy handsomely bound "from the author."

A. Really, Barnstaple, I do not know any one. My poor mother is in Cumberland, and that is not *en route*. I have a maternal uncle of the name of Forster, who lives on the road—a rich, old, miserly bachelor; but I can't say much for his hospitality. I have called upon him twice, and he has never even asked me to dinner.

B. Never mind. People like being praised for a virtue which they do not possess—it may prove a legacy. Say, then, that you quitted the hospitable roof of your worthy and excellent-hearted relation, Mr Forster, and felt——

A. Felt how?

B. How—why you felt, as he wrung your hand, that there was a sudden dissolution of the ties of kindred and affection.

A. There always has been in that quarter, so my conscience is so far clear.

B. You arrive at Dover (mind you spell it Dover)—go to bed tired and reflective—embark early the next morning —a rough passage——

A. And sea-sick, of course?

B. No, Ansard, there I'll give you a proof of my tact—you sha'n't be sea-sick.

A. But I'm sure I should be.

B. All travellers are, and all fill up a page or two with complaints, *ad nauseam*—for that reason sick you shall not be. Observe—to your astonishment you are not sea-sick: the other passengers suffer dreadfully; one young dandy puffs furiously at a cigar in bravado, until he sends it over the side, like an arrow from the blow-pipe of a South American Indian. Introduce a husband with a pretty wife—he jealous as a dog, until he is sick as a cat—your attentions—she pillowed on your arms, while he hangs over the lee gunwale—her gratitude—safe arrival at Calais—sweet smiles of the lady—sullen deportment of the gentleman—a few hints—and draw the veil. Do you understand?

A. Perfectly. I can manage all that.

B. Then when you put your foot on shore, you must, for the first time, *feel sea-sick.*

A. On shore?

B. Yes; reel about, not able to stand—every symptom as if on board. Express your surprise at the strange effect, pretend not to explain it, leave that to medical men, it being sufficient for you to state the *fact.*

A. The *fact!* O Barnstaple!

B. That will be a great hit for a first chapter. You reverse the order of things.

A. That I do most certainly. Shall I finish the first chapter with that *fact?*

B. No. Travellers always go to bed at the end of each chapter. It is a wise plan, and to a certain degree it must be followed. You must have a baggage adventure—be separated from it—some sharp little urchin has seized upon your valise—it is no where to be found—quite in despair—walk to the hotel d'Angleterre, and find that you are met by the landlord and garçons, who inform you that your carriage is in the remise, and your rooms ready—ascend to your bedroom—find that your baggage is not

only there, but neatly laid out—your portmanteau unstrapped — your trunk uncorded — and the little rascal of a commissaire standing by with his hat in his hand, and a smile *de malice*, having installed *himself* as your *domestique de place*—take him for his impudence—praise the "*Cotelettes* and the *vin de Beaune*"—wish the reader good-night, and go to bed. Thus ends the first chapter.

[*Ansard gets up and takes Barnstaple's hand, which he shakes warmly without speaking. Barnstaple smiles and walks out. Ansard is left hard at work at his desk.*

Arthur Ansard in his Chambers, solus, with his pen in his hand.

Ans. Capital! that last was a *hit*. It has all the appearance of reality. To be sure, I borrowed the hint, but that nobody will be able to prove. (*Yawns.*) Heigho! I have only got halfway on my journey yet, and my ideas are quite exhausted. I am as much worn out and distressed as one of the German post-horses which I described in my last chapter. (*Nods, and then falls fast asleep*).

Barnstaple taps at the door; receiving no answer, he enters.

B. So—quite fast. What can have put him to sleep? (*Reads the manuscript on the table*). No wonder, enough to put anybody to sleep apparently. Why, Ansard!

A. (*starting up, still half asleep.*) Already? Why, I've hardly shut my eyes. Well, I'll be dressed directly; let them get some *café* ready below. Henri, did you order the hind-spring to be repaired? (*Nods again with his eyes shut.*)

B. Hallo! What now, Ansard, do you really think that you are travelling?

A. (*waking up.*) Upon my word, Barnstaple, I was so dreaming. I thought I was in my bed at the hotel de Londres, after the fatiguing day's journey I described

yesterday. I certainly have written myself into the conviction that I was travelling post.

B. All the better—you have embodied yourself in your own work, which every writer of fiction ought to do; but they can seldom attain to such a desideratum. Now, tell me, how do you get on?

A. Thank you—pretty well. I have been going it with four post-horses these last three weeks.

B. And how far have you got?

A. Half way—that is, into the middle of my second volume. But I'm very glad that you're come to my assistance, Barnstaple; for, to tell you the truth, I was breaking down.

B. Yes, you said something about the hind-spring of your carriage.

A. That I can repair without your assistance; but my spirits are breaking down. I want society. This travelling post is dull work. Now, if I could introduce a companion——

B. So you shall. At the next town that you stop at, buy a *Poodle.*

A. A *Poodle!* Barnstaple? How the devil shall I be assisted by a poodle?

B. He will prove a more faithful friend to you in your exigence, and a better companion, than one of your own species. A male companion, after all, is soon expended, and a female, which would be more agreeable, is not admissible. If you admit a young traveller into your carriage—what then? He is handsome, pleasant, romantic, and so forth; but you must not give his opinions in contradiction to your own, and if they coincide, it is superfluous. Now, a poodle is a dog of parts, and it is more likely that you fall in with a sagacious dog than with a sagacious man. The poodle is the thing; you must recount your meeting, his purchase, size, colour, and qualifications, and anecdotes of his sagacity, vouched for by the landlord, and all the *garçons* of the hotel. As you proceed on your travels, his attachment to you increases,

and wind up every third chapter with "your faithful Mouton."

A. Will not all that be considered frivolous?

B. Frivolous! by no means. The frivolous will like it, and those who have more sense, although they may think that Mouton does not at all assist your travelling researches, are too well acquainted with the virtues of the canine race, and the attachment insensibly inbibed for so faithful an attendant, not to forgive your affectionate mention of him. Besides it will go far to assist the versimilitude of your travels. As for your female readers, they will prefer Mouton even to you.

A. All-powerful and mighty magician, whose wand of humbug, like that of Aaron's, swallows up all others, not excepting that of divine Truth, I obey you! Mouton shall be summoned to my aid: he shall flourish, and my pen shall flourish in praise of his endless perfections. But, Barnstaple, what shall I give for him?

B. (*thinks awhile.*) Not less than forty louis.

A. Forty louis for a poodle!

B. Most certainly; not a sous less. The value of anything in the eyes of the world is exactly what it costs. Mouton, at a five franc piece, would excite no interest; and his value to the reader will increase in proportion to his price, which will be considered an undeniable proof of all his wonderful sagacity, with which you are to amuse the reader.

A. But in what is to consist his sagacity?

B. He must do everything but speak. Indeed, he must so far speak as to howl the first part of "Lieber Augustin."

A. His instinct shall put our boasted reason to the blush. But —— I think I had better not bring him home with me.

B. Of course not. In the first place, it's absolutely necessary to kill him, lest his reputation should induce people to seek him out, which they would do, although, in all probability, they never will his master. Lady Cork would certainly invite him to a literary *soirée*. You must

therefore kill him in the most effective way possible, and you will derive the advantage of filling up at least ten pages with his last moments—licking your hand, your own lamentations, violent and inconsolable grief on the part of Henri, and tanning his skin as a memorial.

A. A beautiful episode, for which receive my best thanks. But, Barnstaple, I have very few effective passages as yet. I have remodelled several descriptions of mountains, precipices, waterfalls, and such wonders of the creation—expressed my contempt and surprise at the fear acknowledged by other travellers, in several instances. I have lost my way twice—met three wolves—been four times benighted—and indebted to lights at a distance for a bed at midnight, after the horses have refused to proceed. All is incident, and I am quite hard up for description. Now, I have marked down a fine passage in ——'s work —a beautiful description of a cathedral, with a grand procession. (*Reads.*) "What with the effect of the sun's brightest beams upon the ancient glass windows—various hues reflected upon the gothic pillars—gorgeousness of the procession—sacerdotal ornaments—tossing of censers —crowds of people—elevation of the host, and sinking down of the populace *en masse*." It really is a magnificent line of writing, and which my work requires. One or two like that in my book would do well to be quoted by impartial critics, before the public are permitted to read it. But here, you observe, is a difficulty. I dare not borrow the passage.

B. But you shall borrow it—you shall be even finer than he is, and yet he shall not dare to accuse you of plagiarism.

A. How is that possible, my dear Barnstaple? I'm all impatience.

B. His description is at a certain hour of the day. All you have to do is to portray the scene in nearly the same words. You have as much right to visit a cathedral as he has, and as for the rest—here is the secret. You must visit it at *night*. Instead of "glorious beams," you will

talk of "pale melancholy light;" instead of "the stained windows throwing their various hues upon the gothic pile," you must "darken the massive pile, and light up the windows with the silver rays of the moon." The glorious orb of day must give place to thousands of wax tapers—the splendid fretwork of the roof you must regret was not to be clearly distinguished—but you must be in ecstacies with the broad light and shade—the blaze at the altar—solemn hour of night—feelings of awe—half a Catholic—religious reflections, &c. Don't you perceive?

A. I do. Like the rest of my work, it shall be all *moonshine*. It shall be done, Barnstaple; but have you not another idea or two to help me with?

B. Have you talked about cooks?

A. As yet, not a word.

B. By this time you ought to have some knowledge of gastronomy. Talk seriously about eating.

A. (*writes.*) I have made a mem.

B. Have you had no affront?

A. Not one.

B. Then be seriously affronted—complain to the burgomaster, or mayor, or commandant, whoever it may be—they attempt to bully—you are resolute and firm as an Englishman—insist upon being righted—they must make you a thousand apologies. This will tickle the national vanity, and be read with interest.

A. (*writes.*) I have been affronted. Anything else which may proceed from your prolific brain, Barnstaple?

B. Have you had a serious illness?

A. Never complained even of a headache.

B. Then do everything but die—Henri weeping and inconsolable—Mouton howling at the foot of your bed—kick the surgeons out of the room—and cure yourself with three dozen of champagne.

A. (*writes.*) Very sick—cured with three dozen of champagne—I wish the illness would in reality come on, if I were certain of the cure *gratis*. Go on, my dear Barnstaple.

B. You may work in an episode here—delirium—lucid intervals — gentle female voice — delicate attentions—mysterious discovery from loquacions landlady—eternal gratitude—but no marriage—an apostrophe—and all the rest left to conjecture.

A. (*writes down.*) Silent attentions—conjecture—I can manage that, I think.

B. By-the-bye, have you brought in Madame de Stael?

A. No—how the devil am I to bring her in?

B. As most other travellers do, by the head and shoulders. Never mind that, so long as you bring her in.

A. (*writes.*) Madame de Stael by the shoulders—that's not very polite towards a lady. These hints are invaluable; pray go on.

B. Why, you have already more hints this morning than are sufficient for three volumes. But, however, let me see. (*B. thinks a little.*) Find yourself short of cash.

A. A sad reality, Barnstaple. I shall write this part well, for truth will guide my pen.

B. All the better. But to continue—no remittances—awkward position—explain your situation—receive credit to any amount—and compliment your countrymen.

A. (*writes.*) Credit to any amount—pleasing idea? But I don't exactly perceive the value of this last hint, Barnstaple.

B. All judicious travellers make it a point, throughout the whole of their works, to flatter the nation upon its wealth, name, and reputation in foreign countries; by doing so you will be read greedily, and praised in due proportion. If ever I were to write my travels into the interior of Africa, or to the North Pole, I would make it a point to discount a bill at Timbuctoo, or get a cheque cashed by the Esquimaux, without the least hesitation in either case. I think now that what with your invention, your plagiarism, and my hints, you ought to produce a very effective Book of Travels; and with that feeling I shall leave you to pursue your journey, and receive, at

its finale, your just reward. When we meet again, I hope to see you advertised.

A. Yes, but not exposed, I trust. I am *incog.* you know.

B. To be sure, that will impart an additional interest to your narrative. All the world will be guessing who you may be. Adieu, voyageur. [*Exit Barnstaple.*

A. And heaven forfend that they should find me out. But what can be done? In brief, I cannot get a brief, and thus I exercise my professional acquirements how I can, proving myself as long-winded, as prosy perhaps, and certainly as lying, as the more fortunate of my fraternity.

How to write a Romance

Mr Arthur Ansard, standing at his table, selecting a steel pen from a card on which a dozen are ranged up, like soldiers on parade.

I MUST find a regular *graver* to write this chapter of horrors. No goose quill could afford me any assistance. Now then. Let me see——(*Reads, and during his reading Barnstaple comes in at the door behind him, unperceived.*) "At this most monstrously appalling sight, the hair of Piftlianteriscki raised slowly the velvet cap from off his head, as if it had been perched upon the rustling quills of some exasperated porcupine—(I think that's new)—his nostrils dilated to that extent that you might, with ease, have thrust a musket bullet into each—his mouth was opened so wide, so unnaturally wide, that the corners were rent asunder, and the blood slowly trickled down each side of his bristly chin—while each tooth loosened from its socket with individual fear.—Not a word could he utter, for his tongue, in its fright, clung with terror to his upper jaw, as tight as do the bellies of the fresh and slimy soles, paired together by some fishwoman; but if his tongue was paralysed, his heart was not—it throbbed against his ribs with a violence which threatened their dislocation from the sternum, and with a sound which reverberated through the dark, damp subterrene——." I think that will do. There's *force* there.

B. There is, with a vengeance. Why, what is all this?

A. My dear Barnstaple, you here? I'm writing a romance for B——. It is to be supposed to be a translation.

B. The Germans will be infinitely obliged to you; but, my dear fellow, you appear to have fallen into the old school—that's no longer in vogue.

A. My orders are for the old school. B—— was most particular on that point. He says that there is a re-action —a great re-action.

B. What, on literature? Well, he knows as well as any man. I only wish to God there was in everything else, and we could see the good old times again.

A. To confess the truth, I did intend to have finished this without saying a word to you. I wished to have surprised you.

B. So you have, my dear fellow, with the few lines I have heard. How the devil are you to get your fellow out of that state of asphyxia?

A. By degrees—slowly—very slowly—as they pretend that we lawyers go to heaven. But I'll tell you what I have done, just to give you an idea of my work. In the first place, I have a castle perched so high up in the air, that the eagles, even in their highest soar, appear but as wrens below.

B. That's all right.

A. And then it has subterraneous passages, to which the sewers of London are a mere song, and they all lead to a small cave at high water mark on the sea-beach, covered with brambles and bushes, and just large enough at its entrance to admit of a man squeezing himself in.

B. That's all right. You cannot be too much underground; in fact, the two first, and the best part of the third volume, should be wholly in the bowels of the earth, and your hero and heroine should never *come to light* until the last chapter.

A. Then they would never have been born till then, and how could I marry them? But still I have adhered pretty much to your idea; and, Barnstaple, I have such a heroine—such a love—she has never seen her sweetheart, yet she is most devotedly attached, and has suffered more for his sake than any mortal could endure.

B. Most heroines generally do.

A. I have had her into various dungeons for three or four years, on black bread and a broken pitcher of water—she has been starved to death—lain for months and months upon wet straw—had two brain fevers—five times has she risked violation, and always has picked up, or found in the belt of her infamous ravishers, a stiletto, which she has plunged into their hearts, and they have expired with or without a groan.

B. Excellent: and of course comes out of her dungeons each time as fresh, as sweet, as lovely, as pure, as charming, and as constant as ever.

A. Exactly; nothing can equal her infinite variety of adventure, and her imperishable beauty and unadhesive cleanliness of person; and, as for lives, she has more than a thousand cats. After nine months' confinement in a dungeon, four feet square, when it is opened for her release, the air is perfumed with the ambrosia which exhales from her sweet person.

B. Of course it does. The only question is, what ambrosia smells like. But let me know something about your hero.

A. He is a prince and a robber.

B. The two professions are not at all incompatible. Go on.

A. He is the chief of a band of robbers, and is here, there, and everywhere. He fills all Europe with terror, admiration, and love.

B. Very good.

A. His reasons for joining the robbers are, of course, a secret (and upon my word they are equally a secret to myself); but it is wonderful the implicit obedience of his men, and the many acts of generosity of which he is guilty. I make him give away a great deal more money than his whole band ever take, which is so far awkward, that the query may arise in what way he keeps them together, and supplies them with food and necessaries.

B. Of course with *I O U's* upon his princely domains.

A. I have some very grand scenes, amazingly effective; for instance, what do you think, at the moment after the holy mass has been performed in St Peter's at Rome, just as the pope is about to put the sacred wafer into his mouth and bless the whole world, I make him snatch the wafer out of the pope's hand, and get clear off with it.

B. What for, may I ask?

A. That is a secret which I do not reveal. The whole arrangement of that part of the plot is admirable. The band of robbers are disguised as priests, and officiate, without being found out.

B. But isn't that rather sacrilegious?

A. No; it appears so to be, but he gives his reasons for his behaviour to the pope, and the pope is satisfied, and not only gives him his blessing, but shows him the greatest respect.

B. They must have been very weighty reasons.

A. And therefore they are not divulged.

B. That is to say, not until the end of the work.

A. They are never divulged at all; I leave a great deal to the reader's imagination—people are fond of conjecture. All they know is, that he boldly appears, and demands an audience. He is conducted in, the interview is private, after a sign made by our hero, and at which the pope almost leaps off his chair. After an hour he comes out again, and the pope bows him to the very door. Every one is astonished, and, of course, almost canonise him.

B. That's going it rather strong in a Catholic country. But tell me, Ansard, what is your plot?

A. Plot! I have none.

B. No plot!

A. No plot, and all plot. I puzzle the reader with certain materials. I have castles and dungeons, corridors and creaking doors, good villains and bad villains. Chain armour and clank of armour, daggers for gentlemen, and stilettos for ladies. Dark forests and brushwood, drinking scenes, eating scenes, and sleeping scenes—robbers and friars, purses of gold and instruments of torture, an in-

carnate devil of a Jesuit, a handsome hero, and a lovely heroine. I jumble them all together, sometimes above, and sometimes underground, and I explain nothing at all.

B. Have you nothing supernatural?

A. O yes! I've a dog whose instinct is really supernatural, and I have two or three visions, which may be considered so, as they tell what never else could have been been known. I decorate my caverns and dungeons with sweltering toads and slimy vipers, a constant dropping of water, with chains too ponderous to lift, but which the parties upon whom they are riveted, clang together as they walk up and down in their cells, and soliloquise. So much for my underground scenery. Above, I people the halls with pages and ostrich feathers, and knights in bright armour, a constant supply of generous wine, and goblets too heavy to lift, which the knights toss off at a draught, as they sit and listen to the minstrel's music.

B. Bravo, Ansard, bravo. It appears to me that you do not want assistance in this romance.

A. No, when I do I have always a holy and compassionate friar, who pulls a wonderful restorative or healing balm, out of his bosom. The puffs of Solomon's Balm of Gilead are a fool to the real merits of my pharmacopœia contained in a small vial.

B. And pray what may be the title of this book of yours, for I have known it take more time to fix upon a title than to write the three volumes.

A. I call it *The Undiscovered Secret*, and very properly so too, for it never is explained. But if you please, I will read you some passages from it. I think you will approve of them. For instance, now let us take this, in the second volume. You must know, that Angelicanarinella (for that is the name of my heroine) is thrown into a dungeon not more than four feet square, but more than six hundred feet below the surface of the earth. The ways are so intricate, and the subterranean so vast, and the dungeons so numerous that the base Ethiop, who has obeyed his master's orders in confining her, has himself

been lost in the labyrinth, and has not been able to discover what dungeon he put her in. For three days he has been looking for it, during which our heroine has been without food, and he is still searching and scratching his woolly head in despair, as he is to die by slow torture, if he does not reproduce her—for you observe, the chief who has thrown her into this dungeon is most desperately in love with her.

B. That of course; and that is the way to prove romantic love—you ill-treat—but still she is certainly in a dilemma, as well as the Ethiop.

A. Granted; but she talks like the heroine of a romance. Listen. (*Ansard reads.*) "The beauteous and divinely-moulded form of the angelic Angelicanarinella pressed the dank and rotten straw, which had been thrown down by the scowling, thick-lipped Ethiop for her repose—she, for whom attendant maidens had smoothed the Sybaritic sheet of finest texture, under the elaborately carved and sumptuously gilt canopy, the silken curtains, and the tassels of the purest dust of gold."

B. Tassels of dust of gold! only figuratively, I suppose.

A. Nothing more. "Each particular straw of this dank, damp bed was elastic with delight, at bearing such angelic pressure; and, as our heroine cast her ineffably beaming eyes about the dark void, lighting up with their effulgent rays each little portion of the dungeon, as she glanced them from one part to another, she perceived that the many reptiles enclosed with her in this narrow tomb, were nestling to her side, their eyes fixed upon her in mute expressions of love and admiration. Her eclipsed orbs were each, for a moment, suffused with a bright and heavenly tear, and from the suffusion threw out a more brilliant light upon the feeling reptiles who paid this tribute to her undeserved sufferings. She put forth her beauteous hand, whose 'faint tracery,'—(I stole that from Cooper,)—whose faint tracery had so often given to others the idea that it was ethereal, and not corporeal, and lifting with all the soft and tender handling of first love a venerable toad, which smiled upon

her, she placed the interesting animal so that it could crawl up and nestle in her bosom. 'Poor child of dank, of darkness, and of dripping,' exclaimed she, in her flute-like notes, 'who sheltereth thyself under the wet and mouldering wall, so neglected in thy form by thy mother Nature, repose awhile in peace where princes and nobles would envy thee, if they knew thy present lot. But that shall never be; these lips shall never breathe a tale which might endanger thy existence; fear not, therefore, their enmity, and as thou slowly creepest away thy little round of circumscribed existence, forget me not, but shed an occasional pearly tear to the memory of the persecuted, the innocent Angelicanarinella!'" What d'ye think of that?

B. Umph! a very warm picture certainly; however, it is natural. You know, a person of her consequence could never exist without a little *toadyism*.

A. I have a good many subterraneous soliloquies, which would have been lost forever, if I did not bring them up.

B. That one you have just read is enough to make everybody else bring up.

A. I rather plume myself upon it.

B. Yes, it is a feather in your cap, and will act as a feather in the throat of your readers.

A. Now I'll turn over the second volume, and read you another *morceau*, in which I assume the more playful vein. I have imitated one of our modern writers, who must be correct in her language, as she knows all about heroes and heroines. I must confess that I've cribbed a little.

B. Let's hear.

A. "The lovely Angelicanarinella *pottered* for some time about this fairy chamber, then 'wrote journal.' At last, she *threw herself down on the floor*, pulled out the miniature, *gulped* when she looked at it, and then *cried herself to sleep*.

B. Pottered and gulped! What language do you call that?

A. It's all right, my dear fellow. I understand that it is the refined slang of the modern boudoir, and only known to the initiated.

B. They had better keep it entirely to their boudoirs. I should advise you to leave it all out.

A. Well, I thought that one who was so very particular, must have been the standard of perfection herself.

B. That does not at all follow.

A. But what I wish to read to you is the way in which I have managed that my secret shall never be divulged. It is known only to four.

B. A secret known to four people! You must be quick then.

A. So I am, as you shall hear; they all meet in a dark gallery, but do not expect to meet any one but the hero, whom they intend to murder, each one having, unknown to the others, made an appointment with him for that purpose, on the pretence of telling him the great secret. Altogether the scene is well described, but it is long, so I'll come at once to the *denouement*.

B. Pray do.

A. "Absenpresentini felt his way by the slimy wall, when the breath of another human being caught his ear: he paused, and held his own breath. 'No, no,' muttered the other, 'the *secret of blood and gold* shall remain with me alone. Let him come, and he shall find death.' In a second, the dagger of Absenpresentini was in the mutterer's bosom:—he fell without a groan. 'To me alone the secret of blood and gold, and with me it remains,' exclaimed Absenpresentini. 'It does remain with you,' cried Phosphorini, driving his dagger into his back:—Absenpresentini fell without a groan, and Phosphorini, withdrawing his dagger, exclaimed, 'Who is now to tell the secret but me?' 'Not you,' cried Vortiskini, raising up his sword and striking at where the voice proceeded. The trusty steel cleft the head of the abandoned Phosphorini, who fell without a groan. 'Now will I retain the secret of blood and gold,' said Vortiskini, as he sheathed his sword. 'Thou shalt,'

exclaimed the wily Jesuit, as he struck his stiletto to the heart of the robber, who fell without a groan. 'With me only does the secret now rest, by which our order might be disgraced; with me it dies,' and the Jesuit raised his hand. 'Thus to the glory and the honour of his society does Manfredini sacrifice his life.' He struck the keen-pointed instrument into his heart, and died without a groan. 'Stop,' cried our hero."

B. And I agree with your hero: stop, Ansard, or you'll kill me too—but not without a groan.

A. Don't you think it would act well?

B. Quite as well as it reads; pray is it all like this?

A. You shall judge for yourelf. I have half killed myself with writing it, for I chew opium every night to obtain ideas. Now again——

B. Spare me, Ansard, spare me; my nerves are rather delicate; for the remainder I will take your word.

A. I wish my duns would do the same, even if it were only my washerwoman; but there's no more tick for me here, except this old watch of my father's, which serves to remind me of what I cannot obtain from others—time; but, however, there is a time for all things, and when the time comes that my romance is ready, my creditors will obtain the *ready*.

B. Your only excuse, Ansard.

A. I beg your pardon. The public require strong writing now-a-days. We have thousands who write well, and the public are nauseated with what is called *good writing*.

B. And so they want something bad, eh? Well, Ansard, you certainly can supply them.

A. My dear Barnstaple, you must not disparage this style of writing—it is not bad—there is a great art in it. It may be termed writing intellectual and ethereal. You observe, that it never allows probabilities or even possibilities to stand in its way. The dross of humanity is rejected: all the common wants and grosser feelings of our natures are disallowed. It is a novel which is all mind and passion.

Corporeal attributes and necessities are thrown on one side, as they would destroy the charm of perfectability. Nothing can soil, or defile, or destroy my heroine; suffering adds lustre to her beauty, as pure gold is tried by fire: nothing can kill her, because she is all mind. As for my men, you will observe when you read my work——

B. When I do!

A. Which, of course, you will—that they also have their appetites in abeyance; they never want to eat, or drink, or sleep—are always at hand when required, without regard to time or space. Now there is a great beauty in this description of writing. The women adore it because they find their sex divested of those human necessities, without which they would indeed be angels! the mirror is held up to them, and they find themselves perfect—no wonder they are pleased. The other sex are also very glad to dwell upon female perfectability, which they can only find in a romance, although they have often dreamt of it in their younger days.

B. There is some truth in these remarks. Every milliner's girl, who devours your pages in bed by the half-hour's light of tallow stolen for the purpose, imagines a strong similarity between herself and your Angelicanarinella, and every shop-boy measuring tape or weighing yellow soap will find out attributes common to himself and to your hero.

A. Exactly. As long as you draw perfection in both sexes, you are certain to be read, because by so doing you flatter human nature and self-love, and transfer it to the individual who reads. Now a picture of real life——

B. Is like some of Wouvermans' best pictures, which will not be purchased by many, because his dogs in the fore-ground are doing exactly what all dogs will naturally do when they first are let out of their kennels.

A. Wouvermans should have known better, and made his dogs better mannered if he expected his pictures to be hung up in the parlour of refinement.

B. Very true.

A. Perhaps you would like to have another passage or two.

B. Excuse me: I will imagine it all. I only hope, Ansard, this employment will not interfere with your legal practice.

A. My dear Barnstaple, it certainly will not, because my legal practice cannot be interfered with. I have been called to the bar, but find no employment in my calling. I have been sitting in my gown and wig for one year, and may probably sit a dozen more, before I have to rise to address their lordships. I have not yet had a guinea brief. My only chance is, to be sent out as judge to Sierra Leone, or perhaps to be made a commissioner of the Court of Requests.

B. You are indeed humble in your aspirations. I recollect the time, Ansard, when you dreamt of golden fame, and aspired to the wool-sack—when your ambition prompted you to midnight labour, and you showed an energy——

A. (*putting his hands up to his forehead, with his elbows on the table.*) What can I do, Barnstaple? If I trust to briefs, my existence will be but brief—we all must live.

B. I will not reply as Richelieu did to a brother author, "Je ne vois pas la nécessité," but this I do say, that if you are in future to live by supplying the public with such nonsense, the shorter your existence the better.

S.W. and by W. $\frac{3}{4}$ W.

JACK LITTLEBRAIN was, physically considered, as fine grown, and moreover as handsome a boy as ever was seen, but it must be acknowledged that he was not very clever. Nature is, in most instances, very impartial; she has given plumage to the peacock, but, as everyone knows, not the slightest ear for music. Throughout the feathered race it is almost invariably the same; the homeliest clad are the finest songsters. Among animals the elephant is certainly the most intelligent, but, at the same time, he cannot be considered as a beauty. Acting upon this well ascertained principle, nature imagined, that she had done quite enough for Jack when she endowed him with such personal perfection; and did not consider it was at all necessary that he should be very clever; indeed, it must be admitted not only that he was not very clever, but (as the truth must be told) remarkably dull and stupid. However, the Littlebrains have been for a long while a well-known, numerous, and influential family, so that, if it were possible that Jack could have been taught anything, the means were forthcoming: he was sent to every school in the country; but it was in vain; at every following vacation, he was handed over from the one pedagogue to the other, of those whose names were renowned for the Busbian system of teaching by stimulating both ends: he was horsed every day and still remained an ass, and at the end of six months, if he did not run away before that period was over, he was invariably sent back to his parents as incorrigible and unteachable. What was to be done with him? The Littlebrains had always got on in the world,

somehow or another, by their interest and connections; but here was one who might be said to have no brains at all. After many *pros* and *cons*, and after a variety of consulting letters had passed between the various members of his family, it was decided, that as his maternal uncle, Sir Theophilus Blazers, G.C.B., was at that time the second in command in the Mediterranean, he should be sent to sea under his command; the Admiral, having in reply to a letter on the subject, answered that it was hard indeed if he did not lick him into some shape or another; and that, at all events, he'd warrant that Jack should be able to box the compass before he had been three months nibbling the ship's biscuit; further, that it was very easy to get over the examination necessary to qualify him for lieutenant, as a turkey and a dozen of brown stout sent in the boat with him on the passing day, as a present to each of the passing captains, would pass him, even if he were as incompetent as a camel (or, as they say at sea, a cable,) to pass through the eye of a needle; that having once passed, he would soon have him in command of a fine frigate, with a good nursing first lieutenant; and that if he did not behave himself properly, he would make his signal to come on board of the flag-ship, take him into the cabin, and give him a sound horsewhipping, as other admirals have been known to inflict upon their own sons under similar circumstances. The reader must be aware that, from the tenour of Sir Theophilus's letter, the circumstances which we are narrating must have occurred some fifty years ago.

When Jack was informed that he was to be a midshipman, he looked up in the most innocent way in the world (and innocent he was, sure enough), turned on his heels, and whistled as he went for want of thought. For the last three months he had been at home, and his chief employment was kissing and romping with the maids, who declared him to be the handsomest Littlebrain that the country had ever produced. Our hero viewed the preparations made for his departure with perfect indifference, and wished everybody good-bye with the utmost composure. He

was a happy, good-tempered fellow who never calculated, because he could not; never decided, for he had not wit enough to choose; never foresaw, although he could look straight before him; and never remembered, because he had no memory. The line, "If ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise," was certainly made especially for Jack: nevertheless he was not totally deficient: he knew what was good to eat or drink, for his taste was perfect, his eyes were very sharp, and he could discover in a moment if a peach was ripe on the wall; his hearing was quick, for he was the first in the school to detect the footsteps of his pedagogue; and he could smell anything savoury nearly a mile off, if the wind lay the right way. Moreover, he knew that if he put his fingers in the fire that he would burn himself; that knives cut severely; that birch tickled, and several other little axioms of this sort which are generally ascertained by children at an early age, but which Jack's capacity had not received until at a much later date. Such as he was, our hero went to sea; his stock in his sea-chest being very abundant, while his stock of ideas was proportionally small.

We will pass over all the trans-shipments of Jack until he was eventually shipped on board of the *Mendacious*, then lying at Malta with the flag of Sir Theophilus Blazers at the fore—a splendid ship, carrying 120 guns, and nearly 120 midshipmen of different calibres. (I pass over captain, lieutenant, and ship's company, having made mention of her most valuable qualifications.) Jack was received with a hearty welcome by his uncle, for he came in pudding-time, and was invited to dinner; and the Admiral made the important discovery, that if his nephew was a fool in other points, he was certainly no fool at his knife and fork. In a short time his messmates found out that he was no fool at his fists, and his knock-down arguments ended much disputation. Indeed, as the French would say, Jack was perfection in the *physique*, although so very deficient in the *morale*.

But if Pandora's box proved a plague to the whole

world, Jack had his individual portion of it, when he was summoned to *box* the compass by his worthy uncle Sir Theophilus Blazers; who in the course of six months discovered that he could not make his nephew box it in the three, which he had warranted in his letter; every day our hero's ears were boxed, but the compass never. It required all the cardinal virtues to teach him the cardinal points during the forenoon, and he made a point of forgetting them before the sun went down. Whenever they attempted it (and various were the teachers employed to drive the compass into Jack's head) his head drove round the compass; and try all he could, Jack never could compass it. It appeared, as some people are said only to have one idea, as if Jack could only have one *point* in his head at a time, and to that point he would stand like a well-broken pointer. With him the wind never changed until the next day. His uncle pronounced him to be a fool, but that did not hurt his nephew's feelings; he had been told so too often already.

I have said that Jack had a great respect for good eating and drinking, and, moreover, was blessed with a good appetite: every person has his peculiar fancies, and if there was anything which more titillated the palate and olfactory nerves of our hero, it was a roast goose with sage and onions. Now it so happened, that having been about seven months on board of the *Mendacious*, Jack had one day received a summons to dine with the Admiral, for the steward had ordered a roast goose for dinner, and knew not only that Jack was partial to it, but also that Jack was the Admiral's nephew, which always goes for something on board of a flag-ship. Just before they were sitting down to table, the Admiral wishing to know how the wind was, and having been not a little vexed with the slow progress of his nephew's nautical acquirements, said, "Now, Mr Littlebrain, go up, and bring me down word how the wind is; and mark me, as, when you are sent, nine times out of ten you make a mistake, I shall now bet you five guineas against your dinner, that

you make a mistake this time: so now be off and we will soon ascertain whether you lose your dinner or I lose my money. Sit down, gentlemen; we will not wait for Mr Littlebrain."

Jack did not much admire this bet on the part of his uncle, but still less did he like the want of good manners in not waiting for him. He had just time to see the covers removed, to scent a whiff of the goose, and was off.

"The Admiral wants to know how the wind is, sir," said Jack to the officer of the watch.

The officer of the watch went to the binnacle, and setting the wind as nearly as he could, replied, "Tell Sir Theophilus that it is *S.W. and by W. ¾ W.*"

"That's one of those confounded long points that I never can remember," cried Jack, in despair.

"Then you'll '*get goose*,' as the saying is," observed one of the midshipmen.

"No; I'm afraid that I sha'n't get any," replied Jack, despondingly. "What did he say, S.W. and by N. ¾ E.?"

"Not exactly," replied his messmate, who was a good-natured lad, and laughed heartily at Jack's version. "S.W. and by W. ¾ W."

"I never can remember it," cried Jack. "I'm to have five guineas if I do, and no dinner if I don't; and if I stay here much longer, I shall get no dinner at all events, for they are all terribly peckish, and there will be none left."

"Well, if you'll give me one of the guineas, I'll show you how to manage it," said the midshipman.

"I'll give you two, if you'll only be quick and the goose a'n't all gone," replied Jack.

The midshipman wrote down the point from which the wind blew, at full length, upon a bit of paper, and pinned it to the rim of Jack's hat. "Now," said he, "when you go into the cabin, you can hold your hat so as to read it, without their perceiving you."

"Well, so I can; I never should have thought of that," said Jack.

"You hav'n't wit enough," replied the midshipman.

"Well, I see no wit in the compass," replied Jack.

"Nevertheless, it's full of point," replied the midshipman; "now be quick."

Our hero's eyes served him well, if his memory was treacherous; and as he entered the cabin door he bowed over his hat very politely, and said, as he read it off, "S.W. and by W. ¾ W.," and then he added, without reading at all, "if you please, Sir Theophilus."

"Steward," said the Admiral, "tell the officer of the watch to step down."

"How's the wind, Mr Growler?"

"S.W. and by W. ¾ W.," replied the officer.

"Then, Mr Littlebrain, you have won your five guineas, and may now sit down and enjoy your dinner."

Our hero was not slow in obeying the order, and ventured, upon the strength of his success, to send his plate twice for goose. Having eaten their dinner, drunk their wine, and taken their coffee, the officers, at the same time, took the hint which invariably accompanies the latter beverage, made their bows and retreated. As Jack was following his seniors out of the cabin, the Admiral put the sum which he had staked into his hands, observing, that "it was an ill wind that blew nobody good."

So thought Jack, who, having faithfully paid the midshipman the two guineas for his assistance, was now on the poop keeping his watch, as midshipmen usually do; that is, stretched out on the signal lockers, and composing himself to sleep after the most approved fashion, answering the winks of the stars by blinks of his eyes, until at last he shut them to keep them warm. But, before he had quite composed himself, he thought of the goose and the five guineas. The wind was from the same quarter, blowing soft and mild; Jack lay in a sort of reverie, as it fanned his cheek, for the weather was close and sultry.

"Well," muttered Jack to himself, "I do love that point of the compass, at all events, and I think that I never

shall forget S.W. and by W. ¾ W. No I never—never liked one before, though——"

"Is that true?" whispered a gentle voice in his ear; "do you love 'S.W. and by W. ¾ W.,' and will you, as you say, never forget her?"

"Why, what's that?" said Jack, opening his eyes, and turning half round on his side.

"It's me—'S.W. and by W. ¾ W.,' that you say you love."

Littlebrain raised himself and looked round;—there was no one on the poop except himself and two or three of the after-guard, who were lying down between the guns. "Why, who was it that spoke?" said Jack, much astonished.

"It was the wind you love, and who has long loved you," replied the same voice; "do you wish to see me?"

"See you,—see the wind?—I've been already sent on that message by the midshipmen," thought Jack.

"Do you love me as you say, and as I love you?" continued the voice.

"Well, I like you better than any other point of the compass, and I'm sure I never thought I should like one of them," replied Jack.

"That will not do for me; will you love only me?"

"I'm not likely to love the others," replied Jack, shutting his eyes again; "I *hate* them all."

"And love me?"

"Well, I do love you, that's a fact," replied Jack, as he thought of the goose and the five guineas.

"Then look round, and you shall see me," said the soft voice.

Jack, who hardly knew whether he was asleep or awake, did at this summons once more take the trouble to open his eyes, and beheld a fairy female figure, pellucid as water, yet apparently possessing substance; her features were beautifully soft and mild, and her outline trembled and shifted as it were, waving gently to and fro. It smiled sweetly, hung over him, played with his chestnut

curls, softly touched his lips with her own, passed her trembling fingers over his cheeks, and its warm breath appeared as if it melted into his. Then it grew more bold,—embraced his person, searched into his neck and collar, as if curious to examine him.

Jack felt a pleasure and gratification which he could not well comprehend: once more the charmer's lips trembled upon his own, now remaining for a moment, now withdrawing, again returning to kiss and kiss again, and once more did the soft voice put the question—

"Do you love me?"

"Better than goose," replied Jack.

"I don't know who goose may be," replied the fairy form, as she tossed about Jack's waving locks; "you must love only me, promise me that before I am relieved."

"What, have you got the first watch, as well as me?" replied Jack.

"I am on duty just now, but I shall not be so long. We southerly winds are never kept long in one place; some of my sisters will probably be sent here soon."

"I don't understand what you talk about," replied Jack. "Suppose you tell me who you are, and what you are, and I'll do all I can to keep awake; I don't know how it is, but I've felt more inclined to go to sleep since you have been fanning me about, than I did before."

"Then I will remain by your side while you listen to me. I am, as I told you, a wind——"

"That's puzzling," said Jack, interrupting her.

"My name is 'S. W. and by W. $\frac{3}{4}$ W.'"

"Yes, and a very long name it is. If you wish me to remember you, you should have had a shorter one."

This ruffled the wind a little, and she blew rather sharp into the corner of Jack's eye,—however, she proceeded—

"You are a sailor, and of course you know all the winds on the compass by name."

"I wish I did; but I don't," replied Littlebrain, "I can recollect you, and not one other."

Again the wind trembled with delight on his lips, and she proceeded:—"You know that there are thirty-two points on the compass, and these points are divided into quarters; so that there are, in fact, 128 different winds."

"There are more than I could ever remember; I know that," said Jack.

"Well, we are in all 128. All the winds which have northerly in them, are coarse and ugly; all the southern winds are pretty."

"You don't say so?" replied our hero.

"We are summoned to blow, as required, but the hardest duty generally falls to the northerly winds, as it should do, for they are the strongest; although we southerly winds can blow hard enough when we choose. Our characters are somewhat different. The most unhappy in disposition, and I may say, the most malevolent, are the north and easterly winds; the N.W. winds are powerful, but not unkind; the S.E. winds vary, but, at all events, we of the S.W. are considered the mildest and most beneficent. Do you understand me?"

"Not altogether. You re going right round the compass, and I never could make it out, that's a fact. I hear what you say, but I cannot promise to recollect it; I can only recollect S.W. and by W. ¾ W."

"I care only for your recollecting me; if you do that, you may forget all the rest. Now you see we South Wests are summer winds, and are seldom required but in this season; I have often blown over your ship these last three months, and I always have lingered near you, for I loved you."

"Thank you—now go on, for seven bells have struck some time, and I shall be going to turn in. Is your watch out?"

"No, I shall blow for some hours longer. Why will you leave me—why wo'n't you stay on deck with me?"

"What, stay on deck after my watch is out! No, if I do, blow me! We midshipmen never do that—but I say, why can't you come down with me, and turn in my

hammock; it's close to the hatchway, and you can easily do it."

"Well, I will, upon one promise. You say that you love me, now I'm very jealous, for we winds are always supplanting one another. Promise me that you will never mention any other wind in the compass but me, for if you do, they may come to you, and if I hear of it I'll blow the masts out of your ship, that I will."

"You don't say so?" replied Jack, surveying her fragile, trembling form.

"Yes, I will, and on a lee shore too; so that the ship shall go to pieces on the rocks, and the Admiral and every soul on board her be drowned."

"No, you wouldn't, would you?" said our hero, astonished.

"Not if you promise me. Then I'll come to you and pour down your windsails, and dry your washed clothes as they hang on the rigging, and just ripple the waves as you glide along, and hang upon the lips of my dear love, and press him in my arms. Promise me, then, on no account ever to recollect or mention any other wind but me."

"Well, I think I may promise that," replied Jack, "for I'm very clever at forgetting; and then you'll come to my hammock, wo'n't you, and sleep with me? you'll be a nice cool bedfellow these warm nights."

"I can't sleep on my watch as midshipmen do; but I'll watch you while you sleep, and I'll fan your cheeks, and keep you cool and comfortable, till I'm relieved."

"And when you go, when will you come again?"

"That I cannot tell—when I'm summoned; and I shall wait with impatience, that you may be sure of."

"There's eight bells," said Jack, starting up; "I must go down and call the officer of the middle watch; but I'll soon turn in, for my relief is not so big as myself, and I can thrash him."

Littlebrain was as good as his word; he cut down his relief, and then thrashed him for venturing to expostulate. The consequence was, that in ten minutes he was in his

hammock, and "S.W. and by W. ¾ W." came gently down the hatchway, and rested in his arms. Jack soon fell fast asleep, and when he was wakened up the next morning by the quarter-master, his bedfellow was no longer there. A mate inquiring how the wind was, was answered by the quarter-master that they had a fresh breeze from the N.N.W., by which Jack understood that his sweetheart was no longer on duty.

Our hero had passed such a happy night with his soft and kind companion, that he could think of nothing else; he longed for her to come again, and, to the surprise of everybody, was now perpetually making inquiries as to the wind which blew. He thought of her continually; and in fact was as much in love with "S.W. and by W. ¾ W." as he possibly could be. She came again—once more did he enjoy her delightful company; again she slept with him in his hammock, and then, after a short stay, she was relieved by another.

We do not intend to accuse the wind of inconstancy, as that was not her fault; nor of treachery, for she loved dearly; nor of violence, for she was all softness and mildness; but we do say, that "S.W. and by W. ¾ W." was the occasion of Jack being very often in a scrape, for our hero kept his word; he forgot all other winds, and, with him, there was no other except his dear "S.W. and by W. ¾ W." It must be admitted of Jack, that, at all events, he showed great perseverance, for he stuck to his point.

Our hero would argue with his messmates, for it is not those who are most capable of arguing who are most fond of it; and, like all arguers not very brilliant, he would flounder and diverge away right and left, just as the flaws of ideas came into his head.

"What nonsense it is your talking that way," would his opponent say, "Why don't you come to the point?"

"And so I do," cried Jack.

"Well then, what is your point?"

"S.W. and by W. ¾ W.," replied our hero.

Who could reply to this? But in every instance, and through every difficulty, our hero kept his promise, until his uncle Sir Theophilus was very undecided, whether he should send him home to be locked up in a Lunatic Asylum, or bring him on in the service to the rank of post-captain. Upon mature consideration, however, as a man in Bedlam is a very useless member of society, and a tee-total non-productive, whereas a captain in the navy is a responsible agent, the Admiral came to the conclusion, that Littlebrain must follow up his destiny.

At last, Jack was set down as the greatest fool in the ship, and was pointed out as such. The ladies observed, that such might possibly be the case, but at all events he was the handsomest young man in the Mediterranean fleet. We believe that both parties were correct in their assertions.

Time flies—even a midshipman's time, which does not fly quite so fast as his money—and the time came for Mr Littlebrain's examination. Sir Theophilus, who now commanded the whole fleet, was almost in despair. How was it possible that a man could navigate a ship, with only one quarter point of the compass in his head?

Sir Theophilus scratched his wig; and the disposition of the Mediterranean fleet, so important to the country, was altered according to the dispositions of the captains who commanded the ships. In those days, there were martinets in the service; officers who never overlooked an offence, or permitted the least deviation from strict duty; who were generally hated, but at the same time were most valuable to the service. As for his nephew passing his examination before any of those of the first, or second, or even of the third degree, the Admiral knew that it was impossible. The consequence was, that one was sent away on a mission to Genoa, about nothing; another to watch for vessels never expected, off Sardinia; two more to cruise after a French frigate which had never been built: and thus, by degrees, did the Admiral arrange,

so as to obtain a set of officers sufficiently pliant to allow his nephew to creep under the gate which barred his promotion, and which he never could have vaulted over. So the signal was made—our hero went on board—his uncle had not forgotten the propriety of a little *douceur* on the occasion; and, as the turkeys were all gone, three couple of geese were sent in the same boat, as a present to each of the three passing captains. Littlebrain's heart failed him as he pulled to the ship; even the geese hissed at him, as much as to say, "If you were not such a stupid ass, we might have been left alive in our coops." There was a great deal of truth in that remark, if they did say so.

Nothing could have been made more easy for Littlebrain than his examination. The questions had all been arranged beforehand; and some kind friend had given him all the answers written down. The passing captains apparently suffered from the heat of the weather, and each had his hand on his brow, looking down on the table at the time that Littlebrain gave his answers, so that of course they did not observe that he was reading them off. As soon as Littlebrain had given his answer, and had had sufficient time to drop his paper under the table, the captains felt better and looked up again.

There were but eight questions for our hero to answer. Seven had been satisfactorily got through; then came the eighth, a very simple one:—"What is your course and distance from Ushant to the Start?" This question having been duly put, the captains were again in deep meditation, shrouding their eyes with the palms of their hands.

Littlebrain had his answer—he looked at the paper. What could be more simple than to reply?—and then the captains would have all risen up, shaken him by the hand, complimented him upon the talent he had displayed, sent their compliments to the commander-in-chief, and their thanks for the geese. Jack was just answering, "North ——"

"Recollect your promise!" cried a soft voice, which Jack well recollected.

Jack stammered—the captains were mute—and waited patiently.

"I must say it," muttered Jack.

"You shan't," replied the little Wind.

"Indeed I must," said Jack, "or I shall be turned back."

The captains, surprised at this delay and the muttering of Jack, looked up, and one of them gently inquired if Mr Littlebrain had not dropped his handkerchief or something under the table? and then they again fixed their eyes upon the green cloth.

"If you dare, I'll never see you again," cried "S.W. and by W. $\frac{3}{4}$ W.,"—"never come to your hammock,—but I'll blow the ship on shore, every soul shall be lost, Admiral and all; recollect your promise!"

"Then I shall never pass," replied Jack.

"Do you think that any other point in the compass shall pass you except me?—never! I'm too jealous for that; come now, dearest," and the Wind again deliciously trembled upon the lips of our hero, who could no longer resist.

"S.W. and by W. $\frac{3}{4}$ W.," exclaimed Jack firmly.

"You have made a slight mistake, Mr Littlebrain," said one of the captains. "*Look* again—I meant to say, *think* again."

"S.W. and by W. $\frac{3}{4}$ W.," again repeated Jack.

"Dearest! how I love you!" whispered the soft Wind.

"Why, Mr Littlebrain," said one of the captains, for Jack had actually laid the paper down on the table, "what's in the wind now?"

"She's obstinate," replied Jack.

"You appear to be so, at all events," replied the captain. "Pray try once more."

"I have it!" thought Jack, who tore off the last answer from his paper. "I gained five guineas by that plan once

before." He then handed the bit of paper to the passing captain: "I believe that's right, sir," said our hero.

"Yes, that is right; but could you not have said it instead of writing it, Mr Littlebrain?"

Jack made no reply; his little sweetheart pouted a little, but said nothing; it was an evasion which she did not like. A few seconds of consultation then took place, as a matter of form. Each captain asked of the other if he was perfectly satisfied as to Mr Littlebrain's capabilities, and the reply was in the affirmative; and they were perfectly satisfied, that he was either a fool or a madman. However, as we have had both in the service by way of precedent, Jack was added to the list, and the next day was appointed lieutenant.

Our hero did his duty as lieutenant of the forecastle; and as all the duty of that officer is, when hailed from the quarter-deck, to answer "*Ay, ay, sir*," he got on without making many mistakes. And now he was very happy; no one dared to call him a fool except his uncle; he had his own cabin, and many was the time that his dear little "S.W. and by W. ¾ W." would come in by the scuttle, and nestle by his side.

"You wo'n't see so much of me soon, dearest," said she, one morning, gravely.

"Why not, my soft one?" replied Jack.

"Don't you recollect that the winter months are coming on?"

"So they are," replied Jack. "Well, I shall long for you back."

And Jack did long, and long very much, for he loved his dear wind, and the fine weather which accompanied her. Winter came on, and heavy gales and rain, and thunder and lightning; nothing but double-reefed topsails, and wearing in succession; and our hero walked the forecastle, and thought of his favourite wind. The N.E. winds came down furiously, and the weather was bitter cold. The officers shook the rain and spray off their garments when their watch was over, and called for grog.

"Steward, a glass of grog," cried one, "and let it be strong."

"The same for me," said Jack; "only I'll mix it myself."

Jack poured out the rum till the tumbler was half full.

"Why, Littlebrain," said his messmate, "that is a dose, that's what we call a regular *Nor-wester*."

"Is it?" replied Jack. "Well then, Nor-westers suit me exactly, and I shall stick to them like cobbler's wax."

And during the whole of the winter months our hero showed a great predilection for Nor-westers.

It was in the latter end of February that there was a heavy gale; it had blown furiously from the northward for three days, and then it paused and panted as if out of breath—no wonder; and then the wind shifted, and shifted again, with squalls and heavy rain, until it blew from every quarter of the compass.

Our hero's watch was over, and he came down and called for a "Nor-wester" as usual.

"How is the wind, now?" asked the first lieutenant to the master, who came down dripping wet.

"S.S.W., but drawing now fast to the Westward," said old Spunyarn.

And so it was; and it veered round until "S.W. and by W. $\frac{3}{4}$ W.," with an angry gust, came down the sky-light, and blowing strongly into our hero's ear, cried—

"Oh! you false one!!"

"False!" exclaimed Jack. "What! you here, and so angry too?—what's the matter?"

"What's the matter!—do you think I don't know? What have you been doing ever since I was away, comforting yourself during my absence with *Nor-westers?*"

"Why, you an't jealous of a Nor-wester, are you?" replied Littlebrain. "I confess, I'm rather partial to them."

"What!—this to my face!—I'll never come again,—without you promise me that you will have nothing to do

with them, and never call for one again. Be quick—I cannot stay more than two minutes, for it is hard work now, and we relieve quick—say the word."

"Well, then," replied Littlebrain, "you've no objection to *half-and-half*?"

"None in the world; that's quite another thing, and has nothing to do with the wind."

"It has, though," thought Jack, "for it gets a man in the wind; but I wo'n't tell her so; and," continued he, "you don't mind a raw nip, do you?"

"No—I care for nothing except a Nor-wester."

"I'll never call for one again," replied Jack; "it is but making my grog a little stronger; in future it shall be *half-and-half*."

"That's a dear!—now I'm off, don't forget me;" and away went the wind in a great hurry.

It was about three months after this short visit, the fleet being off Corsica, that our hero was walking the deck, thinking that he soon should see the object of his affections, when a privateer brig was discovered at anchor a few miles from Bastia. The signal was made for the boats of the fleet to cut her out, and the Admiral, wishing that his nephew should distinguish himself somehow, gave him the command of one of the finest boats. Now Jack was as brave as brave could be; he did not know what danger was; he hadn't wit enough to perceive it, and there was no doubt but he would distinguish himself. The boats went on the service. Jack was the very first on board, cheering his men as he darted into the closed ranks of his opponents. Whether it was that he did not think that his head was worth defending, or that he was too busy in breaking the heads of others to look after his own; this is certain, that a tomahawk descended upon it with such force as to bury itself in his skull (and his was a thick skull, too). The privateer's men were overpowered by numbers, and then our hero was discovered, under a pile of bodies, still breathing heavily. He was hoisted on board, and taken into his uncle's cabin: the

surgeon shook his head when he had examined that of our hero.

"It must have been a most tremendous blow," said he to the Admiral, "to have penetrated——"

"It must have been, indeed," replied the Admiral, as the tears rolled down his cheeks; for he loved his nephew.

The surgeon having done all that his art would enable him, left the cabin to attend to the others who were hurt; the Admiral also went on the quarter-deck, walking to and fro for an hour in a melancholy mood. He returned to the cabin, and bent over his nephew; Jack opened his eyes.

"My dear fellow," said the Admiral, "how's your head now?"

"*S.W. and by W.* $\frac{3}{4}$ *W.*," faintly exclaimed our hero, constant in death, as he turned a little on one side and expired.

It was three days afterwards, as the fleet were on a wind, making for Malta, that the bell of the ship tolled, and a body, sewed up in a hammock and covered with the Union Jack, was carried to the gangway by the Admiral's bargemen. It had been a dull cloudy day, with little wind; the hands were turned up, the officers and men stood uncovered; the Admiral in advance with his arms folded, as the chaplain read the funeral service over the body of our hero,—and as the service proceeded, the sails flapped, for the wind had shifted a little; a motion was made, by the hand of the officer of the watch, to the man at the helm to let the ship go off the wind, that the service might not be disturbed, and a mizzling soft rain descended. The wind had shifted to our hero's much loved *point*, his fond mistress had come to mourn over the loss of her dearest, and the rain that descended were the tears which she shed at the death of her handsome but not over-gifted lover.

The Sky-blue Domino

It was a fine autumnal evening; I had been walking with a friend until dusk on the Piazza Grande, or principal square in the town of Lucca. We had been conversing of England, our own country, from which I had then banished myself for nearly four years, having taken up my residence in Italy to fortify a weak constitution, and having remained there long after it was requisite for my health from an attachment to its pure sky, and the *dolce far niente* which so wins upon you in that luxurious climate. We had communicated to each other the contents of our respective letters arrived by the last mail; had talked over politics, great men, acquaintances, friends, and kindred; and, tired of conversation, had both sank into a pleasing reverie as we watched the stars twinkling above us, when my friend rose hastily and bid me good-night.

"Where are you going, Alfred?" inquired I.

"I had nearly forgetten I had an appointment this evening. I promised to meet somebody at the Marquesa di Cesto's masquerade."

"Pshaw! are you not tired of these things?" replied I; "that eternal round of black masks and dominos of all colours; heavy harlequins, fools and clowns by nature wearing their proper dresses there, and only in masquerade when out of it; nuns who have no holiness in their ideas, friars without a spice of religion, ugly Venuses, Dianas without chastity, and Hebes as old as your grandmother."

"All very true, Herbert, and life itself is masquerade enough; but the fact is, that I have made an appointment: it is of importance, and I must not fail."

"Well, I wish you more amusement than I have

generally extracted from these burlesque meetings," replied I. "Adieu, and may you be successful!" And Albert hastened away.

I remained another half hour reclining on the bench, and then returned to my lodgings. My servant Antonio lighted the candle and withdrew. On the table lay a note; it was an invitation from the Marquesa. I threw it on one side and took up a book, one that required reflection and deep examination; but the rattling of the wheels of the carriages as they whirled along past my window would not permit me to command my attention. I threw down the book; and taking a chair at the window, watched the carriages full of masks as they rolled past, apparently so eager in the pursuit of pleasure. I was in a cynical humour. What fools, thought I, and yet what numbers will be there; there will be an immense crowd; and what can be the assignation which Albert said was of such consequence? Such was my reflection for the next ten minutes, during which at least fifty carriages and other vehicles had passed in review before me.

And then I thought of the princely fortune of the Marquesa, the splendid palazzo at which the masquerade was given, and the brilliant scene which would take place.

"The Grand Duke is to be there, and everybody of distinction in Lucca. I have a great mind to go myself."

A few minutes more elapsed. I felt that I was lonely, and I made up my mind that I would go. I turned from the window and rang the bell.

"Antonio, see if you can procure me a domino, a dark-coloured one if possible; and tell Carlo to bring the carriage round as soon as he can."

Antonio departed, and was away so long that the carriage was at the door previous to his return.

"Signor, I am sorry, very, very sorry; but I have run to every shop in Lucca, and there is nothing left but a sky-blue domino, which I have brought with me."

"Sky-blue! why, there will not be two sky-blue

dominos in the whole masquerade; I might as well tell my name at once, I shall be so conspicuous."

"You are as well hidden under a sky-blue domino as a black one, Signor, if you choose to keep your own secrets," observed Antonio.

"Very true," replied I; "give me my mask."

Enshrouding myself in the sky-blue domino, I went down the stairs, threw myself into the carriage, and directed Carlo to drive to the Palazzo of the Marquesa.

In half an hour we arrived at the entrance gates of the Marquesa's superb country seat. From these gates to the palazzo, a sweep of several hundred yards, the avenue through which the driver passed was loaded with variegated lamps, hanging in graceful festoons from branch to branch; and the notes of music from the vast entrance-hall of the palazzo floated through the still air. When I arrived at the area in front of the flight of marble steps which formed the entrance of the palazzo, I was astonished at the magnificence, the good taste, and the total disregard of expense which were exhibited. The palazzo itself appeared like the fabric built of diamonds and precious stones by the genii who obeyed the ring and lamp of Aladdin, so completely was its marble front hidden with a mass of many-coloured lamps, the reflection from whose galaxy of light rendered it bright as day for nearly one hundred yards around; various mottoes and transparencies were arranged in the walks nearest to the palazzo; and then all was dark, rendered still darker from the contrast with the flood of light which poured to a certain distance from the scene of festivity. Groups of characters and dominos were walking to and fro in every direction; most of them retracing their steps when they arrived at the sombre walks and alleys, some few pairs only continuing their route where no listeners were to be expected.

This is an animating scene, thought I, as the carriage stopped, and I am not sorry that I have made one of the party. As soon as I had descended, I walked up the flight of marble steps which led to the spacious hall in

which the major part of the company were collected. The music had, for a moment, ceased to play; and finding that the perfume of the exotics which decorated the hall was too powerful, I was again descending the steps, when my hand was seized and warmly pressed by one in a violet-coloured domino.

"I am so glad that you are come; we were afraid that you would not. I will see you again directly," said the domino; and it then fell back into the crowd and disappeared.

It immediately occurred to me that it was my friend Albert who spoke to me. "Very odd," thought I, "that he should have found me out!" And again I fell into the absurdity of imagining that because I had put on a conspicuous domino, I was sure to be recognised. "What can he want with me? He must be in some difficulty, some unexpected one, that is certain." Such were my reflections as I slowly descended the steps, occasionally pausing for a moment on one, as I was lost in conjecture, when I was again arrested by a slight slap on the shoulder. I looked around: it was a female; and although she wore her half-mask, it was evident that she was young, and I felt convinced that she was beautiful.

"Not a word," whispered she, putting her finger to her lip; "follow me." Of course I followed: who could resist such a challenge?

"You are late," said the incognito, when we had walked so far away from the palazzo as to be out of hearing of the crowd.

"I did not make up my mind to come until an hour ago," replied I.

"I was so afraid that you would not come. Albert was sure that you would. He was right. He told me just now that he had spoken to you."

"What! was that Albert in the rose-coloured domino?"

"Yes; but I dare not stay now,—my father will be looking for me. Albert is keeping him in conversation.

In half an hour he will speak to you again. Has he explained to you what has occurred?"

"Not one word."

"If he has not had time—and I doubt if he will have, as he must attend to the preparations—I will write a few lines, if I can, and explain, or at least tell you what to do; but I am so harassed, so frightened! We do indeed require your assistance. Adieu!" So saying the fair unknown tripped hastily away.

"What the deuce is all this?" muttered I, as I watched her retreating figure. "Albert said that he had an appointment, but he did not make me his confidant. It appears that something which has occurred this night occasions him to require my assistance. Well, I will not fail him."

For about half an hour I sauntered up and down between the lines of orange-trees which were dressed up with variegated lamps, and shed their powerful fragrance in the air: I ruminated upon what might be my friend's intentions, and what might be the result of an intrigue carried on in a country where the stiletto follows Love so close through all the mazes of his labyrinth, when I was again accosted by the violet-coloured domino.

"Hist!" whispered he, looking carefully round as he thrust a paper into my hand; "read this after I leave you. In one hour from this be you on this spot. Are you armed?"

"No," replied I; "but Albert——"

"You may not need it; but nevertheless take this,—I cannot wait." So saying he put a stiletto into my hand, and again made a hasty retreat.

It had been my intention to have asked Albert what was his plan, and further why he did not speak English instead of Italian, as he would have been less liable to be understood if overheard by eavesdroppers; but a little reflection told me that he was right in speaking Italian, as the English language overheard would have betrayed him, or at least have identified him as a foreigner.

"A very mysterious affair this!" thought I; "but

however, this paper will, I presume, explain the business. That there is a danger in it is evident, or he would not have given me this weapon;" and I turned the stiletto once or twice to the light of the lamp next to me, examining its blade, when, looking up, I perceived a black domino standing before me.

"It is sharp enough, I warrant," said the domino; "you have but to strike home. I have been waiting for you in the next walk, which I thought was to be our rendezvous. Here is a paper which you will fasten to his dress. I will contrive that he shall be here in an hour hence by a pretended message. After his death you will put this packet into his bosom;—you understand. Fail not: remember the one thousand sequins; and here is my ring, which I will redeem as soon as your work is done. The others will soon be here. The pass-word is 'Milano.' But I must not be seen here. Why a sky-blue domino? it is too conspicuous for escape;" and as I received from him the packet and ring, the black domino retreated through the orange grove which encircled us.

I was lost in amazement: there I stood with my hands full—two papers, a packet, a stiletto, and a diamond ring! "Well," thought I, "this time I am most assuredly taken for somebody else—for a bravo I am not. There is some foul work going on, which, perhaps, I may prevent." "But why a sky-blue domino?" said he. I may well ask the same question. "Why the deuce did I come here in a sky-blue domino, or any domino at all?" I put the ring on my finger, the stiletto and packet in my bosom, and then hastened away to the garden on the other side of the palazzo, that I might read the mysterious communication put into my hands by my friend Albert; and as I walked on, my love for admiration led me away so as to find myself pleased with the mystery and danger attending upon the affair; and feeling secure, now that I had a stiletto in my bosom for my defence, I resolved that I would go right through it until the whole affair should be unravelled.

I walked on till I had gained the last lamp on the other side of the palazzo. I held up to its light the mysterious paper: it was in Italian, and in a woman's handwriting.

"We have determined upon flight, as we cannot hope for safety here, surrounded as we are by stilettoes on every side. We feel sure of pardon as soon as the papers which Albert received by this day's mail, and which he will entrust to you when you meet again, are placed in my father's hands. We must have your assistance in removing our treasure. Our horses are all ready, and a few hours will put us in safety; but we must look to you for following us in your carriage, and conveying for me what would prove so great an incumbrance to our necessary speed. When Albert sees you again, he will be able to tell you where it is deposited. Follow us quick, and you will always have the gratitude of "VIOLA.

"P.S. I write in great haste, as I cannot leave my father's side for a moment without his seeking for me."

"What can all this mean? Albert told me of no papers by this day's mail. Viola! I never heard him mention such a name. He said to me, 'Read this, and all will be explained.' I'll be hanged if I am not as much in the dark as ever!—Follow them in my carriage with the treasure—never says where! I presume he is about to run off with some rich heiress. Confound this sky-blue domino! Here I am with two papers, a packet, a stiletto, and a ring; I am to receive another packet, and am to convey treasure. Well, it must solve itself—I will back to my post; but first let me see what is in this paper which I am to affix upon the man's dress after I have killed him." I held it up to the light, and read, in capital letters, "*The reward of a traitor!*" "Short and pithy," muttered I, as I replaced it in my pocket: "now I'll back to the spot of assignation, for the hour must be nearly expired."

As I retraced my steps, I again reverted to the com-

munication of Viola—"'Surrounded as we are by stilettoes on every side!' Why, surely Albert cannot be the person that I am required by the black domino to despatch; and yet it may be so—and others are to join me here before the hour is passed." A thought struck me: whoever the party might be whose life was to be taken, whether Albert or another, I could save him.

My reverie was again broken by a tap on the shoulder.

"Am I right? What is the pass-word?"

"Milano!" replied I, in a whisper.

"All's right, then—Giacomo and Tomaso are close by—I will fetch them."

The man turned away, and in a minute re-appeared with two others, bending as they forced their way under the orange-trees."

"Here we all are, Felippo," whispered the first. "*He* is to be here in a few minutes."

"Hush!" replied I, in a whisper, and holding up to them the brilliant ring which sparkled on my finger.

"Ah, Signor, I cry your mercy," replied the man, in a low voice; "I thought it was Felippo."

"Not so loud," replied I, still in a whisper. "All is discovered, and Felippo is arrested. You must away immediately. You shall hear from me to-morrow."

"Corpo di Bacco! Where, Signor? at the old place?"

"Yes—now away, and save yourselves."

In a few seconds the desperate men disappeared among the trees, and I was left alone.

"Slaves of the Ring, you have done my bidding at all events, this time," thought I, and I looked at the ring more attentively. It was a splendid solitaire diamond, worth many hundred crowns. "Will you ever find your way back to your lawful owner?" was the question in my mind when Albert made his appearance in his violet-coloured domino.

"'Twas imprudent of you to send me the paper by the black domino," said he, hastily. "Did I not tell you that

I would be here in an hour? We have not a moment to spare. Follow me quickly, and be silent."

I followed—the paper which Albert referred to needed no explanation; it was, indeed, the only part of the whole affair which I comprehended. He led the way to about three hundred yards of the path through the wood.

"There," said he, "in that narrow avenue, you will find my faithful negro with his charge. He will not deliver it up without you show him this ring." And Albert put a ring upon my finger.

"But, Albert,"—my mind misgave me—Albert never had a faithful negro to my knowledge; it must be some other person who had mistaken me for his friend,—"I am afraid,"—continued I——

"Afraid!—let me not hear you say that. You never yet knew fear," said he, interrupting me. "What have you to fear between this and Pisa? Your own horses will take you there in three hours. But here's the packet, which you must deliver yourself. Now that you know where the negro is, return to the palazzo, deliver it into his own hands, requesting his immediate perusal. After that do not wait a moment, but hasten here to your charge. While the Grand Duke is reading it I will escape with Viola."

"I really cannot understand all this," said I, taking the packet.

"All will be explained when we meet at Pisa. Away, now, to the Grand Duke—I will go to the negro and prepare him for your coming."

"But allow me——"

"Not a word more if you love me," replied the violet-coloured domino, who, I was now convinced, was not Albert; it was not his voice—there was a mystery and a mistake; but I had become so implicated that I felt I could not retreat without sacrificing the parties, whoever they might be.

"Well," said I, as I turned back to the palazzo, "I must go on now; for, as a gentleman and man of honour,

I cannot refuse. I will give the packet to the Grand Duke, and I will also convey his treasure to Pisa. Confound this sky-blue domino!"

As I returned to the palazzo, I was accosted by the black domino.

"Milano!" replied I.

"Is all right, Felippo?" said he, in a whisper.

"All is right, Signor," was my answer.

"Where is he?"

I pointed with my finger to a clump of orange-trees.

"And the paper and packet?"

I nodded my head.

"Then you had better away—I will see you to-morrow."

"At the old place, Signor?"

"Yes," replied the black domino, cutting into a cross-path, and disappearing.

I arrived at the palazzo, mounted the steps, forced my way through the crowd, and perceived the Grand Duke in an inner saloon, the lady who had accosted me leaning on his arm. It then occurred to me that the Grand Duke had an only daughter, whose name was Viola. I entered the saloon, which was not crowded, and walking boldly up to the Grand Duke, presented the packet, requesting that his Highness would give it his immediate attention. I then bowed, and hastened away, once more passed through the thronged hall, and gained the marble steps of the palazzo.

"Have you given it?" said a low voice close to me.

"I have," replied I; "but, Signor——"

"Not a word, Carlo: hasten to the wood, if you love me." And the violet-coloured domino forced his way into the crowd which filled the hall.

"Now for my journey to Pisa," said I. "Here I am, implicated in high treason, perhaps, in consequence of my putting on a sky-blue domino. Well, there's no help for it."

In a few minutes I had gained the narrow avenue, and having pursued it about fifty yards, perceived the glaring

eyes of the crouched negro. By the starlight, I could just distinguish that he had a basket, or something like one, before him.

"What do you come for, Signor?" said the negro, rising on his feet.

"For what has been placed under your charge; here is the ring of your master."

The negro put his fingers to the ring and felt it, that he might recognise it by its size and shape.

"Here it is, Signor," said he, lifting up the basket gently, and putting it into my arms. It was not heavy, although somewhat cumbrous from its size.

"Hark! Signor, there is confusion in the palazzo. You must be quick, and I must not be seen with you." And away darted the negro like lightning through the bushes.

I also hastened away with the basket (contents unknown), for it appeared to me that affairs were coming to a crisis. I heard people running different ways, and voices approaching me. When I emerged from the narrow avenue, I perceived several figures coming down the dark walk at a rapid pace, and, seized with a sort of panic, I took to my heels. I soon found that they were in pursuit, and I increased my speed. In the gloom of the night, I unfortunately tripped over a stone, and fell with the basket to the ground; and then the screams from within informed me that the treasure intrusted to my safe keeping was a child. Fearful that it was hurt, and forgetting, for the time, the danger of being captured, I opened the lid, and examined its limbs, while I tried to pacify it; and while I was sitting down in my sky-blue domino, thus occupied in hushing a baby, I was seized by both shoulders, and found myself a prisoner.

"What is the meaning of this rudeness, Signors?" said I, hardly knowing what to say.

"You are arrested by order of the Grand Duke," was the reply.

"I am arrested!—why?—I am an Englishman!"

"That makes no difference; the orders are to arrest all found in the garden in sky-blue dominos."

"Confound the sky-blue domino!" thought I, for the twentieth time at least. "Well, Signors, I will attend you; but first let me try to pacify this poor frightened infant."

"Strange that he should be found running away with a child at the same time that the Lady Viola has disappeared!" observed one of my captors.

"You are right, Signors," replied I; "it is very strange; and what is more strange is, that I can no more explain it than you can. I am now ready to accompany you. Oblige me by one of you carrying the basket while I take care of the infant."

In a few minutes we had arrived at the palazzo. I had retained my mask, and I was conducted through the crowd into the saloon into which I had previously entered when I delivered the packet to the Grand Duke.

"There he is! there he is!" was buzzed through the crowd in the hall. "Holy Virgin! he has a child in his arms! *Bambino Bellissimo!*" Such were the exclamations of wonder and surprise as they made a lane for my passage, and I was in the presence of the Grand Duke, who appeared to be in a state of great excitement.

"It is the same person!" exclaimed the Duke. "Confess! are you not the party who put a packet into my hands about a quarter of an hour since?"

"I am the person, your Highness," replied I, as I patted and soothed the frightened child.

"Who gave it to you?"

"May it please your Highness, I do not know."

"What child is that?"

"May it please your Highness, I do not know."

"Where did you get it?"

"Out of that basket, your Highness."

"Who gave you the basket?"

"May it please your Highness, I do not know."

"You are trifling with me. Let him be searched."

"May it please your Highness, I will save them that trouble if one of the ladies will take the infant. I have received a great many presents this evening, all of which I will have the honour of displaying before your Highness."

One of the ladies held out her arms to the infant, who immediately bent from mine toward her, naturally clinging to the other sex as its friend in distress.

"In the first place, your Highness, I have this evening received this ring," taking off my finger the one given by the party in a violet-coloured domino, and presenting it to him.

"And from whom?" said his Highness, instantly recognising the ring.

"May it please your Highness, I do not know. I have also received another ring, your Highness," continued I, taking off the ring given me by the black domino.

"And who gave you this?" interrogated the Duke, again evidently recognising it.

"May it please your Highness, I do not know. Also, this stiletto, but from whom, I must again repeat, I do not know. Also, this packet, with directions to put it into a dead man's bosom."

"And you are, I presume, equally ignorant of the party who gave it to you?"

"Equally so, your Highness; as ignorant as I am of the party who desired me to present you with the other packet which I delivered. Here is also a paper I was desired to pin upon a man's clothes after I had assassinated him."

"Indeed!—and to this, also, you plead total ignorance?"

"I have but one answer to give to all, your Highness, which is, I do not know."

"Perhaps, sir, you do not know your own name or profession," observed his Highness, with a sneer.

"Yes, your Highness," replied I, taking off my mask, "that I do know. I am an Englishman, and, I trust, a gentleman, and a man of honour. My name is Herbert;

and I have more than once had the honour to be a guest at your Highness's entertainments."

"Signor, I recognise you," replied the Grand Duke. "Let the room be cleared—I must speak with this gentleman alone."

When the company had quitted the saloon, I entered into a minute detail of the events of the evening, to which his Highness paid the greatest attention; and when I had finished, the whole mystery was unravelled to me by him, and with which I will now satisfy the curiosity of my readers.

The Grand Duke had one daughter, by name Viola, whom he had wished to marry to Rodolph, Count of Istria; but Viola had met with Albert, Marquis of Salerno, and a mutual attachment had ensued. Although the Grand Duke would not force his daughter's wishes and oblige her to marry Count Rodolph, at the same time he would not consent to her espousals with the Marquis Albert. Count Rodolph had discovered the intimacy between Viola and the Marquis of Salerno, and had made more than one unsuccessful attempt to get rid of his rival by assassination. After some time, a private marriage with the marquis had been consented to by Viola; and a year afterwards the Lady Viola retired to the country, and without the knowledge, or even suspicions, of her father, had given birth to a male child, which had been passed off as the offspring of one of the ladies of the court who was married, and to whom the secret had been confided.

At this period the secret societies, especially the *Carbonari*, had become formidable in Italy, and all the crowned heads and reigning princes were using every exertion to suppress them. Count Rodolph was at the head of these societies, having joined them to increase his power, and to have at his disposal the means of getting rid of his rival. Of this the Marquis of Salerno had received intimation, and for some time had been trying to obtain proof against the count; for he knew that if

once it was proved, Count Rodolph would never be again permitted to appear in the state of Lucca. On the other hand, Count Rodolph had been making every arrangement to get rid of his rival, and had determined that it should be effected at this masquerade.

The Marquis of Salerno had notice given him of this intention, and also had on that morning obtained the proof against Count Rodolph, which he was now determined to forward to the Grand Duke; but, aware that his assassination by the *Carbonari* was to be attempted, and also that the wrath of the Grand Duke would be excessive when he was informed of their private marriage, he resolved to fly with his wife to Pisa, trusting that the proofs of Count Rodolph being connected with the *Carbonari*, and a little time, would soften down the Grand Duke's anger. The marquis had arranged that he should escape from the Duke's dominions on the night of the masquerade, as it would be much easier for his wife to accompany him from thence than from the Grand Duke's palace, which was well guarded; but it was necessary that they should travel on horseback, and they could not take their child with them. Viola would not consent that it should be left behind; and on this emergency he had written to his friend, the Count d'Ossore, to come to their assistance at the masquerade, and, that they might recognise him, to wear a sky-blue domino, a colour but seldom put on. The Count d'Ossore had that morning left his town mansion on a hunting excursion, and did not receive the letter, of which the marquis and Viola were ignorant. Such was the state of affairs at the time that I put on the sky-blue domino to go to the masquerade.

My first meeting with the marquis in his violet-coloured domino is easily understood: being in a sky-blue domino I was mistaken for the Count d'Ossore. I was myself led into the mistake by the Marquis Albert having the same Christian name as my English friend. The second meeting with the Count Rodolph, in the black domino, was acci-

dental. The next walk had been appointed as the place of meeting with the *Carbonari* Felippo and his companions; but Count Rodolph, perceiving me examining my stiletto by the light of the lamp, presumed that I was Felippo, and that I had mistaken the one path for the other which had been agreed upon. The papers given to me by Count Rodolph were *Carbonari* papers, which were to be hid in the marquis's bosom after he had been assassinated, to make it appear that he had belonged to that society, and by the paper affixed to his clothes, that he had been murdered by the agents of the society for having betrayed them. The papers which the marquis had requested me to give to the Grand Duke were the proofs of Count Rodolph's belonging to the secret society; and with those papers was enclosed a letter to the Grand Duke, in which they acknowledged their secret union. And now, I believe, the reader will comprehend the whole of this mysterious affair.

After all had been explained, I ventured to ask his Highness if he would permit me to fulfil my promise of taking the child to its mother, as I considered it a point of honour that I should keep my engagement, the more so, as the delay would occasion the greatest distress to his daughter; and I ventured to add, that I trusted his Highness would pardon what could not now be remedied, and that I should have the satisfaction of being the bearer of such pleasing intelligence to his daughter and the marquis.

The Grand Duke paced the room for a minute, and then replied, "Signor Herbert, I feel so disgusted with the treachery and baseness of Count Rodolph, that I hardly need observe, if my daughter were free he never should espouse her; indeed, he will have immediate orders to quit the state. You have been instrumental in preserving the life of the Marquis of Salerno, who is my son-in-law, and as matters now stand, I am indebted to you. Your dismissal of the bravos, by means of the count's ring, was a masterly stroke. You shall have the pleasure of taking my forgive-

ness to my daughter and her husband; but as for the child, it may as well remain here. Tell Viola I retain it as a hostage for the quick return of its mother."

I took my leave of his Highness, and hastened to Pisa, where I soon found out the retreat of the marquis and his wife. I sent up my name, requesting immediate admittance, as having a message from the Grand Duke. I found them in great distress. The Count d'Ossore had returned late on the night of the masquerade, found the letter, hastened to the Marquesa de Cesto's, and had arrived just after the elopement had been discovered. He immediately followed them to Pisa, when an explanation took place, and they discovered that they had been communicating with some unknown person, by whom they had, in all probability, been betrayed.

It would be difficult to portray their astonishment and joy when I entered into a detail of what had occurred, and wound up with the message from the Grand Duke; and I hardly need add, now that I wind up my story, that the proofs of gratitude I received from the marquis and his wife, during my subsequent residence in Italy, left me no occasion to repent that I had gone to the masquerade of the Marquesa de Cesto, in a Sky-blue Domino.

Modern Town Houses

I HAVE often thought, when you consider the difference of comfort between houses built from sixty to a hundred years back, in comparison with the modern edifices, that the cry of the magician in "Aladdin," had he called out "new houses," instead of "new lamps," for old ones, would not have appeared so very absurd. It was my good fortune, for the major part of my life, to occupy an ancient house, built, I believe, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. My father lived in it before I was in existence: I was born in it, and it was bequeathed to me. It has since been my misfortune to have lived three years in one of the modern-built houses; and although I have had my share of the ills to which we all are heir, I must date my real unhappiness from the first month after I took possession. With your permission, I will enter into my history, as it may prove a warning to others, who will not remember the old proverb of "*Let well alone.*"

I am a married man, with six children; my three eldest are daughters, and have now quitted a school, near Portman-square, to which my wife insisted upon my sending them, as it was renowned for finishing young ladies. Until their return to domiciliate themselves under my roof, I never heard a complaint of my house, which was situated at Brompton. It was large, airy, and comfortable, with excellent shrubberies, and a few acres of land; and I possessed every comfort and even luxury which could be rationally required, my wife and daughters having their carriage, and in every respect my establishment being that of a gentleman.

I had not, however, taken my daughters from school

more than two months, before I was told that we were "living out of the world," although not a mile and a half from Hyde Park Corner; and, to my surprise, my wife joined in the cry; it was always from morn to night, "We might do this but, we cannot do this, because we are here quite out of the world." It was too far to dine out in town; too far for people to come and dine with us; too far to go to the play, or the opera; too far to drive in the park; too far even to walk in Kensington Gardens. I remonstrated, that we had managed to dine out, to receive visitors, and to enjoy all other amusements very well for a considerable number of years, and that it did not appear to me that Brompton had walked away from London, on the contrary, that London was making rapid advances towards Brompton; but it would not do,—all day the phrase rang in my ears, "out of the world," until I almost began to wish that I was out too. But it is no use having the best of an argument when opposed to women. I had my choice, either to give up my house, and take another in London, or to give up my peace. With an unwilling sigh, I at last consented to leave a place dear to me, from long association and many reminiscences; and it was arranged that Brompton Hall was to be let, or sold, and that we were to look out immediately for a house in some of the squares in the metropolis. If my wife and daughters found that the distance from London was too far for other purposes, at all events it was not too far for house-hunting. They were at it incessantly week after week; and, at last, they fixed upon one in the neighbourhood of Belgrave-square, which, as they repeated, possessed all the cheerfulness and fresh air of the country, with all the advantages of a town residence. The next day I was to be dragged to see it, and give my opinion; at the same time, from the commendations bestowed upon it previous to my going, I felt assured that I was expected to give *their* opinion, and not my own.

The next day, accordingly, we repaired thither, setting off immediately after breakfast, to meet the surveyor and

builder, who was to be on the spot. The house in question was one of a row just building, or built, whitened outside, in imitation of stone. It was No. 2. No. 1 was finished; but the windows still stained with the drippings of the whitewash and colouring. No. 2, the one in question, was complete; and, as the builder asserted, ready for immediate occupation. No. 3 was not so far advanced. As for the others, they were at present nothing but carcases, without even the front steps built to them; and you entered them by a drawbridge of planks.

The builder stood at the front door, and bowed most respectfully. "Why," observed I, looking at the piles of mortar, lime, and bricks, standing about in all directions, "we shall be smothered with dust and lime for the next two years."

"Don't be alarmed, sir," replied the builder; "every house in the row will be finished before the winter. We really cannot attend to the applications for them."

We entered the house.

"Is not the entrance handsome?" observed my wife; "so neat and clean."

To this I had not a reply to make; it certainly did look neat and clean.

We went into the dining-room. "What a nice room!" exclaimed my eldest daughter. "How many can we dine in this room?"

"Um!" replied I; "about twelve, I suppose, comfortably."

"Dear me!" observed the builder; "you have no notion of the size of the house; rooms are so deceiving, unfurnished. You may sit down twenty with ease; I'll appeal to the lady. Don't you think so, ma'am?"

"Yes, I do," replied my wife.

After that we went over the drawing-rooms, bedrooms, and attics.

Every bedroom was apportioned by my wife and daughters, and the others were allotted to the servants;

and that in the presence of the builder, who took good note of all that passed.

The kitchen was admired; so were the pantry, scullery, coal-hole, dust-hole, &c.; all so nice and clean; so compact; and, as the builder observed, not a nail to drive anywhere.

"Well, my dear, what do you think now? isn't it a charming house?" said my wife, as we re-ascended into the dining-parlour.

"It's a very nice house, my dear; but still it requires a little consideration," replied I.

"Consideration, my dear!" replied my wife; "what! now that you have gone over it?"

"I am afraid that I cannot give you very long, sir," observed the builder; "there are two other parties after the house, and I am to give them an answer by two o'clock."

"Mr Smithers told me the same yesterday," whispered my wife.

"What did you say the rent was, Mr Smithers?"

"Only £200 per annum.

"Any ground-rent?"

"Only £27, 10*s*."

"And the taxes?"

"Oh, they will be a mere trifle."

"The rent appears to me to be very high."

"High, my dear sir! consider the situation, the advantages. We can't build them fast enough at that price. But of course, sir, you best know," replied he, carelessly walking towards the window.

"Take it, my dear," said my wife.

"You must take it, papa."

"Pray take it, papa."

"Mr Whats-your-name, I beg your pardon——"

"Smithers, sir," said the builder, turning round.

"Pray, Mr Smithers, what term of lease do you let at?"

"Seven, fourteen, or twenty-one, at the option of either party, sir."

"I should have no objection to take it for three years."

"Three years, my dear sir!—that would be doing yourself an injustice. You would lose half the value of your fixtures provided you left—and then the furniture. Depend upon it, sir, if you once get into it, you will never wish to leave it."

"That may or not be," replied I; "but I will not take it for more than three years. The town-air may not agree with me; and if, as you say, people are so anxious to take the houses, of course it can make no difference to you."

"I'm afraid, sir, that for so short a time——"

"I will not take it for longer," replied I, rising up, glad of an excuse to be off.

"Oh, papa!"

"My dear Mr B——"

"On that point," replied I, "I will not be overruled. I will not take a lease for more than three years, with the right of continuing if I please."

The builder perceived that I was in earnest.

"Well, sir," replied he, "I hardly know what to say; but rather than disappoint the ladies, I will accept you as a tenant for three years certain."

Confound the fellow, thought I; but I was pinned, and there was an end of the matter. Mr Smithers pulled out paper and ink; two letters of agreement were written upon a small deal table, covered with blotches of various-coloured paints; and the affair was thus concluded.

We got into the carriage and drove home, my wife and daughters in ecstasies, and I obliged to appear very well satisfied, that I might not damp their spirits; yet I must say that although the house appeared a very nice house, I had my forebodings.

"At all events," thought I, "the lease is only for three years;" and thus I consoled myself.

The next day the whole house was in commotion. I believe my wife and daughters were up at daybreak. When I went into the breakfast-room, I discovered that the pictures had been taken down, although there was no

chance of their being hung up for many weeks at least, and everything was in preparation for packing up. After breakfast my wife set off for town to order carpets and curtains, and did not come home till six o'clock, very tired with the fatigues of the day. She had also brought the measure of every grate, to ascertain what fenders would suit; the measure of the bedrooms and attics, to remodel the carpets; for it was proposed that Brompton Hall should be disposed of, the new occupier taking at a valuation what furniture might be left. To this I appeared to consent; but was resolved in my own mind that, if taken, it should only be for the same term of years as my new lease. I will pass over a month of hurry, bustle, and confusion; at the end of which I found myself in our new habitation. It was completely furnished, with the exception of the drawing-room carpet, which had not been laid down, but was still in a roll tied up with packthread in the middle of the room. The cause of this I soon understood from my wife. It was always the custom, she said, to give a house-warming upon entering a new house, and she therefore proposed giving a little dance. To this, as it would please her and my daughters, I raised no objection.

I have always observed that what is proposed as a little dance invariably ends in a great one; for from the time of proposing till the cards are about, it increases like a snowball; but that arises, perhaps, from the extreme difficulty of knowing when to draw the line between friends and acquaintances. I have also observed that when your wife and daughters intend such a thing, they always obtain permission for the ball first, and then tack on the supper afterwards; commencing with a mere stand-up affair—sandwiches, cakes, and refreshments, and ending with a regular sit-down affair, with Gunter presiding over all. The music from two fiddles and a piano also swells into Collinet's band—verifying the old adage, "In for a penny, in for a pound." But to all this I gave my consent; I could afford it well, and I liked to please my wife and

daughters. The ball was given, and this house-warming ended in house-breaking; for just before the supper-quadrille, as it was termed, when about twenty-four young ladies and gentlemen were going the grand ronde, a loud noise below, with exclamations and shrieks, was heard, and soon afterwards the whole staircase was smothered with dust.

"What *is* the matter?" cried my wife, who had passed to the landing-place on the stairs before me.

"Ma'am," said one of Mr Gunter's men, shaking the lappets of his blue coat, which were covered with white dust, "the whole ceiling of the dining-room has come down."

"Ceiling come down!" screamed my wife.

"Yes, ma'am," replied our own servant; "and the supper and supper-tables are all smashed flat with the weight on it."

Here was a catastrophe. My wife hastened down, and I followed. Sure enough the weight of mortar had crushed all beneath it—all was chaos and confusion. Jellies, blancmanges, patés, cold roasts, creams, trifles—all in one mass of ruin, mixed up with lime, horse-hair, plaster of Paris, and stucco. It wore all the appearance of a Swiss avalanche in miniature.

"Good heavens, how dreadful!" exclaimed my wife.

"How much more so if there had been people in the room," replied I.

"What could be the cause of it?" exclaimed my wife.

"These new houses, sir, won't bear dancing in," observed Mr Gunter's head man.

"So it appears," replied I.

This unfortunate accident was the occasion of the party breaking up: they knew that there was no chance of supper, which they had looked forward to; so they put on their shawls and departed, leaving us to clear up the wreck at our leisure. In fact, as my daughters declared, it quite spoiled the ball as well as the supper.

The next morning I sent for Mr Smithers, who made his appearance, and showed him what had taken place.

"Dear me, I'm very sorry; but you had too many people above stairs—that is very clear."

"Very clear, indeed, Mr Smithers. We had a ball last night."

"A ball, sir! Oh, then no wonder."

"No wonder! What! do you mean to say that balls are not to be given?"

"Why, really, sir, we do not build private houses for ball-rooms—we could not, sir; the price of timber just now is enormous, and the additional strength required would never pay us."

"What then! do you mean to say that there are no balls to be given in London?"

"Oh no, sir!—certainly not; but you must be aware that few people do. Even our aristocracy hire Willis's rooms for their balls. Some of the old houses indeed, such as Devonshire House, may do for such a thing."

"But, Mr Smithers, I expect you will make this ceiling good."

"Much obliged to you sir, for giving me the preference—I will do it as reasonable as anybody," replied Mr Smithers, bowing. "I will order my workmen directly—they are only next door."

For a fortnight we were condemned to dine in the back dining-room; and after that Mr Smithers sent in a bill which cost me more than the ball and supper.

So soon as all was right again, I determined that I would hang up my pictures; for I had been accustomed to look at them for years, and I missed them. I sent for a carpenter and gave him directions.

"I have the middle now, sir, exactly," said the man, standing on the high steps; "but," continued he, tapping with his hammer, "I can't find wood."

"Can't find wood!"

"No, sir," replied the man, tapping as far as he could

reach from right to left; "nothing to nail to, sir But there never is no wood in these new-built houses."

"Confound your new houses!" exclaimed I.

"Well, it is very provoking, my dear!" exclaimed my wife.

"I suppose that their new houses are not built for pictures any more than for balls," replied I; and I sighed. "What must be done?"

"I think, sir, if you were to order brass rods to be fixed from one corner to the other, we might find means to fasten them," observed the carpenter; "but there's no wood, that's certain."

"What the devil is the house built of then?" exclaimed I.

"All lath and plaster, sir," replied the man, tapping right and left.

At a heavy expense I procured the rods, and at last the pictures were hung up.

The next annoyance that we had was a very bad smell, which we found to proceed from the drains; and the bricklayers were sent for. All the drains were choked, it appeared, from their being so very narrow; and after having up the whole basement, at the expense of £40, that nuisance was abated.

We now had two months' repose, and I was in hopes that things would go on more comfortably; but one day I overheard a conversation between my wife and daughters, as I passed by the door of the room, which I must candidly acknowledge gave me satisfaction.

"It's really very awkward, mamma—one don't know where to put anything: there's not a cupboard or stow-hole in the whole house—not even a store-room."

"Well, it is so, my dear; I wonder we did not observe it when we looked over it. What a nice set of cupboards we had at Brompton Hall."

"Oh! yes—I wish we had them here, mamma. Couldn't we have some built?"

"I don't like to speak to your papa about it, my dear;

he has already been put to such expense, what with the ceiling and the drains."

"Then don't, mamma; papa is really very good-natured."

The equinoxes now came on, and we had several gales of wind, with heavy rain—the slates blew off and rattled up and down all night, while the wind howled round the corner of the square. The next morning complaints from all the attic residents; one's bed was wetted quite through with the water dropping through the ceiling—another had been obliged to put a basin on the floor to catch the leak—all declared that the roof was like a sieve. Sent again for Mr Smithers, and made a complaint.

"This time, Mr Smithers," said I, with the lease in my hand, "I believe you will acknowledge these are landlord's repairs."

"Certainly, sir, certainly," exclaimed Mr Smithers; "I shall desire one of my men to look to it immediately; but the fact is, with such heavy gales, the slates must be expected to move a little. Duchesses and countesses are very light, and the wind gets underneath them."

"Duchesses and countesses very light!" exclaimed my wife; "what do you mean?"

"It's the term we give to slates, madam," replied he; "we cannot put on a heavy roof with a brick-and-a-half wall. It would not support one."

"*Brick-and-a-half* wall!" exclaimed I;—"surely, Mr Smithers, that's not quite safe with a house so high."

"Not quite safe, my dear sir, if it were a single house; but," added he, "in a row, one house supports another."

"Thank Heaven," thought I, "I have but a three-years' lease, and sixth months are gone already."

But the annoyances up to this period were internal; we now had to experience the external nuisances attending a modern-built house.

"No. 1 is taken, papa, and they are getting the furniture in," said my eldest daughter one day; "I hope we shall have nice neighbours. And William told Mary that Mr

Smithers told him, when he met him in the street, that he was now going to fit up No. 3 as fast as he could."

The report was true, as we found from the report of the carpenters' hammers for the next three or four weeks. We could not obtain a moment's sleep except in the early part of the night, or a minute's repose to our ears during the day. The sound appeared as if it was *in* our house instead of next door; and it commenced at six o'clock in the morning, and lasted till seven in the evening. I was hammered to death; and, unfortunately, there was a constant succession of rain, which prevented me from going out to avoid it. I had nothing to do but to watch my pictures, as they jumped from the wall with the thumps of the hammers. At last No. 3 was floored, wainscotted and glazed, and we had a week's repose.

By this time No. 1 was furnished, and the parties who had taken it came in. They were a gouty old gentleman, and his wife, who, report said, had once been his cook. My daughters' hopes of pleasant neighbours were disappointed. Before they had been in a week, we found ourselves at issue: the old gentleman's bed was close to the partition-wall, and in the dead of the night we could distinctly hear his groans, and also his execrations and exclamations, when the fit came on him. My wife and daughters declared that it was quite horrible, and that they could not sleep for them.

Upon the eighth day there came a note:—

"Mrs Whortleback's compliments to Mr and Mrs ———, and begs that the young people will not play on the piany, as Mr Whortleback is very ill with the gout."

Now, my daughters were proficients on the piano, and practised a great deal. This note was anything but satisfactory: to play when the old gentleman was ill would be barbarous,—not to play was to deprive ourselves of our greatest pleasure.

"Oh dear! how very disagreeable," cried my daughters.

"Yes, my dear; but if we can hear his groans, it's no

wonder that he can hear the piano and harp: recollect the wall is only a brick and a half thick."

"I wonder music don't soothe him," observed the eldest.

Music is mockery to a man in agony. A man who has been broken on the wheel would not have his last hours soothed by the finest orchestra. After a week, during which we sent every day to inquire after Mr Whortleback's health, we ventured to resume the piano and harp; upon which the old gentleman became testy, and sent for a man with a trumpet, placing him in the balcony, and desiring him to play as much out of tune as possible whenever the harp and piano sounded a note. Thus were we at open hostility with our only neighbour; and, as we were certain if my daughters touched their instruments, to have the trumpet blowing discord for an hour or two either that day or the next, at last the piano was unopened, and the harp remained in its case. Before the year closed, No. 3 became tenanted; and here we had a new annoyance. It was occupied by a large family; and there were four young ladies who were learning music. We now had our annoyance: it was strum, strum, all day long; one sister up, another down; and every one knows what a bore the first lessons in music are to those who are compelled to hear them. They could just manage to play a tune, and that eternal tune was ringing in our ears from morning to night. We could not send our compliments, or blow a trumpet. We were forced to submit to it. The nursery also being against the partition-wall, we had the squalls and noise of the children on the one side, added to groans and execrations of the old gentleman on the other.

However, custom reconciled us to everything, and the first vexation gradually wore off. Yet I could not help observing that when I was supposed not to be in hearing, the chief conversation of my wife, when her friends called upon her, consisted of a description of all the nuisances and annoyances that we suffered; and I felt assured that she and my daughters were as anxious to return to

Brompton Hall as I was. In fact, the advantages which they had anticipated by their town residence were not realised. In our situation, we were as far off from most of our friends, and still farther from some than we were before, and we had no longer the same amusements to offer them. At our former short distance from town, access was more easy to those who did not keep a carriage, that is, the young men; and those were the parties who, of course, my wife and daughters cared for most. It was very agreeable to come down with their portmanteaus,—enjoy the fresh air and green lanes of the country for an afternoon,—dine, sleep, and breakfast, and return the next morning by conveyances which passed us every quarter of an hour; but to dine with us in ——— square, when the expense of a hackney-coach there and back was no trifle, and to return at eleven o'clock at night, was not at all agreeable. We found that we had not so much society, nor were we half so much courted, as at Brompton Hall. This was the bitterest blow of all, and my wife and daughters would look out of the windows and sigh; often a whole day passed without one friend or acquaintance dropping in to relieve its monotony.

We continued to reside there, nevertheless, for I had made up my mind that the three years would be well spent if they cured my wife and daughters of their town mania; and although anxious as I am sure they were to return, I never broached the matter, for I was determined that the cure should be radical. Nos. 4, 5, 6, 7, and 8, were finished the next year, and, by the persuasions of Mr Smithers, were taken by different parties in the spring. And now we had another nuisance. Nothing but eternal rings at the bell. The man-servant grumbled, and was behind with his work; and when scolded, replied that there was no time for anything, that when cleaning his knives and plate the bell was rung, and he was obliged to wash himself, throw on his jacket, and go up to answer the front door; that the bell was not rung for us, but to find out where some new-comer lived, and to ascertain this

they always rang at the house which appeared the longest inhabited. There was no end to the ringing for some months, and we had three servants who absolutely refused to stay in so bad a place. We had also to contend with letters and notes in the same way, brought to us at haphazard: "Does Mr So-and-so live here?"—"No, he does not."—"Then pray where does he?" This was interminable, and not five minutes in the day passed without the door-bell being rung. For the sake of not changing my servants I was at last put to the expense of an extra boy for no other purpose but to answer the constant applications at the door. At last we had remained there for two years and nine months, and then my wife would occasionally put the question whether I intended to renew the lease; and I naturally replied that I did not like change.

Then she went upon another tack; observed that Clara did not appear well for some time, and that she thought that she required country air; but, in this, I did not choose to agree with her.

One day I came home, and, rubbing my hands as if pleased, said, "Well, at last I've an offer for Brompton Villa for a term of seven years,—a very fair offer and good tenants,—so that will now be off my hands."

My wife looked mortified, and my daughters held down their heads.

"Have you let it, papa?" said one of my daughters, timidly.

"No, not yet; but I am to give an answer to-morrow morning."

"It requires consideration, my dear," replied my wife.

"Requires consideration!" said I. "Why, my dear, the parties have seen the house, and I have been trying to let it these three years. I recollect when I took this house I said it required consideration, but you would not allow any such thing."

"I'm sure I wish we had," said Clara.

"And so do I."

"The fact is, my dear," said my wife, coming round to

the back of my chair, and putting her arms round my neck, "we all wish to go back to Brompton."

"Yes, yes, papa," added my daughters, embracing me on each side.

"You will allow, then, that I was right in not taking a lease for more than three years."

"Yes: how lucky you were so positive!"

"Well, then, if that is the case, we will unfurnish this house, and, as soon as you please, go back to Brompton Hall."

I hardly need observe that we took possession of our old abode with delight, and that I have had no more applications for a change of residence, or have again heard the phrase that we were living "out of the world."

The Way to be Happy

Cut your coat according to your cloth, is an old maxim and a wise one; and if people will only square their ideas according to their circumstances, how much happier might we all be! If we only would come down a peg or two in our notions, in accordance with our waning fortunes, happiness would be always within our reach. It is not what we have, or what we have not, which adds or subtracts from our felicity. It is the longing for more than we have, the envying of those who possess that more, and the wish to appear in the world of more consequence than we really are, which destroy our peace of mind, and eventually lead to ruin.

I never witnessed a man submitting to circumstances with good humour and good sense, so remarkably as in my friend Alexander Willemott. When I first met him, since our school days, it was at the close of the war: he had been a large contractor with government for army clothing and accoutrements, and was said to have realised an immense fortune, although his accounts were not yet settled. Indeed, it was said that they were so vast, that it would employ the time of six clerks for two years, to examine them, previous to the balance sheet being struck. As I observed, he had been at school with me, and, on my return from the East Indies, I called upon him to renew our old acquaintance, and congratulate him upon his success.

"My dear Reynolds, I am delighted to see you. You must come down to Belem Castle; Mrs Willemott will receive you with pleasure, I'm sure. You shall see my two girls."

I consented. The chaise stopped at a splendid mansion, and I was ushered in by a crowd of liveried servants. Everything was on the most sumptuous and magnificent scale. Having paid my respects to the lady of the house, I retired to dress, as dinner was nearly ready, it being then half-past seven o'clock. It was eight before we sat down. To an observation that I made, expressing a hope that I had not occasioned the dinner being put off, Willemott replied, "On the contrary, my dear Reynolds, we never sit down until about this hour. How people can dine at four or five o'clock, I cannot conceive. I could not touch a mouthful."

The dinner was excellent, and I paid it the encomiums which were its due.

"Do not be afraid, my dear fellow—my cook is an *artiste extraordinaire*—a regular *Cordon Bleu*. You may eat anything without fear of indigestion. How people can live upon the English cookery of the present day, I cannot conceive. I seldom dine out, for fear of being poisoned. Depend upon it, a good cook lengthens your days, and no price is too great to insure one."

When the ladies retired, being alone, we entered into friendly conversation. I expressed my admiration of his daughters, who certainly were very handsome and elegant girls.

"Very true; they are more than passable," replied he. "We have had many offers, but not such as come up to my expectations. Baronets are cheap now-a-days, and Irish lords are nothings; I hope to settle them comfortably. We shall see. Try this claret; you will find it excellent, not a headache in a hogshead of it. How people can drink port, I cannot imagine."

The next morning he proposed that I should rattle round the park with him. I acceded, and we set off in a handsome open carriage, with four greys, ridden by postilions at a rapid pace. As we were whirling along, he observed, "In town we must of course drive but a pair, but in the country I never go out without four

horses. There is a spring in four horses which is delightful; it makes your spirits elastic, and you feel that the poor animals are not at hard labour. Rather than not drive four, I would prefer to stay at home."

Our ride was very pleasant, and in such amusements passed away one of the most pleasant weeks that I ever remembered. Willemott was not the least altered—he was as friendly, as sincere, as open-hearted, as when a boy at school. I left him, pleased with his prosperity, and acknowledging that he was well deserving of it, although his ideas had assumed such a scale of magnificence.

I went to India when my leave expired, and was absent about four years. On my return, I inquired after my friend Willemott, and was told, that his circumstances and expectations had been greatly altered. From many causes, such as a change in the government, a demand for economy, and the wording of his contracts having been differently rendered from what Willemott had supposed their meaning to be, large items had been struck out of his balance sheet, and, instead of being a millionaire, he was now a gentleman with a handsome property. Belem Castle had been sold, and he now lived at Richmond, as hospitable as ever, and was considered a great addition to the neighbourhood. I took the earliest opportunity of going down to see him.

"Oh, my dear Reynolds, this is really kind of you to come without invitation. Your room is ready, and bed well aired, for it was slept in three nights ago. Come—Mrs Willemott will be delighted to see you."

I found the girls still unmarried, but they were yet young. The whole family appeared as contented and happy, and as friendly, as before. We sat down to dinner at six o'clock; the footman and the coachman attended. The dinner was good, but not by the *artiste extraordinaire*. I praised everything.

"Yes," replied he, "she is a very good cook; she unites the solidity of the English with the delicacy of the French fare; and, altogether, I think it a *decided im-*

provement. Jane is quite a treasure." After dinner, he observed, "Of course you know I have sold Belem Castle, and reduced my establishment. Government have not treated me fairly, but I am at the mercy of commissioners, and a body of men will do that which, as individuals, they would be ashamed of. The fact is, the odium is borne by no one in particular, and it is only the sense of shame which keeps us honest, I am afraid. However, here you see me, with a comfortable fortune, and always happy to see my friends, especially my old school-fellow. Will you take *port* or claret; the port is very fine, and so is the claret. By-the-bye, do you know—I'll let you into a family secret; Louisa is to be married to a Colonel Willer—an *excellent* match! It has made us all happy."

The next day we drove out, not in a open carriage as before, but in a chariot and with a *pair of horses*.

"These are handsome horses," observed I.—"Yes," replied he, "I am fond of good horses; and, as I only keep a pair, I have the best. There is a certain degree of pretension in *four horses*, I do not much like — it appears as if you wished to overtop your neighbours."

I spent a few very pleasant days, and then quitted his hospitable roof. A severe cold, caught that winter, induced me to take the advice of the physicians, and proceed to the South of France, where I remained two years. On my return, I was informed that Willemott had speculated, and had been unlucky on the Stock Exchange; that he had left Richmond, and was now living at Clapham. The next day I met him near the Exchange.

"Reynolds, I am happy to see you. Thompson told me that you had come back. If not better engaged, come down to see me; I will drive you down at four o'clock, if that will suit."

It suited me very well, and, at four o'clock, I met him according to appointment at a livery stables over the Iron Bridge. His vehicle was ordered out, it was a phaeton drawn by two longed-tailed ponies—altogether a very neat concern. We set off at a rapid pace.

"They step out well, don't they? We shall be down in plenty of time to put on a pair of shoes by five o'clock, which is *our dinner-time*. Late dinners don't agree with me—they produce indigestion. Of course, you know that Louisa has a little boy."

I did not; but congratulated him.

"Yes, and has now gone out to India with her husband. Mary is also engaged to be married—a very *good* match—a Mr Rivers, in the law. He has been called to the bar this year, and promises well. They will be a little pinched at first, but we must see what we can do for them."

We stopped at a neat row of houses, I forget the name, and, as we drove up, the servant, the only man-servant, came out, and took the ponies round to the stable, while the maid received my luggage, and one or two paper-bags, containing a few extras for the occasion. I was met with the same warmth as usual by Mrs Willemott. The house was small, but very neat; the remnants of former grandeur appeared here and there, in one or two little articles, favourites of the lady. We sat down at five o'clock to a *plain* dinner, and were attended by the footman, who had rubbed down the ponies and pulled on his livery.

"A good plain cook is the best thing, after all," observed Willemott. "Your fine cooks won't condescend to roast and boil. Will you take some of this sirloin, the under-cut is excellent. My dear, give Mr Reynolds some Yorkshire pudding."

When we were left alone after dinner, Willemott told me, very unconcernedly, of his losses.

"It was my own fault," said he; "I wished to make up a little sum for the girls, and risking what they would have had, I left them almost penniless. However, we can always command a bottle of port and a beef-steak, and *what more* in this world can you have? Will you take port or white?—I have no claret to offer you."

We finished our port, but I could perceive no difference in Willemott. He was just as happy and as cheerful as

ever. He drove me to town the next day. During our drive, he observed, "I like ponies, they are so little trouble; and I prefer them to driving one horse in this vehicle, as I can put my wife and daughters into it. It's selfish to keep a carriage for yourself alone, and one horse in a four-wheeled double chaise appears like an imposition upon the poor animal."

I went to Scotland, and remained about a year. On my return, I found that my friend Willemott had again shifted his quarters. He was at Brighton; and having nothing better to do, I put myself in the "Times," and arrived at the Bedford Hotel. It was not until after some inquiry, that I could find out his address. At last I obtained it, in a respectable but not fashionable part of this overgrown town. Willemott received me just as before.

"I have no spare bed to offer you, but you must breakfast and dine with us every day. Our house is small, but it's very comfortable, and Brighton is a very convenient place. You know Mary is married. A good place in the courts was for sale, and my wife and I agreed to purchase it for Rivers. It has reduced us a little, but they are very comfortable. I have retired from business altogether; in fact, as my daughters are both married, and we have enough to live upon, what can we wish for more? Brighton is very gay and always healthy; and, as for carriages and horses, they are no use here—there are *flies* at every corner of the streets."

I accepted his invitation to dinner. A parlour-maid waited, but everything, although very plain, was clean and comfortable.

"I have still a bottle of wine for a friend, Reynolds," said Willemott, after dinner, "but, for my part, I prefer *whisky-toddy*—it agrees with me better. Here's to the health of my two girls, God bless them, and success to them in life!"

"My dear Willemott," said I, "I take the liberty of an old friend, but I am so astonished at your philosophy,

that I cannot help it. When I call to mind Belem Castle, your large establishment, your luxuries, your French cook, and your stud of cattle, I wonder at your contented state of mind under such a change of circumstances."

"I almost wonder myself, my dear fellow," replied he. "I never could have believed, at that time, that I could live happily under such a change of circumstances; but the fact is, that, although I have been a contractor, I have a good conscience; then, my wife is an excellent woman, and provided she sees me and her daughters happy, thinks nothing about herself; and, further, I have made it a rule as I have been going down hill, to find reasons why I should be thankful, and not discontented. Depend upon it, Reynolds, it is not a loss of fortune which will affect your happiness, as long as you have peace and love at home."

I took my leave of Willemott and his wife, with respect as well as regard; convinced that there was no pretended indifference to worldly advantages; that it was not, that the grapes were sour, but that he had learned the whole art of happiness, by being contented with what he had, and by "cutting his coat according to his cloth."

The Legend of the Bell Rock

THERE was a grand procession through the streets of the two towns of Perth and of Dundee. The holy abbots, in their robes, walked under gilded canopies, the monks chanted, the censers were thrown, flags and banners were carried by seamen, lighted tapers by penitents; St Antonio, the patron of those who trust to the stormy ocean, was carried in all pomp through the streets; and, as the procession passed, coins of various value were thrown down by those who watched it from the windows, and, as fast as thrown, were collected by little boys dressed as angels, and holding silver vessels to receive the largesses. During the whole day did the procession continue, and large was the treasure collected in the two towns. Every-one gave freely, for there were few, indeed none, who, if not in their own circle, at least among their acquaintances, had not to deplore the loss of some one dear to them, or to those they visited, from the dangerous rock which lay in the very track of all the vessels entering the Frith of Tay.

These processions had been arranged, that a sufficient sum of money might be collected to enable them to put in execution a plan proposed by an adventurous and bold young seaman, in a council held for the purpose, of fixing a bell on the rock, which could be so arranged that the slightest breath of wind would cause the hammer of it to sound, and thus, by its tolling, warn the mariner of his danger; and the sums given were more than sufficient. A meeting was then held, and it was unanimously agreed that Andrew M'Clise should be charged with the commission to go over to Amsterdam, and purchase the bell of

a merchant residing there, whom Andrew stated to have one in his possession, which, from its fine tone and size, was exactly calculated for the purport to which it was to be appropriated.

Andrew M'Clise embarked with the money, and made a prosperous voyage. He had often been at Amsterdam, and had lived with the merchant, whose name was Vandermaclin; and the attention to his affairs, the dexterity and the rapidity of the movements of Andrew M'Clise, had often elicited the warmest encomiums of Mynheer Vandermaclin; and many evenings had Andrew M'Clise passed with him, drinking in moderation their favourite scheedam, and indulging in the meditative meerschaum. Vandermaclin had often wished that he had a son like Andrew M'Clise, to whom he could leave his property, with the full assurance that the heap would not be scattered, but greatly added to.

Vandermaclin was a widower. He had but one daughter, who was now just arrived at an age to return from the pension to her father's house, and take upon herself the domestic duties. M'Clise had never yet seen the beautiful Katerina.

"And so, Mynheer M'Clise," said Vandermaclin, who was sitting in the warehouse on the ground-floor of his tenement, "you come to purchase the famous bell of Utrecht; with the intention of fixing it upon that rock, the danger of which we have so often talked over after the work of the day has been done? I, too, have suffered from that same rock, as you well know; but still I have been fortunate. The price will be heavy; and so it ought to be, for the bell itself is of no small weight."

"We are prepared to pay it, Mynheer Vandermaclin."

"Nevertheless, in so good a cause, and for so good a purport, you shall not be overcharged. I will say nothing of the beauty of the workmanship, or even of the mere manufacture. You shall pay but its value in metal; the same price which the Jew Isaacs offered me for it but four months ago. I will not ask what a Jew would ask, but

what a Jew would give, which makes no small difference. Have you ten thousand guilders?"

"I have, and more."

"That is my price, Mynheer M'Clise, and I wish for no more; for I, too, will contribute my share to the good work. Are you content, and is it a bargain?"

"It is; and the holy abbots will thank you on vellum, Mynheer Vandermaclin, for your generosity."

"I prefer the thanks of the bold seamen to those of the idle churchmen; but never mind, it is a bargain. Now, we will go in; it is time to close the doors. We will take our pipes, and you shall make the acquaintance of my fair daughter, Katerina."

At the time we are speaking of, M'Clise was about six-and-twenty years of age; he was above the middle size, elegant in person, and with a frankness and almost nobility in his countenance, which won all who saw him.

His manners were like those of most seamen, bold, but not offensively so. His eye was piercing as an eagle's, and it seemed as if his very soul spoke from it. At the very first meeting between him and the daughter of Vandermaclin, it appeared to both as if their destinies were to unite them.

They loved not as others love, but with an intensity which it would be impossible to portray; but they hardly exchanged a word. Again and again they met; their eyes spoke, but nothing more. The bell was put on board the vessel, the money had been paid down, and M'Clise could no longer delay. He felt as if his heartstrings were severed as he tore himself away from the land where all remained that he coveted upon earth. And Katerina, she too felt as if her existence was a blank; and, as the vessel sailed from the port, she breathed short; and when not even her white and lofty top-gallant sail could be discovered as a speck, she threw herself on her couch and wept. And M'Clise as he sailed away, remained for hours leaning his cheek on his hand, thinking of, over and over again, every lineament and feature of the peerless Katerina.

The months passed away, during which M'Clise was busied every ebb of the tide in superintending the work on the rock. At last, all was ready; and once more was to be beheld a gay procession; but this time it was on the water. It was on a calm and lovely summer's morn, that the abbots and the monks, attended by a large company of the authorities, and others, who were so much interested in the work in hand, started from the shore of Aberbrothwick in a long line of boats, decorated with sacred and with other various banners and devices. The music floated along the water, and the solemn chants of the monks were for once heard where never yet they had been heard before, or ever will again. M'Clise was at the rock, in a small vessel purposely constructed to carry the bell, and with sheers to hang it on the supports imbedded in the solid rock. The bell was in its place, and the abbot blessed the bell; and holy water was sprinkled on the metal, which was for the future to be lashed by the waves of the salt sea. And the music and the chants were renewed; and as they continued, the wind gradually rose, and with the rising of the wind the bell tolled loud and deep. The tolling of the bell was the signal for return, for it was a warning that the weather was about to change, and the procession pulled back to Aberbrothwick, and landed in good time; for in one hour more, and the rocky coast was again lashed by the waves, and the bell tolled loud and quick, although there were none there but the sea-gull, who screamed with fright as he wheeled in the air at this unusual noise upon the rock, which, at the ebb, he had so often made his resting-place.

M'Clise had done his work; the bell was fixed; and once more he hastened with his vessel to Amsterdam. Once more was he an inmate of Vandermaclin's house; once more in the presence of the idol of his soul. This time they spoke; this time their vows were exchanged for life and death. But Vandermaclin saw not the state of their hearts. He looked upon the young seaman as too low, too poor, to be a match for his daughter; and as such

an idea never entered his head, so did he never imagine that he would have dared to love. But he was soon undeceived; for M'Clise frankly stated his attachment, and demanded the hand of Katerina; and, at the demand, Vandermaclin's face was flushed with anger.

"Mynheer M'Clise," said he, after a pause, as if to control his feelings; "when a man marries, he is bound to show that he has wherewithal to support his wife; to support her in that rank, and to afford her those luxuries to which she has been accustomed in her father's house. Show me that you can do so, and I will not refuse you the hand of Katerina."

"As yet, I have not," replied M'Clise; "but I am young and can work; I have money, and will gain more. Tell me what sum do you think that I should possess to warrant my demanding the hand of your daughter?"

"Produce twelve thousand guilders, and she is yours," replied the merchant.

"I have but three thousand," replied M'Clise.

"Then, think no more of Katerina. It is a foolish passion, and you must forget it. And, Mynheer M'Clise, I must not have my daughter's affections tampered with. She must forget you; and that can only be effected by your not meeting again. I wish you well, Mynheer M'Clise, but I must request your absence."

M'Clise departed from the presence of the merchant, bowed down with grief and disappointment. He contrived that a letter, containing the result of his application, should be put in the hands of Katerina. But Vandermaclin was informed of this breach of observance, and Katerina was sent to a convent, there to remain until the departure of her lover; and Vandermaclin wrote to his correspondent at Dundee, requesting that the goods forwarded to him might not be sent by the vessel commanded by M'Clise.

Of this our young captain received information. All hope was nearly gone; still he lingered, and delayed his departure. He was no longer the active, energetic seaman; he neglected all, even his attire.

M'Clise knew in which convent his fair Katerina had been immured; and often would he walk round its precincts, with the hope of seeing her, if it were but for a moment, but in vain. His vessel was now laden, and he could delay no longer. He was to sail the next morning; and once more did the unhappy young man take his usual walk to look at those walls which contained all that was dear to him on earth. His reverie was broken by a stone falling down to his feet; he took it up; there was a small piece of paper attached to it with a silken thread. He opened it; it was the handwriting of Katerina, and contained but two words—"*The Bell.*"

The bell! M'Clise started; for he immediately comprehended what was meant. The whole plan came like electricity through his brain. Yes; then there was a promise of happiness. The bell was worth ten thousand guilders; that sum had been offered, and would now be given by Isaacs the Jew. He would be happy with his Katerina; and he blessed her ingenuity for devising the means. For a minute or two he was transported; but the re-action soon took place. What was he about to attempt? sacrilege—cruelty. The bell had been blessed by the holy church; it had been purchased by holy and devout alms. It had been placed on the rock to save the lives of his brother seamen; and were he to remove it, would he not be responsible for all the lives lost? Would not the wail of the widow, and the tears of the orphan, be crying out to Heaven against him? No, no! never! The crime was too horrible; and M'Clise stamped upon the paper, thinking he was tempted by Satan in the shape of a woman; but when woman tempts, man is lost. He recalled the charms of Katerina; all his repugnance was overcome; and he resolved that the deed should be accomplished, and that Katerina should be gained, even if he lost his soul.

Andrew M'Clise sailed away from Amsterdam, and Katerina recovered her liberty. Vandermaclin was anxious that she should marry: and many were the suitors for her hand, but in vain. She reminded her father, that he had

pledged himself, if M'Clise counted down twelve thousand guilders, that she should be his wife; and to that pledge, she insisted that he was bound fast. And Vandermaclin after reasoning with her, and pointing out to her that twelve thousand guilders was a sum so large, that M'Clise might not procure until his old age, even if he were fortunate, acknowledged that such was his promise, and that he would, like an honest man, abide by it, provided that M'Clise should fulfil his part of the agreement in the space of two years; after which he should delay her settlement no longer. And Katerina raised her eyes to heaven, and whispered, as she clasped her hands, "The Bell." Alas! that we should invoke Heaven when we would wish to do wrong; but mortals are blind, and none so blind as those who are impelled by passion.

It was in the summer of that year that M'Clise had made his arrangements: having procured the assistance of some lawless hands, he had taken the advantage of a smooth and glassy sea and a high tide to remove the bell on board his own vessel; a work of little difficulty to him, as he had placed it there, and knew well the fastenings. He sailed away for Amsterdam, and was permitted by Heaven to arrive safe with his sacrilegious freight. He did not, as before, enter the canal opposite to the house of Vandermaclin, but one that ran behind the habitation of the Jew Isaacs. At night, he went into the house, and reported to the Jew what he had for sale; and the keen grey eyes of the bent-double little Israelite sparkled with delight, for he knew that his profit would be great. At midnight the bell was made fast to the crane, and safely deposited in the warehouse of the Jew, who counted out the ten thousand guilders to the enraptured M'Clise, whose thoughts were wholly upon the possession of his Katerina, and not upon the crime he had committed.

But, alas! to conceal one crime, we are too often obliged to be guilty of even deeper; and thus it was with Andrew M'Clise. The people who had assisted, upon

the promise of a thousand guilders being divided among them, now murmured at their share, and insisted upon an equal division of the spoils, or threatened with an immediate confession of the black deed.

M'Clise raved, and cursed, and tore his hair; promised to give them the money as soon as he had wedded Katerina; but they would not consent. Again the devil came to his assistance, and whispered how he was to act: he consented. The next night the division was to be made. They met in his cabin; he gave them wine, and they drank plentifully; but the wine was poisoned, and they all died before the morning. M'Clise tied weights to their bodies, and sunk them in the deep canal; broke open his hatches, to make it appear that his vessel had been plundered; and then went to the authorities denouncing his crew as having plundered him, and escaped. Immediate search was made, but they were not to be found; and it was supposed that they had escaped in a boat.

Once more M'Clise, whose conscience was seared, went to the house of Vandermaclin, counted down his twelve thousand guilders, and claimed his bride; and Vandermaclin, who felt that his daughter's happiness was at stake, now gave his consent. As M'Clise stated that he was anxious to return to England, and arrange with the merchants whose goods had been plundered, in a few days the marriage took place; and Katerina clasped the murderer in her arms. All was apparent joy and revelry; but there was anguish in the heart of M'Clise, who, now that he had gained his object, felt that it had cost him much too dear, for his peace of mind was gone for ever. But Katerina cared not; every spark of feeling was absorbed in her passion, and the very guilt of M'Clise but rendered him more dear; for was it not for her that he had done all this? M'Clise received her portion, and hasted to sail away; for the bodies were still in the canal, and he trembled every hour lest his crime should be discovered. And Vandermaclin bade farewell to his

daughter: and, he knew not why, but there was a feeling he could not suppress, that they never should meet again.

"Down—down below, Katerina! this is no place for you," cried Mr M'Clise, as he stood at the helm of the vessel. "Down, dearest, down, or you will be washed overboard. Every sea threatens to pour into our decks; already have we lost two men. Down, Katerina! down, I tell you."

"I fear not; let me remain with you."

"I tell you, down," cried M'Clise in wrath; and Katerina cast upon him a reproachful look, and obeyed.

The storm was at its height; the sun had set, black and monstrous billows chased each other, and the dismasted vessel was hurried on towards the land. The wind howled, and whistled sharply at each chink in the bulwarks of the vessel. For three days had they fought the gale, but in vain. Now, if it continued, all chance was over; for the shore was on their lee, distant not many miles. Nothing could save them, but gaining the mouth of the Frith of Tay, and then they could bear up for Dundee. And there was a boiling surge, and a dark night, and roaring seas, and their masts were floating far away; and M'Clise stood at the helm, keeping her broadside to the sea: his heart was full of bitterness, and his guilty conscience bore him down, and he looked for death, and he dreaded it; for was he not a sacrilegious murderer, and was there not an avenging God above?

Once more Katerina appeared on deck, clinging for support to Andrew.

"I cannot stay below. Tell me, will it soon be over?"

"Yes," replied M'Clise, gloomily; "it will soon be over with all of us."

"How mean you? you told me there was no danger."

"I told you falsely; there is death soon, and damnation afterwards: for you I have lost my soul!"

"Oh! say not so."

"I say it. Leave me, leave me, woman, or I curse thee."

"Curse me, Andrew? Oh, no! Kiss me, Andrew; and if we are to perish, let us expire in each other's arms."

"'Tis as well; you have dragged me to perdition. Leave me, I say, for you have my bitter curse."

Thus was his guilty love turned to hate, now that death was staring him in the face.

Katerina made no reply. She threw herself on the deck, and abandoned herself to her feeling of bitter anguish. And as she lay there, and M'Clise stood at the helm, the wind abated; the vessel was no longer borne down as before, although the waves were still mountains high. The seamen on board rallied; some fragments of sail were set on the remnants of the masts, and there was a chance of safety. M'Clise spoke not, but watched the helm. The wind shifted in their favour; and hope rose in every heart. The Frith of Tay was now open, and they were saved! Light was the heart of M'Clise when he kept away the vessel, and gave the helm up to the mate. He hastened to Katerina, who still remained on the deck, raised her up, whispered comfort and returning love; but she heard not—she could not forget—and she wept bitterly.

"We are saved, dear Katerina!"

"Better that we had been lost!" replied she, mournfully.

"No, no! say not so, with your own Andrew pressing you to his bosom."

"Your bitter curse!"

"'Twas madness—nothing—I knew not what I said."

But the iron had entered into her soul. Her heart was broken.

"You had better give orders for them to look out for the Bell Rock," observed the man at the helm to M'Clise.

The Bell Rock! M'Clise shuddered, and made no reply. Onward went the vessel, impelled by the sea and wind;

one moment raised aloft, and towering over the surge; at another, deep in the hollow trough, and walled in by the convulsed element. M'Clise still held his Katerina in his arms, who responded not to his endearments, when a sudden shock threw them on the deck. The crashing of the timbers, the pouring of the waves over the stern, the heeling and settling of the vessel, were but the work of a few seconds. One more furious shock,—she separates, falls on her beam ends, and the raging seas sweep over her.

M'Clise threw from him her whom he had so madly loved, and plunged into the wave. Katerina shrieked, as she dashed after him, and all was over.

When the storm rises, and the screaming sea-gull seeks the land, and the fisherman hastens his bark towards the beach, there is to be seen, descending from the dark clouds with the rapidity of lightning, the form of Andrew M'Clise, the heavy bell to which he is attached by the neck, bearing him down to his doom.

And when all is smooth and calm, when at the ebbing tide, the wave but gently kisses the rock, then by the light of the silver moon, the occupants of the vessels which sail from the Firth of Tay, have often beheld the form of the beautiful Katerina, waving her white scarf as a signal that they should approach, and take her off from the rock on which she is seated. At times, she offers a letter for her father, Vandermaclin; and she mourns and weeps as the wary mariners, with their eyes fixed on her, and with folded arms, pursue their course in silence and in dread.

Moonshine

Those who have visited our West India possessions, must have often been amused with the humour and cunning which occasionally appear in a negro more endowed than the generality of his race, particularly when the master also happens to be a humourist. The swarthy servitor seems to reflect his patron's absurdities; and having thoroughly studied his character, ascertains how far he can venture to take liberties without fear of punishment.

One of these strange specimens I once met with in a negro called Moonshine, belonging to a person equally strange in his own way, who had, for many years, held the situation of harbour-master at Port Royal, but had then retired on a pension, and occupied a small house at Ryde, in the Isle of Wight. His name was Cockle, but he had long been addressed as Captain Cockle; and this brevet rank he retained until the day of his death. In person he was very large and fat—not unlike a cockle in shape: so round were his proportions, and so unwieldy, that it appeared much easier to roll him along from one place to another, than that he should walk. Indeed, locomotion was not to his taste: he seldom went much farther than round the small patch of garden which was in front of his house, and in which he had some pinks and carnations and chrysanthemums, of which he was not a little proud. His head was quite bald, smooth, and shining white; his face partook of a more roseate tint, increasing in depth till it settled into an intense red at the tip of his nose. Cockle had formerly been a master of a merchant vessel, and from his residence in a warm climate had contracted a habit of potation, which became

confirmed during the long period of his holding his situation at Port Royal. He had purchased Moonshine for three hundred dollars, when he was about seven years old, and, upon his return to England, had taken him with him.

Moonshine was very much attached to his master, very much attached to having his own way, and was, farther, very much attached to his master's grog bottle.

The first attachment was a virtue; the second human nature; and the third, in the opinion of old Cockle, a crime of serious magnitude. I very often called upon Captain Cockle, for he had a quaint humour about him which amused; and, as he seldom went out, he was always glad to see any of his friends. Another reason was, that I seldom went to the house without finding some entertainment in the continual sparring between the master and the man. I was at that time employed in the Preventive Service, and my station was about four miles from the residence of Cockle. One morning, I stalked in and found him, as usual, in his little parlour on the ground floor.

"Well, Cockle, my boy, how are you?"

"Why, to tell you the truth, Bob, I'm all wrong. I'm on the stool of repentance; to wit, on this easy chair, doing penance, as you perceive, in a pair of duck trousers. Last night I was half seas over, and tolerably happy; this morning, I am high and dry, and intolerably miserable. Carried more sail than ballast last night, and lost my head; this morning I've found it again, with a pig of ballast in it I believe. All owing to my good nature."

"How is that, Cockle?"

"Why, that Jack Piper was here last night; and rather than he should drink all the grog and not find his way home, I drank some myself—he'd been in a bad way if I had not, poor fellow!—and now, you see, I'm suffering all from good nature. Easiness of disposition has been my ruin, and has rounded me into this ball, by wearing away all my sharp edges, Bob."

"It certainly was very considerate and very kind of you,

Cockle, especially when we know how much you must have acted at variance with your inclinations."

"Yes, Bob, yes; I am the milk punch of human kindness; I often cry—when the chimney smokes; and sometimes—when I laugh too much. You see, I not only give my money, as others will do, but, as last night, I even give my head to assist a fellow-creature. I could, however, dispense with it for an hour or two this morning."

"Nay, don't say that; for although you might dispense with the upper part, you could not well get on without your mouth, Cockle."

"Very true, Bob; a chap without a mouth would be like a ship without a companion hatch;—talking about that, the combings of my mouth are rather dry—what do you say, Bob, shall we call Moonshine?"

"Why it's rather broad daylight for Moonshine."

"He's but an eclipse—a total eclipse, I may say. The fact is, my head is so heavy, that it rolls about on my shoulders; and I must have a stiffener down my throat to prop it up. So, Moonshine, shine out, you black-faced rascal!"

The negro was outside, cleaning his knives:—he answered, but continued at his work.

"How me shine, Massa Cockle, when you neber gib me *shiner?*"

"No: but I'll give you a *shinner* on your lower limb, that shall make you feel planet-struck, if you don't show your ugly face," replied Cockle.

"Massa Cockle, you full of dictionary dis marning."

"Come here, sir!"

"Why you so parsonal dis marning, sar," replied Moonshine, rubbing away at the knife-board—"my face no shine more dan your white skull widout hair."

"I pulled one out, you scoundrel, every time you stole my grog, and now they are all gone.—Hairs! what should I do with heirs when I've nothing to leave," continued Cockle, addressing me—"hairs are like rats, that quit a ship as soon as she gets old. Now, Bob, I wonder

how long that rascal will make us wait. I brought him home and gave him his freedom — but give an inch and he takes an ell. Moonshine, I begin to feel angry—the tip of my nose is red already."

"Come directly, Massa Cockle."

Moonshine gave two more rubs on the board, and then made his appearance.

"You call me, sar?"

"What's the use of calling you, you black rascal!"

"Now, sar, dat not fair—you say to me, Moonshine, always do one ting first—so I 'bey order and finish knives —dat ting done, I come and 'bey nest order."

"Well, bring some cold water and some tumblers."

Moonshine soon appeared with the articles, and then walked out of the room, grinning at me.

"Moonshine, where are you going, you thief?—when did you ever see me drink cold water, or offer it to my friends?"

"Nebber see you drink it but once, and den you tipsy, and tink it gin; but you very often gib notin but water to your friends, Massa Cockle."

"When, you scoundrel?"

"Why, very often you say dat water quite strong enough for me."

"That's because I love you, Moonshine. Grog is a sad enemy to us."

"Massa Cockle real fine Christian—he lub him enemy," interrupted Moonshine, looking at me.

"At all events, I'm not ashamed to look mine enemy in the face—so hand us out the bottle."

Moonshine put the bottle on the table.

"Now, Bob," said Cockle, "what d'ye say to a *seven bell-er?* Why, hallo! what's become of all the grog?"

"All drank last night, Massa Cockle," replied Moonshine.

"Now, you ebony thief, I'll swear that there was half a bottle left when I took my last glass; for I held the bottle up to the candle to ascertain the ullage."

"When you go up tairs, Massa Cockle, so help me Gad! not one drop left in de bottle."

"Will you take your oath, Moonshine, that you did not drink any last night?"

"No, Massa Cockle, because I gentleman, and nebber tell lie—me drink, because you gib it to me."

"Then I must have been drunk indeed. Now, tell me, how did I give it to you?—tell me every word which passed."

"Yes, Massa Cockle, me make you recollect all about it. When Massa Piper go away, you look at bottel and den you say, 'Fore I go up to bed, I take one more glass for *coming up*'—den I say, 'Pose you do, you nebber be able to *go up*.' Den you say, 'Moonshine, you good fellow (you always call me good fellow when you want me), you must help me.' You drink your grog—you fall back in de chair, and you shut first one eye and den you shut de oder. I see more grog on de table: so I take up de bottel and I say, 'Massa Cockle, you go up stairs?' and you say, 'Yes, yes—directly.' Den I hold de bottel up and say to you, 'Massa, shall I help you?' and you say 'Yes, you must *help* me.' So den I take one glass of grog, 'cause you tell me to help you."

"I didn't tell you to help yourself though, you scoundrel!"

"Yes, Massa, when you tell me to help you with de bottel, I 'bey order, and help myself. Den, sar, I waits little more, and I say, 'Massa, now you go up'tairs,' and you start up and you wake, and you say, 'Yes, yes;' and den I hold up and show you bottel again, and I say, 'Shall I *help* you, massa?' and den you say 'Yes.' So I 'bey order again, and take one more glass. Den you open mouth and you snore—so I look again and I see one little glass more in bottel, and I call you, 'Massa Cockle, Massa Cockle,' and you say, 'high—high!'—and den you head fall on you chest, and you go sleep again—so den I call again and I say, 'Massa Cockle, here one lilly more drop, shall I drink it?' and you nod you head on you bosom,

and say noting—so I not quite sure, and I say again, 'Massa Cockle, shall I finish this lilly drop?' and you nod you head once more. Den I say, 'all right,' and I say, 'you very good helt, Massa Cockle;' and I finish de bottel. Now, Massa, you ab de whole tory, and it all really for true."

I perceived that Cockle was quite as much amused at this account of Moonshine's as I was myself, but he put on a bluff look.

"So, sir, it appears that you took advantage of my helpless situation, to help yourself."

"Massa Cockle, just now you tell Massa Farran dat you drink so much, all for good nature to Massa Piper—I do same all for good nature."

"Well, Mr Moonshine, I must have some grog," replied Cockle, "and as you helped yourself last night, now you must help me;—get it how you can, I give you just ten minutes——"

"'Pose you gib me ten shillings, sar," interrupted Moonshine, "dat better."

"Cash is all gone. I havn't a skillick till quarter-day, not a shot in the locker till Wednesday. Either get me some more grog, or you'll get more kicks than halfpence."

"You no ab money—you no ab tick—how I get grog, Massa Cockle? Missy O'Bottom, she tell me, last *quarter*-day, no pay *whole* bill, she not *half* like it; she say you great deceiver, and no trust more."

"Confound the old hag! Would you believe it, Bob, that Mrs Rowbottom has wanted to grapple with me these last two years—wants to make me landlord of the Goose and Pepper-box, taking her as a fixture with the premises. I suspect I should be the goose, and she the pepper-box;—but we never could shape that course. In the first place, there's too much of her; and, in the next, there's too much of me. I explained this to the old lady as well as I could; and she swelled up as big as a balloon, saying, that, when people were really *attached*, they never *attached* any weight to such trifling obstacles."

"But you must have been sweet upon her, Cockle?"

"Nothing more than a little sugar to take the nauseous taste of my long bill out of her mouth. As for the love part of the story, that was all her own. I never contradict a lady, because it's not polite; but since I explained, the old woman has huffed, and wo'n't trust me with half a quartern—will she, Moonshine?"

"No, sar: when I try talk her over, and make promise, she say dat *all moonshine*. But, sar, I try 'gain—I tink I know how." And Moonshine disappeared, leaving us in the dark as to what his plans might be.

"I wonder you never did marry, Cockle," I observed.

"You would not wonder if you knew all. I must say, that once, and once only, I was very near it. And to whom do you think it was—a woman of colour."

"A black woman?"

"No: not half black, only a quarter—what they call a quadroon in the West Indies. But, thank Heaven! she refused me."

"Refused you! hang it, Cockle, I never thought that you had been refused by a woman of colour."

"I was, though. You shall hear how it happened. She had been the quadroon wife (you know what that means) of a planter of the name of Guiness; he died, and not only bequeathed her her liberty, but also four good houses in Port Royal, and two dozen slaves. He had been dead about two years, and she was about thirty, when I first knew her. She was very rich, for she had a good income and spent nothing, except in jewels and dress to deck out her own person, which certainly was very handsome, even at that time, for she never had had any family. Well, if I was not quite in love with her, I was with her houses and her money; and I used to sit in her verandah and talk sentimental. One day I made my proposal. 'Massa Cockle,' said she, 'dere two ting I not like; one is, I not like your name. 'Pose I 'cept you offer, you must change you name.'

"'Suppose you accept my offer, Mistris Guiness, you'll

change your name. I don't know how I am to change mine,' I replied.

"'I make 'quiry, Massa Cockle, and I find that by act and parliament you get anoder name.'

"'An act of parliament!' I cried.

"'Yes, sar; and I pay five hundred gold Joe 'fore I hear people call me Missy Cockle—dat *shell* fish,' said she, and she turned up her nose.

"'Humph!' said I, 'and pray what is the next thing which you wish?'

"'De oder ting, sar, is, you no ab *coat am arms*, no ab seal to your watch, with bird and beast pon 'em; now 'pose you promise me dat you take oder name, and buy um coat am arms; den, sar, I take de matter into 'sideration.'

"'Save yourself the trouble, ma'am,' said I, jumping up; 'my answer is short——I'll see you and your whole generation hanged first!'"

"Well, that was a very odd sort of a wind-up to a proposal; but here comes Moonshine."

The black entered the room, and put a full bottle down on the table.

"Dare it is, sar," said he, grinning.

"Well done, Moonshine, now I forgive you; but how did you manage it?"

"Me tell you all de tory, sar—first I see Missy O'Bottom, and I say, 'How you do, how you find yourself dis marning? Massa come, I tink, by-an-bye, but he almost fraid,' I said. She say, 'What he fraid for?' 'He tink you angry—not like see him—no lub him any more: he very sorry, very sick at 'art—he very much in lub wid you.'"

"The devil you did!" roared Cockle; "now I shall be bothered again with that old woman; I wish she was moored as a buoy to the Royal George."

"Massa no hear all yet. I say, 'Miss O'Bottom, 'pose you no tell?' 'I tell.'—'Massa call for clean shirt dis morning, and I say, it no clean shirt day, sar;' he say,

'Bring me clean shirt;' and den he put him on clean shirt and he put him on clean duck trousers, he make me brush him best blue coat. I say, 'What all dis for, massa?' He put him hand up to him head, and he fetch him breath and say—'I fraid Missy O'Bottom, no hear me now—I no ab courage;' and den he sit all dress ready, and no go. Den he say, 'Moonshine, gib me one glass grog, den I ab courage.' I go fetch bottel, and all grog gone—not one lilly drop left; den massa fall down plump in him big chair, and say, 'I nebber can go.' 'But,' say Missy O'Bottom, 'why he no send for some?' ''Cause,' I say, 'quarter-day not come—money all gone.'—Den say she, 'If you poor massa so *very* bad, den I trust you one bottel—you gib my compliments and say, I very appy to see him, and stay at home.'—Den I say, 'Missy O'Bottom pose massa not come soon as he take one two glass grog cut my head off.' Dat all, sar."

"That's all, is it? A pretty scrape you have got me into, you scoundrel! What's to be done now?"

"Why, let's have a glass of grog first, Cockle," replied I, "we've been waiting a long while for it, and we'll then talk the matter over."

"Bob, you're sensible, and the old woman was no fool in sending the liquor—it requires *Dutch* courage to attack such a Dutch-built old schuyt; let's get the cobwebs out of our throats, and then we must see how we can get out of this scrape. I expect that I shall pay 'dearly for my whistle' this time I wet mine. Now, what's to be done, Bob?"

"I think that you had better leave it to Moonshine," said I.

"So I will.—Now, sir, as you've got me into this scrape, you must get me out of it.—D'ye hear?"

"Yes, Massa Cockle, I tink—but no ab courage."

"I understand you, you sooty fellow—here, drink this, and see if it will brighten up your wits. He's a regular turnpike, that fellow, everything must pay toll."

"Massa Cockle, I tell Missy O'Bottom dat you come

soon as you ab two glass grog; 'pose you only drink one."

"That wo'n't do, Moonshine, for I'm just mixing my second; you must find out something better."

"One glass grog, massa, gib no more dan one tought—dat you ab—"

"Well, then, here's another.—Now recollect, before you drink it, you are to get me out of this scrape; if not, you get into a scrape, for I'll beat you as—as white as snow."

"'Pose you no *wash* nigger white, you no *mangle* him white, Massa Cockle," added Moonshine.

"The fellow's *ironing* me, Bob, ar'n't he?" said Cockle, laughing. "Now, before you drink, recollect the conditions."

"Drink first, sar, make sure of dat," replied Moonshine, swallowing off the brandy; "tink about it afterwards.—Eh! I ab it," cried Moonshine, who disappeared, and Cockle and I continued in conversation over our grog, which to sailors is acceptable in any one hour in the twenty-four. About ten minutes afterwards Cockle perceived Moonshine in the little front garden. "There's that fellow, Bob; what is he about?"

"Only picking a nosegay, I believe," replied I, looking out of the window.

"The rascal, he must be picking all my chrysanthemums. Stop him, Bob."

But Moonshine vaulted over the low pales, and there was no stopping him. It was nearly an hour before he returned; and when he came in, we found that he was dressed out in his best, looking quite a dandy, and with some of his master's finest flowers, in a large nosegay, sticking in his waistcoat.

"All right, sar, all right; dat last glass grog gib me fine idee; you nebber ab more trouble bout Missy O'Bottom."

"Well, let's hear," said Cockle.

"I dress mysel bery 'pruce, as you see, massa. I take nosegay——"

"Yes, I see that, and be hanged to you."

"Nebber mind, Massa Cockle. I say to Missy O'Bottom, 'Massa no able come, he very sorry, so he send me;' 'Well,' she say, 'what you ab to say, sit down, Moonshine, you very nice man.' Den I say, 'Massa Cockle lub you very much, he tink all day how he make you appy; den he say, Missy O'Bottom very fine 'oman, make very fine wife.' Den Missy O'Bottom say, 'Top a moment,' and she bring a bottel from cupboard, and me drink something did make 'tomach feel really warm; and den she say, 'Moonshine, what you massa say?' den I say, massa say, 'You fine 'oman, make good wife;' but he shake um head, and say, 'I very old man, no good for noting; I tink all day how I make her appy, and I find out—Moonshine, you young man, you 'andsome feller, you good servant, I not like you go away, but I tink you make Missy O'Bottom very fine 'usband; so I not care for myself, you go to Missy O'Bottom, and tell I send you, dat I part wid you, and give you to her for 'usband.'"

Cockle and I burst out laughing. "Well, and what did Mrs Rowbottom say to that?"

"She jump up, and try to catch me hair, but I bob my head, and she miss; den she say, 'You filthy black rascal, you tell you massa, 'pose he ever come here, I break his white bald pate; and 'pose you ever come here, I smash you woolly black skull.'—Dat all, Massa Cockle; you see all right now, and I quite dry wid talking."

"All right! do you call it. I never meant to quarrel with the old woman; what d'ye think, Bob—is it all right?"

"Why, you must either have quarrelled with her, or married her, that's clear."

"Well, then, I'm clear of her, and so it's all right. It a'n't every man who can get out of matrimony by sacrificing a nosegay and two glasses of grog."

"Tree glasses, Massa Cockle," said Moonshine.

"Well, three glasses; here it is, you dog, and it's dog cheap, too. Thank God, next Wednesday's quarter-day.

Bob, you must dine with me—cut the service for to-day."

"With all my heart," replied I, "and I'll salve my conscience by walking the beach all night; but, Cockle, look here, there is but a drop in the bottle, and you have no more. I am like you, with a clean swept hold. You acknowledge the difficulty?"

"It stares me in the face, Bob; what must be done?"

"I'll tell you—in the first place, what have you for dinner?"

"Moonshine, what have we got for dinner?"

"Dinner, sar?—me not yet tink about dinner. What you like to ab, sar?"

"What have we got in the house, Moonshine?"

"Let me see, sar; first place, we ab very fine piece picklum pork; den we hab picklum pork; and den—let me tink—den we ab, we hab picklum pork, sar."

"The long and the short of it is, Bob, that we have nothing but a piece of pickled pork; can you dine off that?"

"Can a duck swim, Cockle?"

"Please, sar, we ab plenty pea for *dog baddy*," said Moonshine.

"Well, then, Cockle, as all that is required is to put the pot on the fire, you can probably spare Moonshine, after he has done that, and we will look to the cookery; start him off with a note to Mr Johns, and he can bring back a couple of bottles from my quarters."

"Really dat very fine tought, Massa Farren; I put in pork, and den I go and come back in one hour."

"That you never will, Mr Moonshine; what's o'clock now? mercy on us, how time flies in your company, Cockle, it is nearly four o'clock, it will be dark at six."

"Nebber mind, sar, me always ab *moonshine* whereber I go," said the black, showing his teeth.

"It will take two hours to boil the pork, Bob; that fellow has been so busy this morning that he has quite forgot the dinner."

"All you business, Massa Cockle."

"Very true; but now start as soon as you can, and come back as soon as you can; here's the note."

Moonshine took the note, looked at the direction, as if he could read it, and in a few minutes he was seen to depart.

"And now, Cockle," said I, "as Moonshine will be gone some time, suppose you spin us a yarn to pass away the time."

"I'll tell you what, Bob, I am not quite so good at that as I used to be. I've an idea that when my pate became bald, my memory oozed away by insensible perspiration."

"Never mind, you must have something left, you can't be quite empty."

"No, but my tumbler is; so I'll just fill that up, and then I'll tell you how it was that I came to go to sea."

"The very thing that I should like to hear, above all others."

"Well, then, you must know that, like cockles in general, I was born on the sea-shore, just a quarter of a mile out of Dover, towards Shakespeare's Cliff. My father was a fisherman by profession, and a smuggler by practice, all was fish that came to his net; but his cottage was small, he was supposed to be very poor, and a very bad fisherman, for he seldom brought home many; but there was a reason for that, he very seldom put his nets overboard. His chief business lay in taking out of vessels coming down Channel, goods which were shipped and bonded for exportation, and running them on shore again. You know, Bob, that there are many articles which are not permitted to enter even upon paying duty, and when these goods, such as silks, &c., are seized or taken in prizes, they are sold for exportation. Now, it was then the custom for vessels to take them on board in the river, and run them on shore as they went down Channel, and the fishing-boats were usually employed for this service; my father was a well-known hand for this kind of work, for not being suspected he was always fortunate; of

course, had he once been caught, they would have had their eyes upon him after he had suffered his punishment. Now the way my father used to manage was this, there was a long tunnel drain from some houses used as manufactories, about a hundred yards above his cottage, which extended out into the sea at low water mark, and which passed on one side of our cottage. My father had cut from a cellar in the cottage into the drain, and as it was large enough for a man to kneel down in, he used to come in at low water with his coble, and make fast the goods, properly secured from the wet and dirt in tarpaulin bags, to a rope, which led from the cellar to the sea through the drain. When the water had flowed sufficiently to cover the mouth of the drain, he then threw the bags overboard, and, securing the boat, went to the cottage, hauled up the articles, and secured them too; d'ye understand? My father had no one to assist him but my brother, who was a stout fellow, seven years older than myself, and my mother, who used to give a helping hand when required; and thus did he keep his own counsel, and grow rich; when all was right, he got his boat over into the harbour, and having secured her, he came home as innocent as a lamb. I was then about eight or nine years old, and went with my father and brother in the coble, for she required three hands, at least, to manage her properly, and like a tin-pot, although not very big, I was very useful. Now it so happened that my father had notice that a brig, lying in Dover harbour, would sail the next day, and that she had on board of her a quantity of lace and silks, purchased at the Dover custom-house for exportation, which he was to put on shore again to be sent up to London. The sending up to London we had nothing to do with; the agent at Dover managed all that; we only left the articles at his house, and then received the money on the nail. We went to the harbour, where we found the brig hauling out, so we made all haste to get away before her. It blew fresh from the northward and eastward, and there was a good deal of

sea running. As we were shoving out, the London agent, a jolly little round-faced fellow, in black clothes, and a bald white head, called to us, and said that he wanted to board a vessel in the offing, and asked whether we would take him. This was all a ruse, as he intended to go on board of the brig with us to settle matters, and then return in the pilot boat. Well, we hoisted our jib, drew aft our foresheet, and were soon clear of the harbour; but we found that there was a devil of a sea running, and more wind than we bargained for; the brig came out of the harbour with a flowing sheet, and we lowered down the foresail to reef it—father and brother busy about that, while I stood at the helm, when the agent said to me, 'When do you mean to make a voyage?' 'Sooner than father thinks for,' said I, 'for I want to see the world.' It was sooner than I *thought for* too, as you shall hear. As soon as the brig was well out, we ran down to her, and with some difficulty my father and the agent got on board, for the sea was high and cross, the tide setting against the wind; my brother and I were left in the boat to follow in the wake of the brig; but as my brother was casting off the rope forward, his leg caught in the bight, and into the sea he went; however, they hauled him on board, leaving me alone in the coble. It was not of much consequence, as I could manage to follow before the wind under easy sail, without assistance: so I kept her in the wake of the brig, both of us running nearly before it at the rate of five miles an hour, waiting till my father should have made up his packages, of a proper size to walk through the tunnel drain.

"The Channel was full of ships, for the westerly winds had detained them for a long time. I had followed the brig about an hour, when the agent went on shore in a pilot boat, and I expected my father would soon be ready; then the wind veered more towards the southward, with dirt; at last it came on foggy, and I could hardly see the brig, and as it rained hard, and blew harder, I wished that my father was ready, for my arms ached with steering the

coble for so long a while. I could not leave the helm, so I steered on at a black lump, as the brig looked through the fog: at last the fog was so thick that I could not see a yard beyond the boat, and I hardly knew how to steer. I began to be frightened, tired, and cold, and hungry I certainly was. Well, I steered on for more than an hour, when the fog cleared up a little, and then I saw the stern of the brig just before me. My little heart jumped with delight; and I expected that she would round-to immediately, and that my father would praise me for my conduct; and, what was still more to the purpose, that I should get something to eat and drink. But no: she steered on right down Channel, and I followed for more than an hour more, when it came on to blow very hard, and I could scarcely manage the boat—she pulled my little arms off, and I was quite exhausted. The weather now cleared up, and I could make out the vessel plainly; and I immediately discovered that it was not the *brig*, but a bark which I had got hold of in the fog, so that I did not know what to do; but I did as most boys of nine years old would have done who were frightened, I sat down and cried, still, however, keeping the tiller in my hand and steering as well as I could. At last, I could hold it no longer, I ran forward, let go the fore and jib haulyards and hauled down the sails; drag them into the boat I could not, and there I was, like a young bear adrift in a washing-tub. I looked all round me, and there were no vessels near; the bark had left me two miles astern, it was blowing a gale from the S.E., with a heavy sea; the gulls and sea birds wheeled and screamed in the storm; and as I thought, when they came close to me, looked at me with their keen eyes, as much as to say, 'What the devil are you doing there?' The boat was as light as a cork, and although she was tossed and rolled about so that I was obliged to hold on, she shipped no water of any consequence, for the jib in the water forward had brought her head to wind, and acted as a sort of floating anchor. At last there was nothing in sight, so I

laid down at the bottom of the boat and fell asleep. It was daylight before I awoke, and then I got up and looked round me — it blew harder than ever; and, although there were some vessels at a distance, scudding before the gale, they did not mind, or perhaps see me. I sat very melancholy the whole day, the tears ran down my cheeks, my eyes were full of salt from the spray—I saw at last nothing but the roaring and trembling waves. I prayed every prayer I knew, that is, I said the Lord's Prayer, the Belief, and as much of the Catechism as I could recollect. It rained in torrents—I was wet, starving, and miserably cold. At night I again fell asleep from exhaustion. The morning broke again, and the sun shone, the gale was breaking off, and I felt more cheered; but I was now ravenous from hunger, as well as choking from thirst, and I was so weak that I could scarcely stand. I looked round me every now and then, and lay down again. In the afternoon I saw a large vessel standing right for me; this gave me courage and strength. I stood up and waved my hat, and they saw me—the sea was still running very high, but the wind had gone down. She rounded-to so as to bring me under her lee. Send a boat she could not, but the sea bore her down upon me, and I was soon close to her. Men in the chains were ready with ropes, and I knew that this was my only chance. At last, a very heavy sea bore her right down upon the boat, lurching over on her beam ends, her main chains struck the boat and sent her down, while I was seized by the scuff of the neck by two of the seamen, and borne aloft by them as the vessel returned to the weather-roll. They hauled me in, and I was safe. It was neck or nothing with me then; wasn't it, Bob?"

"It was, indeed, a miraculous escape, Cockle."

"Well, as soon as they had given me something to eat, I told my story;—and it appeared that she was an East Indiaman running down Channel, and not likely to meet with anything to send me back again. The passengers, especially the ladies, were very kind to me: and as there

was no help for it, why, I took my first voyage to the *East Indies*."

"And your father and your brother?"

"Why, when I met them, which I did about six years afterwards, I found that they had been in much the same predicament, having lost the coble, and the weather being so bad that they could not get on shore again. As there was no help for it, they took their first voyage to the *West Indies;* so there was a dispersion of a united family—two went west, one went east, coble went down, and mother, after waiting a month or two, and supposing father dead, went off with a soldier. All dispersed by one confounded gale of wind from the northward and eastward, so that's the way that I went to sea, Bob. And now it's time that Moonshine was back."

But Moonshine kept us waiting for some time: when he returned it was then quite dark, and we had lighted candles, anxiously waiting for him; for not only was the bottle empty, but we were very hungry. At last we heard a conversation at the gate, and Moonshine made his appearance with the two bottles of spirits, and appeared himself to be also in high spirits. The pork and peas pudding soon were on the table. We dined heartily, and were sitting over the latter part of the first bottle in conversation, it being near upon the eleventh hour, when we heard a noise at the gate—observed some figures of men, who stayed a short time and then disappeared. The door opened, and Moonshine went out. In a few seconds he returned, bringing in his arms an anker of spirits, which he laid on the floor, grinning so wide that his head appeared half off. Without saying a word, he left the room and returned with another.

"Why, what the devil's this?" cried Cockle.

Moonshine made no answer, but went out and in until he had brought six ankers in, one after another, which he placed in a row on the floor. He then shut the outside door, bolted it, came in, and seating himself on one of the tubs, laughed to an excess which compelled him to hold

his sides; during which Cockle and I were in a state of astonishment and suspense.

"Where the devil did all this come from?" cried Cockle, actually getting out of his easy chair. "Tell me, sir, or by———"

"I tell you all, Massa Cockle:—you find me better friend dan Missy O'Bottom. Now you ab plenty, and nebber need scold Moonshine 'pose he take lilly drap. I get all dis present to you, Massa Cockle."

I felt a great degree of anxiety, and pressed Moonshine to tell his story.

"I tell you all, sar. When I come back wid de two bottel I meet plenty men wid de tubs: dey say, 'Hollo there, who be you?' I say, 'I come from station; bring massa two bottel, and I show um.' Den dey say, 'Where you massa?' and I say, 'At um house at Ryde'—(den dey tink dat you my massa, Massa Farren)—so dey say, 'Yes, we know dat, we watch him dere, but now you tell, so we beat you dead.' Den I say, 'What for dat; massa like drink, why you no gib massa some tub, and den he never say noting, only make fuss some time, 'cause of Admirality.' Den dey say, 'You sure of dat?' and I say, 'Quite sure massa nebber say one word.' Den dey talk long while; last, dey come and say, 'You come wid us and show massa house.' So two men come wid me, and when dey come to gate I say, 'Dis massa house when he live at Ryde, and dere you see massa;'—and I point to Massa Cockle, but dey see Massa Farren—so dey say, 'All very good; tree, four hour more, you find six tub here; tell you massa dat every time run tub, he alway hab six;' den dey go way, den dey come back, leave tub; dat all, massa."

"You rascal!" exclaimed I, rising up, "so you have compromised me; why I shall lose my commission if found out."

"No, sar; nobody wrong but de smuggler; dey make a lilly mistake; case you brought to court-martial, I gib evidence, and den I clear you."

"But what must we do with these tubs, Cockle?" said I, appealing to him.

"Do, Bob?—why, they are a present—a very welcome one, and a very handsome one into the bargain. I shall not *keep* them, I pledge you my word; let that satisfy you—they shall all be *fairly entered*."

"Upon that condition, Cockle," I replied, "I shall of course not give information against you." (I knew full well what he meant by saying he would not *keep* them.)

"How I do, Massa Cockle," said Moonshine, with a grave face; "I take um to the custom-house to-night or to-morrow marning."

"To-morrow, Moonshine," replied Cockle; "at present just put them out of sight."

I did not think it prudent to make any further inquiries; but I afterwards discovered that the smugglers, true to their word, and still in error, continued to leave six tubs in old Cockle's garden whenever they succeeded in running a cargo, which, notwithstanding all our endeavours, they constantly did. One piece of information I gained from this affair, which was, the numbers of cargoes which were run compared to those which were seized during the remainder of the time I was on that station, and found it to be in the proportion of ten to one. The cargoes run were calculated by the observations of old Cockle, who, when I called upon him, used to say very quietly, "I shouldn't wonder if they did not run a cargo last night, Bob, in spite of all your vigilance—was it very dark?"

"On the contrary," replied I, looking at the demure face of the negro; "I suspect it was *Moonshine*."

The Fairy's Wand

A TALE OF WINDSOR PARK IN THE DAYS OF THE MERRY MONARCH

In the time of Charles II., Windsor Park stood just where it stands now, and the castle of Windsor was very often the abode of royalty, as it is now; but in those merry, but licentious times, there was much more fun and feasting going on than perhaps there is at present. Rochester was master of the revels, and the Countesses of ——but I will say nothing about the ladies, although some of the highest of our aristocracy are descended from them.

There were great preparations in the castle, for King Charles had invited down the Mayor of London, and a bevy of aldermen; not so much with a view of doing honour to the magistrates of the great and ancient city, as with the hope to extract some amusement from their peculiarities.

The fact is, that the Mayor and aldermen of London had certified to the Earl of Rochester, that they had some complaint to make and some favour to request of his Majesty. Rochester, ever willing to procure amusement for his royal master, at the same time was equally careful not to allow him to be annoyed, and therefore had contrived to ferret out that the complaint against the lords of the court, was for their too great familiarity with the citizens' wives, and that the favour to be demanded was, a curtailment of the dress, ornaments, and expensive habits of the city ladies.—He considered this a very favourable opportunity for procuring some mirth at the expense of the corporation.

With the consent of the king, he had intimated to the mayor and aldermen, that they would be received in the

evening, and honoured with a seat at the royal banquet; and at the same time he had privately made known to the lady mayoress, what were the demands about to be made by her husband, desiring her to communicate the same, under a strict promise of secrecy, to the wives of all the aldermen; and also acquainting them that his Majesty would be glad to receive the ladies on the same evening, provided that they could come without the knowledge of their husbands, which might be done by their setting off for Windsor some short time after them. It was the intention of the king, that when the mayor and corporation should present the address, they should be met face to face by their wives, and thus issue be joined.

But mortals were not the only parties who revelled in the beauties of the park of Windsor.

On the evening that this comedy was about to be enacted, there reclined under the celebrated oak, known as Herne's Oak, in a small clear space between some ferns, two of those beings called fairies who had for time immemorial taken up their quarters in that delightful retreat. Whether they were man and wife is not established, but certainly they were male and female; and as they appeared to be on the very best understanding, it is to be presumed that they were not married.

"Elda, there will be a scene to-night at the castle," said the male to the female sprite, as he tickled her nose with a blade of grass.

"Yes, Maya; how foolish those mortals are!"

"I have a mind to create even more mischief," rejoined Maya, "but if I did, you would want to see it."

"Well, and suppose I did, dearest?"

"I do not like that you should be in company with those women, Elda; those duchesses and countesses."

"Bless me, Maya!—what are you afraid of? my virtue?"

"Oh no, dearest! I did not mean that——"

"Then I'll tell you what you did mean, you jealous-pated fool: you meant, that you did not like that I should be in the company of the Earl of Rochester and the King. You

ought to have more respect for yourself, and more respect for me, than to be jealous of those mortals."

"Nay, Elda!"

"Yes, yes, and your reason for wanting to go alone, is to hang over that nasty Duchess of Portsmouth."

"Upon my honour!—"

"Your honour, sir!—you have none—there, sir, you may go."

"Oh, very well, madam; just as you please."

Certainly there was something very mortal in this quarrel, and may remind the reader of similar scenes in domestic life.

It ended by Maya walking sulkily away in the direction of the castle, and of Elda following him at a distance, determined to watch his motions.

But if these two lovers had quarrelled, there were two other beings who were indulging in a moonlight walk on the terrace, linked arm-in-arm so affectionately, so fondly, keeping exact pace for pace, and occasionally embracing each other, every one would have thought that nothing in the world could ever have disunited them. They were two young ladies of the court, aged about seventeen, just clear of their governess and bread-and-butter, and newly-appointed maids of honour: they were both beautiful, and had contracted a friendship, as all girls do at that age, when love has with them no precise definition. They had sworn eternal affection after an acquaintance of eight-and-forty hours—the sun and the moon, and all the stars in the firmament—heaven above, the earth below, and everything below that again, had all been summoned to register their vows; and at the time that they were then walking they would have considered it positive heresy to hint at the idea of a disagreement even in thought; but, as I have before observed, they were only seventeen years old.

Maya, who had bent his steps towards the castle, perceived these two young damsels parading up and down, and although he had not the full power of Oberon, yet he was still a highly-endowed fairy. Among other powers vested in him, he had a wand, which when it

touched any fairy would change that fairy into mortal size and shape, and if it touched any mortal would produce the contrary effect, giving them for the time the size and appearance of fairies, imps, tritons, naiads, or some of those intermediate creatures, which most accorded with their mortal propensities and dispositions.

This very wand made him much feared by the other fairies, as they were often punished by him in this way, and it was only Oberon, the king, who had the power of reversing the charm; and it is said, that this very wand was one cause why his fair Elda, generally speaking, behaved so well, as he often threatened to turn her into a Dutch milkmaid; which, as she was of a very beautiful figure, would have been a very severe punishment.

It was with this wand—worn like a harlequin's at his side—that the fairy Maya was walking up the terrace; he had changed himself to a handsome young forester, dressed in a suit of green, with bugle by his side, a cap with black feathers hanging down to his right shoulder; wearing the appearance of a very handsome young man of about twenty, and just the description of person to create a difference between two young ladies, who had half an hour before sworn everlasting friendship.

As he passed he made a very profound obeisance.

"Who is he, dearest?" said Miss Araminta.

"Who is he, dearest?" said Miss Euthanasia, both nudging one another at the same moment.

"He bowed to *me*, said Araminta.

"No, sweetest, it was to *me* he bowed," rejoined Euthanasia.

"Well I declare!" cried Araminta. What was to follow is not known, for the young forester had retraced his steps and now addressed the young ladies.

"Fair maids of honour, as I presume you are such," said he, taking off his cap, and displaying such handsome curls that each young lady, for the first time, thought how much better it had been if she had walked out alone, "may I inquire the cause of such revelry to-night in the royal castle?"

"The king entertains—" said Araminta.

"The mayor and aldermen," cried Euthanasia, taking the remainder of the sentence out of her friend's mouth.

"Indeed!" replied the fairy, who then entered into conversation with the young ladies, dividing his attentions as equally as he could.

Now it so happened that Elda, who had followed Maya at a distance, could no longer restrain her jealousy when she perceived him walking and talking so earnestly, and, as she considered, really making love to these fair mortals. She took the shape of a big bumble bee, and flying to him settled on his back, stinging him so severely that he uttered an exclamation of pain; and the young ladies were tenderly enquiring where he was hurt, when he felt convinced that it was Elda who had thus punished him. Fairies have consciences as well as mortals. Maya felt that he was, or what was quite as bad, that he appeared to be, guilty. He had already repented of his quarrel with Elda; and, after receiving the condolence of the two young ladies, who vied in their attentions to him, he very suddenly took leave, resolving in his own mind that he would seek out Elda, and make friends with her, infinitely preferring her to two young bread-and-butter maids of honour. Thus did the fairy prove his good sense, and abandon all idea of making mischief at the castle.

Now it so happened that the sting received from the jealous Elda was so very severe, that in his jump forward Maya had allowed his wand to drop out of his belt, and when he departed he did not perceive his loss. There it lay on the terrace, between the two young maids of honour, who already had discovered that their eternal friendship was on the wane. They both remained silent and watching the receding figure of the handsome young forester for at least a minute and a half. At last this unheard-of duration of silence between two young ladies who had sworn eternal friendship was broken. It proved to be like the calm which precedes the tornado.

"Well, I am sure!" cried Euthanasia.

"I shouldn't wonder," replied Araminta.

"Courtly manners, indeed!" continued Euthanasia.

"Yes, you may say that; no wonder he wouldn't stay," responded Araminta, tossing her head.

"No; when you drove him away, miss."

"Me, miss?"

"Yes, you, miss."

"No, miss."

"Yes, miss."

I regret to report the scene which followed. After trying hard to drown each other's voices, the two young maids of honour, who had sworn eternal friendship, commenced pushing, then spitting, then slapping, then beating. Then they pulled each other's hair—then — yes, then Araminta perceived the wand lying on the terrace, and she seized it with the intention of chastising Euthanasia; and Euthanasia perceiving her intention, seized hold of the other end of the wand. A struggle took place, which ended in the wand breaking in half. Then they separated, Araminta throwing her half at her dearest friend, her dearest friend returning the compliment; after which, they both ran home to the castle, vowing that nothing should ever induce them even to speak one single word to each other as long as they lived. We must leave them to go to their rooms, wash their pretty faces, and repair the damage done to their dresses, while we inform the reader of what is going on in the reception-room of the castle.

The mayor and corporation had duly arrived, and had been ushered into a private room until his Majesty should be ready to receive them. The Earl of Rochester had detained them there purposely to give time for the arrival of the ladies of the corporation, who were by his directions received at a private door. The king, amused with the scheme, allowed Rochester to make his arrangements. When all was ready, the mayor and aldermen, who had been very comfortably regaled with sherry and biscuits, so that the time did not appear too tedious, were requested to enter the presence-chamber, where the king received

them in due form. The mayor, approaching the throne, knelt down and laid at his Majesty's feet the petition, which he was requested by the king to read.

The preamble set forth that the young nobility of the day were not content with the pleasures of the court, but were in the custom of entering the city on the other side of Temple-bar, creating disturbances, and visiting the wives of his Majesty's dutiful citizens, giving much cause for scandal, "and requesting that in future his Majesty would be pleased to give directions that the nobility should not enter the city without the permission of the corporation, as such would prove most advantageous to the morals of the community."

"Hah!" observed his Majesty, "how is this, my Lord of Rochester? Do our young gallants create disturbances with our good citizens? This must be looked to."

"May it please your Majesty," replied the Earl of Rochester, "assertion is not proof. Here are now twenty-five of the wealthiest citizens of London present, and on their knees before you—they have twenty-five wives—is there any one who will accuse his wife, or his neighbour's wife, of listening to the nonsense of these young nobles? Either they must listen to them, or, if they do not listen to them, there is no harm done."

"Very true," replied the king. "Say, Mr Mayor, where are your proofs of what you have now asserted?"

"May it please your Majesty, women are women," replied the mayor.

"I believe we may admit that, your Majesty," rejoined Rochester, with a smile.

"Yes. In that point I agree with Mr Mayor—go on. What further does this petition contain?"

"A request that your Majesty will pass some law by which our city dames may be prevented from vying in expense with those of the court—to forbid stuffs of gold, or Genoa velvet, to be worn by them—and all ornaments of too high price—which are not suitable to our condition as simple artisans, and very ruinous to our pockets."

"May it please your Majesty, as any man can legislate for his own household, I think this last clause quite unnecessary. If the good citizens of London cannot afford to pay for such finery they must prevent their wives from purchasing it."

"That is very true," observed his Majesty; "you must prevent it yourselves."

"May it please your Majesty, we cannot," exclaimed the whole deputation, with one voice.

"Well, this is a very serious affair," replied the king, and it must be laid before a special privy-council. Are you prepared to prove before the council, when you are called on, that your wives have been guilty of listening to these young gallants—have received them, and admitted their familiarities—say, Mr Mayor, and gentlemen, are you prepared to prove this?"

"All are prepared and ready to swear to it," replied the deputation.

"Well then, Mr Mayor, you will have the goodness to retire for a short time while I consult with my council, which I shall immediately summon; and if the facts are as you say, and you prove them, your petition shall be attended to."

The mayor and aldermen, delighted at this gracious reply, rose and humbly backed out of the presence-chamber. As soon as they had retired, the lady mayoress and all the aldermen's wives were ushered in, requested by his Majesty to be seated on chairs ranged round the throne, and thus was formed King Charles' special council. Rochester read the petition in a merry way, and then his Majesty requested the lady mayoress, as first in rank, to give her opinion.

"May it please your Majesty," said the mayoress, "it is very true that many of the young nobility do come within the city walls and prove good customers to our husbands. As for disturbances, I never heard of any, for our husbands are peaceable men; and as for their paying attention to the ladies, it is in my opinion only paying a compliment to our husbands, as well as to ourselves."

"Very well argued," replied the king.—"Your opinion, madam, on this first point," continued the king, addressing himself to one of the aldermen's ladies.

"Pray, does your Majesty think it fair," replied the lady, who was very pretty, "that our husbands are to leave us all day long, to add to their heaps of money, which they care for more than they do for us, and that we are not to amuse ourselves in some way? Besides, it can't be wrong, for the king sets the example, and the king can do no wrong."

"May it please your Majesty, that last argument settles the point," observed Rochester; "and I believe I may say, that the whole council are of the same opinion."

The ladies bowed their heads in acquiescence.

"And now as to the other request contained in this petition, that the ladies shall not in future dress in gold stuff, Genoa velvet, and rich ornaments. What say you, ladies?"

"May it please your Majesty," observed an alderman's wife, who had been married a week, "aware of what was to come, we have already discussed the point between ourselves. It is admitted that our husbands leave us alone, and that we are justified in receiving the attentions of the young nobles who so honour us. Now if our husbands stayed with us, and kept us company, we would dress to please them; but as they do not, and we are indebted to others for society, why we must dress accordingly. Courtiers require the splendour of the court, and it is our duty to study to please them, and our husbands' duty to accede to it, as a return for the compliments paid to us."

"This is remarkably good logic, Sire," observed Rochester. "I doubt whether you ever summoned a more wise council."

"A more delightful one, never," replied the king, bowing to the ladies.

"Now we will, if you please, summon in the lord mayor and deputation; and if they are willing, as they say they are, to prove——"

"Yes, if—" rejoined the lady mayoress; and all the other ladies replied, "Yes, if——"

In a few minutes the deputation made its appearance: the mayor and his colleagues entered the room with joyful anticipations, and fully prepared to prove all that their petition asserted; but what was their dismay when they all beheld their own wives, dressed in stuffs of gold, and Genoa velvet, arranged in a circle round the throne, their eyes flashing fire, and their fans moving with a rapidity that was ever the precursor of a storm. Each dame had singled out her husband, fixed her eyes upon him, and every lord and master had quailed at their lightning flashes. They tottered, rather than walked, up to the throne, and when they again went down upon their knees, each one involuntarily turned round to the direction where his own wife was seated, as if to deprecate her wrath and implore her pardon.

The king bit his lips to control his laughter; Rochester stuffed his handkerchief into his mouth.

"Mr Mayor and gentlemen," said the king, after he had somewhat recovered himself, "I have, as you perceive, summoned a special council to consult on this case; and it has been the decision of the council, that you should now produce these proofs, which you but just now stated you were prepared and willing to do. Mr Mayor, you may proceed, we are all attention."

"May it—please your—ladyship," stammered the mayor.

"It does not please her ladyship," replied the lady mayoress, fanning herself furiously.

"I meant—his Majesty—I would have said—I have no proofs myself to bring forward—but my colleagues are, I believe, well prepared."

"Indeed, Mr Mayor, is it possible that I mistook you? You have no proofs? Well then, who are the other gentlemen who are to bring forward the proofs?"

The deputation answered not.

"My Lord of Rochester, oblige me by putting the question separately to each of these gentlemen."

The question was put, but not one of the deputation had a proof to bring forward

"By the mass, but this is strange!" said the king. "But an hour ago they all had proofs, and now they have not one. This is trifling with us, Mr Mayor—an insult to the throne and council. Speak, sir, what means this?"

"May it please your Majesty—it means—that we beg pardon of your Majesty—and of the special council."

"And your petition?"

"Is withdrawn, if it so please your Majesty," said the mayor, looking round to the aldermen.

"Yes, your Majesty, is withdrawn."

"For myself, Mr Mayor, I accept your excuses, and you have my pardon; but as for the special council, I must leave you to settle with it how you can.—Ladies, a banquet is prepared; when summoned, it will depend upon yourselves, whether you come alone or attended by the mayor and deputation. Come, my Lord of Rochester, we will not interfere in the arrangements, which will take place better when we are out of the way."

So saying, the king quitted the presence-chamber with the Earl of Rochester, leaving the ladies seated, and their husbands still kneeling. We shall not dwell upon what took place after the departure of the king; one thing is certain, that the fair sex are very merciful, and as their husbands promised them that in future they should have their own way, dress as they pleased, receive whom they pleased, and spend what money they pleased, the ladies very kindly and magnanimously forgave their spouses; and when they were summoned to the banquet, each lady entered the hall, hanging on the arm of her husband.

This happy reconciliation was duly celebrated. Wine flowed, bumper after bumper was drank, pledge succeeded to pledge, and it was long past midnight before the carouse was over. The moon shone bright, and heated with the wine, Rochester proposed to the ladies that they should take a walk on the terrace before they ordered their carriages to go home. It must be confessed that the ladies

had not been so cautious as they ought to have been, and that their steps were not very steady; but could a lady refuse to drink wine with a king or an Earl of Rochester? No! and the consequence was, that they all were merry, and some of them more than merry. As for the husbands, they were reeling and tumbling in all directions, and the terrace-wall, wide as it was, was not sufficiently wide for them. Rochester led the way, and all was fun and merry laughter.

The party had not proceeded far, when a little altercation took place between the mayoress and the alderman's wife who had given her opinion after her in the council; for it so happened that as they sauntered along, the mayoress had picked up one portion of the broken wand, and the alderman's lady the other. The wand was of ebony, and highly polished—each would possess herself of the half in the hands of the other, and thus commenced the dispute; and it ended, as all disputes between ladies will end, if they happen to have a stick in their hands when they quarrel, by their beating each other. The mayoress gave the alderman's wife a slap with her part of the wand—it was immediately returned—when lo and behold——

It must be here explained, that although the wand when entire had the power of changing people as we have described, yet when broken, its power was divided between the two parts; the one end retaining its half power of changing only the upper portion of the figure, while the other could only change the lower half.

The blows were exchanged. The mayoress, who was a tall woman, immediately sank down a foot and a half, the upper portion of her plump body was now resting upon the two diminutive legs of a two-feet-high fairy—which could only make a stride of six inches at a time. The alderman's lady, on the contrary, retained her lower portion of her body; but instead of her lovely face, and graceful neck, she carried a little round head and shoulders, such as is represented in the figure of Puck. They must all have been very tipsy, for the others thought that they

had put on masquerade dresses—the sticks were seized, one by Rochester, the other by the king, and they struck right and left—the lord mayor had the head and beard of a satyr—Rochester had the feet of a goat—the king appeared to have the bust of a beautiful woman, with a pair of splendid blue gossamer wings to his shoulders—one of the aldermen found himself with a naiad's tail, and he fell flat on the terrace, with great violence; all of them, men and women, were transformed into some shape or another—and the more strange the metamorphosis, the louder they all laughed and shouted. Some indeed were very much alarmed; particularly one little woman, who whispered to her neighbour, that she believed she was a little man.

But the scene did not end here: the two parts of the wand found their way into other hands, who as they capered and jumped beat their companions. King Charles, struck by the lower part of the wand, found his transformation complete—he was now a lovely woman;—Rochester was turned by a blow, into a perfect satyr—while the mayoress, struck by the same portion, sank down into a little fairy not two feet high. As the sticks were passed round there was no end to the transformations: the fat alderman who had fallen down with a fish's tail, now became a perfect naiad, with long hair, and a comb in his hand. Such was the noise and confusion, that the two little maids of honour came out on the terrace to witness this strange revelling. Rochester seized them and kissed them, as they screamed with fright at his shaggy beard—the wand was applied to them, and they too were transformed. The Duchess of Portsmouth opened her chamber-window, and perceiving the wild revelling resolved to indulge his Majesty with a good curtain-lecture; but he heard her not.

"To the oak of Herne the hunter," cried the king; "away to the oak!"

"To the oak! to the oak!" shouted the whole bacchanalian crew; and away they flew across the park, starting

the quiescent deer with their shouts, their laughter, and their revelry. Rochester took the naiad under his arm, that she might not be left behind, and dancing, capering, tumbling, and getting up again, led by the merry king, who now was a beautiful fairy, they arrived there out of breath.

But before they had reached the oak, their noise had disturbed the slumber of one happy pair who had nestled in each other's arms among the fern.

It was Maya and Elda—who had met, and had been reconciled, proving that with fairies, the quarrels of lovers are but the renewal of love; not the case, although supposed to be so, with us mortals. Maya had missed his wand, but he would not leave Elda to return for it—he intended to have searched for it the next morning.

"What is all that noise, dearest?" cried Elda, waking up and resting on her elbow, as she listened.

"What can it be, but the mad king at his pranks as usual?" replied Maya, who had risen on his feet. "But what is here? I see—I see how it is—they have found my wand and must have broken it; for it does not otherwise do things by halves."

As Maya said this, the king with his companions arrived under the oak-tree—Elda retired to a distance, while Maya soon regained the two parts of his wand from the hands of the intoxicated parties, who had possession of them.

"I shall have work to-night, and must repair this mischief," said Maya. "Elda, dearest, hasten and bring me poppy-juice to seal up the eyes of these mad people."

In a few minutes Elda had executed her commission; the whole company were now seated in a circle, singing songs, hugging one another, all merry but the two little maids of honour, who not having taken wine, were horrified at the transformation—they sat together and cried as if their little hearts would break.

Maya pressed the poppy-juice on the eyes of each individual, and in a few seconds they were all in a profound sleep. He then examined the transformations, and

completed those which were partial above or below—till then he could not repair his wand. When they were all transformed, he put the two parts of his wand together, breathed upon them, and the wand was reunited. He then went round the circle, touched each person, and the whole company resumed their original forms.

"So far have I done my part," observed Maya. "As for colds, catarrhs, fevers, agues, they deserve all they may catch. Now, Elda, let us once more retire to rest."

The leaves of the old oak-tree were gilded with the rays of the morning sun, before King Charles and his companions awoke, and very much astonished they were to find themselves in such a place and at such an hour—the ladies blushed and canvassed the affair among themselves—they recollected the transformations, they remembered their setting off for the Hunter's Oak—but still they were confused. The mayor and aldermen were puzzled—not so much at finding themselves asleep under the tree, but that their wives should be there also. The king and Rochester were the only two who appeared indifferent.

"Come, ladies—come, my lord mayor and gentlemen of the corporation, we have had a merry night of it, and have slept under the greenwood tree, now let us in to the toilet, and then to breakfast."

He offered his arm to the lady mayoress, the rest of the company followed—they hastened to the toilet—they ate their breakfasts, and then hastened back to the good city of London.

"Well," said the king, as soon as the company had departed, "what think you of this, Rochester—were we visited by the fairies last night, think you?"

"May it please your Majesty," replied the earl, "my opinion is that either we were in the hands of the fairies, or else——"

"Else what?"

"Or else, Sire, we were all most confoundedly drunk."

A Rencontre

One evening I was sitting alone in the *salle à manger* of the *Couronne d'Or*, at Boulogne, when Colonel G——, an old acquaintance, came in. After the first greeting he took a chair, and was soon as busily occupied as I was with a cigar, which was occasionally removed from our lips as we asked and replied to questions as to what had been our pursuits subsequent to our last rencontre. After about half an hour's chit-chat, he observed, as he lighted a fresh cigar—

"When I was last in this room I was in company with a very strange personage."

"Male or female?" inquired I.

"Female," replied Colonel G——. "Altogether it's a story worth telling, and as it will pass away the time, I will relate it you—unless you wish to retire."

As I satisfied him that I was not anxious to go to bed, and very anxious to hear his story, he narrated it as near as I can recollect in the following words :—

"I had taken my place in the diligence from Paris, and when I arrived at *Notre Dame des Victoires* it was all ready for a start; the luggage, piled up as high as an English haystack, had been covered over and buckled down, and the *conducteur* was calling out for the passengers. I took my last hasty whiff of my cigar, and unwillingly threw away more than half of a really good Havannah; for I perceived that in the *intérieur*, for which I had booked myself, there was one female already seated: and women and cigars are such great luxuries in their respective ways, that they are not to be indulged in at one and the same time—the world would be too happy, and happiness, we

are told, is not for us here below. Not that I agree with that moral, although it comes from very high authority ;—there is a great deal of happiness in this world, if you knew how to extract it; or rather, I should say, of pleasure: there is a pleasure in doing good; there is a pleasure, unfortunately, in doing wrong; there is a pleasure in looking forward, ay, and in looking backward also; there is pleasure in loving and being loved, in eating, in drinking, and though last, not least, in smoking. I do not mean to say that there are not the drawbacks of pain, regret, and even remorse; but there is a sort of pleasure even in them: it is pleasant to repent, because you know that you are doing your duty; and if there is no great pleasure in pain, it precedes an excess when it has left you. I say again, that, if you know how to extract it, there is a great deal of pleasure and of happiness in this world, especially if you have, as I have, a very bad memory.

"'*Allons, Messieurs!*' said the *conducteur;* and when I got in I found myself the sixth person, and opposite to the lady; for all the other passengers were of my own sex. Having fixed our hats up to the roof, wriggled and twisted a little so as to get rid of coat-tails, etc., all of which was effected previous to our having cleared *Rue Notre Dame des Victoires,* we began to scrutinise each other. Our female companion's veil was down and doubled, so that I could not well make her out; my other four companions were young men, all Frenchmen, apparently good-tempered, and inclined to be agreeable. A few seconds were sufficient for my reconnoitre of the gentlemen, and then my eyes were naturally turned towards the lady. She was muffled up in a winter cloak, so that her figure was not to be made out; and the veil still fell down before her face, so that only one cheek and a portion of her chin could be deciphered:—that fragment of her physiognomy was very pretty, and I watched in silence for the removal of the veil.

"I have omitted to state that, before I got into the diligence, I saw her take a very tender adieu of a very

handsome woman; but as her back was turned to me at the time, I did not see her face. She had now fallen back in her seat, and seemed disposed to commune with her own thoughts: that did not suit my views, which were to have a view of her face. Real politeness would have induced me to have left her to herself, but pretended politeness was resorted to that I might gratify my curiosity; so I inquired if she wished the window up. The answer was in the negative, and in a very sweet voice; and then there was a pause, of course—so I tried again.

"'You are melancholy at parting with your handsome sister,' observed I, leaning forward with as much appearance of interest as I could put into my beautiful phiz.

"'How could you have presumed that she was my sister?' replied she.

"From the *strong family* likeness,' rejoined I, 'I felt certain of it.'

"'But she is only my sister-in-law, sir—my brother's wife.'

"'Then, I presume, he chose a wife as like his sister as he could find: nothing more natural—I should have done the same.'

"'Sir you are very polite,' replied the lady, who lowered down the window, adding, 'I like fresh air.'

"'Perhaps you will find yourself less incommoded if you take off your veil?'

"'I will not ascribe that proposition to curiosity on your part, sir,' replied the lady, 'as you have already seen my face.'

"'You cannot, then, be surprised at my wishing to see it once more.'

"You are very polite, sir.'

"'Although her voice was soft, there was a certain quickness and decision in her manner and language which were very remarkable. The other passengers now addressed her, and the conversation became general. The veiled lady took her share in it, and showed a great deal of smartness and repartee. In an hour more we were all very

intimate. As we changed horses, I took down my hat to put into it my cigar-case, which I had left in my pocket, upon which the lady observed, 'You smoke, I perceive; and so, I dare say, do all the rest of the gentlemen.—Now, do not mind me; I am fond of the smell of tobacco—I am used to it.'

"We hesitated.

"'Nay, more, I smoke myself, and will take a cigar with you.'

"This was decisive. I offered my cigar-case—another gentleman struck a light. Lifting up her veil so as to show a very pretty mouth, with teeth as white as snow, she put the cigar in her mouth, and set us the example. In a minute both windows were down, and every one had a cigar in his mouth.

"'Where did you learn to smoke, madam?' was a question put to the *incognita* by the passenger who sat next to her.

"'Where?—In the camp—Africa—everywhere. I did belong to the army—that is, my husband was one of the captains of the 47th. He was killed, poor man! in the last successful expedition to Constantine:—*c'était un brave homme.*'

"'Indeed! Were you at Constantine?'

"'Yes, I was; I followed the army during the whole campaign.'

"The diligence stopped for supper or dinner, whichever it might be considered, and the *conducteur* threw open the doors. 'Now,' thought I, 'we shall see her face,' and so, I believe, thought the other passengers: but we were mistaken; the lady went upstairs and had a basin of soup taken to her. When all was ready we found her in the diligence, with her veil down as before.

"This was very provoking, for she was so lively and witty in conversation, and the features of her face which had been disclosed were so perfect, that I was really quite on a fret that she would leave me without satisfying my curiosity:—they talk of woman's curiosity, but we men

have as much, after all. It became dark;—the lady evidently avoided further conversation, and we all composed ourselves as well as we could. It may be as well to state in few words, that the next morning she was as cautious and reserved as ever. The diligence arrived at this hotel—the passengers separated—and I found that the lady and I were the only two who took up our quarters there. At all events, the Frenchmen who travelled with us went away just as wise as they came.

"'You remain here?' inquired I as soon as we had got out of the diligence.

"'Yes,' replied she. 'And you——'

"'I remain here, certainly; but I hope you do not intend to remain always veiled. It is too cruel of you.'

"'I must go to my room now and make myself a little more comfortable; after that, Mons l'Anglais, I will speak to you. You are going over in the packet, I presume?'

"'I am: by to-morrow's packet.'

"'I shall put myself under your protection, for I am also going to London.'

"'I shall be most delighted.'

"'*Au revoir*.'

"About an hour afterwards a message was brought to me by the *garçon*, that the lady would be happy to receive me in No. 19. I ascended to the second floor, knocked, and was told to come in.

"She was now without a veil; and what do you think was her reason for the concealment of her person?"

"By the beard of Mokhanna, how can I tell?"

"Well, then, she had two of the most beautiful eyes in the world; her eyebrows were finely arched; her forehead was splendid; her mouth was tempting—in short, she was as pretty as you could wish a woman to be, only she had *broken her nose*—a thousand pities, for it must once have been a very handsome one. Well, to continue, I made my bow.

"'You perceive, now, sir,' said she, 'why I wore my veil down.'

"'No, indeed,' replied I.

"'You are very polite, or very blind,' rejoined she: 'the latter I believe not to be the fact. I did not choose to submit to the impertinence of my own countrymen in the diligence: they would have asked me a hundred questions upon my accident. But you are an Englishman, and have respect for a female who has been unfortunate.'

"'I trust I deserve your good opinion, madam; and if I can be in any way useful to you——'

"'You can. I shall be a stranger in England. I know that in London there is a great man, one Monsieur Lis-tong, who is very clever.'

"'Very true, madam. If your nose, instead of having been slightly injured as it is, had been left behind you in Africa, Mr Liston would have found you another.'

"'If he will only repair the old one, I ask no more. You give me hopes. But the bones are crushed completely, as you must see.'

"'That is of no consequence. Mr Liston has put a new eye in, to my knowledge. The party was short-sighted, and saw better with the one put in by Mr Liston, than with the one which had been left him.'

"'*Est-il possible? Mais, quel homme extraordinaire!* Perhaps you will do me the favour to sit with me, monsieur; and, if I mistake not, you have a request to make of me—*n'est-ce pas?*'

"'I feel such interest about you, madam, that I acknowledge, if it would not be too painful to you, I should like to ask a question.'

"'Which is, How did I break my nose?—Of course you want to know. And as it is the only return I can make for past or future obligations to you, you shall most certainly be gratified. I will not detain you now. I shall expect you to supper. Adieu, monsieur.'

"I did not, of course, fail in my appointment; and after supper she commenced:—

"'The question to be answered,' said she, 'is, How did you break your nose?—Is it not? Well, then, at least, I

shall answer it after my own fashion. So, to begin at the beginning, I am now just twenty-two years old. My father was tambour-major in the Garde Impériale. I was born in the camp—brought up in the camp—and, finally, I was married in the camp, to a lieutenant of infantry at the time. So that, you observe, I am altogether *militaire*. As a child, I was wakened up with the drum and fife, and went to sleep with the bugles; as a girl, I became quite conversant with every military manœuvre; and now that I am a woman grown, I believe that I am more fit for the *bâton* than one half of those marshals who have gained it. I have studied little else but tactics; and have, as my poor husband said, quite a genius for them—but of that hereafter. I was married at sixteen, and have ever since followed my husband. I followed him at last to his grave. He quitted my bed for the bed of honour, where he sleeps in peace. We'll drink to his memory.'

"We emptied our glasses, when she continued:—

"'My husband's regiment was not ordered to Africa until after the first disastrous attempt upon Constantine. It fell to our lot to assist in retrieving the honour of our army in the more successful expedition which took place, as you of course are aware, about three months ago. I will not detain you with our embarkation or voyage. We landed from a steamer at Bona, and soon afterwards my husband's company were ordered to escort a convoy of provisions to the army which were collecting at Mzez Ammar. Well, we arrived safely at our various camps of Dréan, Nech Meya, and Amman Berda. We made a little *détour* to visit Ghelma. I had curiosity to see it, as formerly it was an important city. I must say that a more tenable position I never beheld. But I tire you with these details.'

"'On the contrary, I am delighted.'

"'You are very good. I ought to have said something about the travelling in these wild countries, which is anything but pleasant. The soil is a species of clay, hard as a flint when the weather is dry, but running into a slippery

paste as soon as moistened. It is, therefore, very fatiguing, especially in wet weather, when the soldiers slip about, in a very laughable manner to look at, but very distressing to themselves. I travelled either on horseback or in one of the waggons, as it happened. I was too well known, and I hope I may add, too well liked, not to be as well provided for as possible. It is remarkable how soon a Frenchman will make himself comfortable, wherever he may chance to be. The camp of Mzez Ammar was as busy and as lively as if it was pitched in the heart of France. The followers had built up little cabins out of the branches of trees, with their leaves on, interwoven together, all in straight lines, forming streets, very commodious, and perfectly impervious to the withering sun. There were *restaurants*, *cafés*, *débits de vin et eau-de-vie*, sausage-sellers, butchers, grocers—in fact, there was every trade almost, and everything you required; not very cheap certainly, but you must recollect that this little town had sprung up, as if by magic, in the heart of the desert.

"'It was in the month of September that Damrémont ordered a *reconnaissance* in the direction of Constantine, and a battalion of my husband's regiment, the 47th, was ordered to form a part of it. I have said nothing about my husband. He was a good little man, and a brave officer, full of honour, but very obstinate. He never would take advice, and it was nothing but "*Tais-toi, Coralie*," all day long—but no one is perfect. He wished me to remain in the camp, but I made it a rule never to be left behind. We set off, and I rode in one of the little carriages called *cacolets*, which had been provided for the wounded. It was terrible travelling, I was jolted to atoms in the ascent of the steep mountain called the Rass-el-akba; but we gained the summit without a shot being fired. When we arrived there, and looked down beneath us, the sight was very picturesque. There were about four or five thousand of the Arab cavalry awaiting our descent; their white bournous, as they term the long dresses in which they enfold themselves, waving in the wind as they galloped at

full speed in every direction; while the glitter of their steel arms flashed like lightning upon your eyes. We closed our ranks and descended; the Arabs, in parties of forty or fifty, charging upon our flanks every minute, not coming to close conflict, but stopping at pistol-shot distance, discharging their guns and then wheeling off again to a distance—mere child's play, sir; nevertheless there were some of our men wounded, and the little waggon upon which I was riding was ordered up in the advance to take them in. Unfortunately, to keep clear of the troops, the driver kept too much on one side of the narrow defile through which we passed; the consequence was, that the waggon upset, and I was thrown out a considerable distance down the precipice——'

"'And broke your nose,' interrupted I.

"'No indeed, sir, I did not. I escaped with only a few contusions about the region of the hip, which certainly lamed me for some time, and made the jolting more disagreeable than ever. Well, the *reconnaissance* succeeded. Damrémont was, however, wrong altogether. I told him so when I met him; but he was an obstinate old fool, and his answer was not as polite as it might have been, considering that at that time I was a very pretty woman. We returned to the camp at Mzez Ammar; a few days afterwards we were attacked by the Arabs, who showed great spirit and determination in their desultory mode of warfare, which, however, can make no impression on such troops as the French. The attack was continued for three days, when they decamped as suddenly as they had come. But this cannot be very interesting to you, monsieur.'

"'On the contrary, do not, I beg, leave out a single remark or incident.'

"'You are very good. I presume you know how we *militaires* like to fight our battles over again. Well, sir, we remained in camp until the arrival of the Duc de Nemours—a handsome, fair lad, who smiled upon me very graciously. On the 1st of October we set off on our expedition to Constantine; that is to say, the advanced

guard did, of which my husband's company formed a portion. The weather which had been very fine, now changed, and it rained hard all the day. The whole road was one mass of mud, and there was no end to delays and accidents. However, the weather became fine again, and on the 5th we arrived within two leagues of Constantine, when the Arabs attacked us, and I was very nearly taken prisoner.'

"'Indeed!'

"'Yes; my husband, who, as I before observed to you, was very obstinate, would have me ride on a *caisson* in the rear; whereas I wished to be in the advance, where my advice might have been useful. The charge of the Arabs was very sudden; the three men who were with the *caisson* were sabred, and I was in the arms of a chieftain, who was wheeling round his horse to make off with me when a ball took him in the neck, and he fell with me. I disengaged myself, seized the horse by the bridle, and prevented its escape; and I also took possession of the Arab's pistols and scimitar.'

"'Indeed!'

"'My husband sold the horse the next day to one of our generals, who forgot to pay for it after my husband was killed. As for the scimitar and pistols, they were stolen from me that night: but what can you expect?—our army is brave, but a little demoralised. The next day we arrived before Constantine, and we had to defile before the enemy's guns. At one portion of the road, men and horses were tumbled over by their fire; the *caisson* that I was riding upon was upset by a ball, and thrown down the ravine, dragging the horses after it. I lay among the horses' legs—they kicking furiously; it was a miracle that my life was preserved: as it was——'

"'You broke your nose,' interrupted I.

"'No, sir, indeed I did not. I only received a kick on the arm, which obliged me to carry it in a sling for some days. The weather became very bad; we had few tents, and they were not able to resist the storms of rain and

wind. We wrapped ourselves up how we could and sat in deep pools of water, and the Arabs attacked us before we could open the fire of our batteries; we were in such a pickle that, had the bad weather lasted, we must have retreated; and happy would those have been who could have once more found themselves safe in the camp of Mzez Ammar. I don't think that I ever suffered so much as I did at that time—the weather had even overcome the natural gallantry of our nation; and so far from receiving any attention, the general remark to me was, "What the devil do *you* do here?" This to be said to a pretty woman!

"'It was not till the 10th that we could manage to open the fire of our batteries. It was mud, mud, and mud again; the men and horses were covered with mud up to their necks—the feathers of the staff were covered with mud—every ball which was fired by the enemy sent up showers of mud; even the face of the Duc de Nemours was disfigured with it. I must say that our batteries were well situated, all except the great mortar battery. This I pointed out to Damrémont when he passed me, and he was very savage. Great men don't like to be told of their faults; however, he lost his life three days afterwards from not taking my advice. He was going down the hill with Rulhières when I said to him, 'Mon Général, you expose yourself too much; that which is duty in a subaltern is a fault in a general.' He very politely told me to go to where he may chance to be himself now; for a cannon-ball struck him a few seconds afterwards, and he was killed on the spot. General Perrégaux was severely wounded almost at the same time. For four days the fighting was awful; battery answered to battery night and day: while from every quarter of the compass we were exposed to the fierce attacks of the Arab cavalry. The commander of our army sent a flag of truce to their town, commanding them to surrender; and, what do you think was the reply?—"If you want powder, we'll supply you; if you are without bread, we will send it to you: but as long as there is one good Mussulman left alive you do not enter the town."—

Was not that grand? The very reply, when made known to the troops, filled them with admiration of their enemy, and they swore by their colours that if ever they overpowered them they would give them no quarter.

"'In two days, General Vallée, to whom the command fell upon the death of Damrémont, considered the breach sufficiently wide for the assault, and we every hour expected that the order would be given. It came at last. My poor husband was in the second column which mounted. Strange to say, he was very melancholy on that morning, and appeared to have a presentiment of what was to take place. "Coralie," said he to me, as he was scraping the mud off his trousers with his pocket-knife, "if I fall, you will do well. I leave you as a legacy to General Vallée—he will appreciate you. Do not forget to let him know my testamentary dispositions."

"'I promised I would not. The drums beat. He kissed me on both cheeks. "Go, my Philippe," said I; "go to glory." He did; for a mine was sprung, and he with many others was blown to atoms. I had watched the advance of the column, and was able to distinguish the form of my dear Philippe when the explosion with the vast column of smoke took place. When it cleared away, I could see the wounded in every direction hastening back; but my husband was not among them. In the meantime the other columns entered the breach—the firing was awful, and the carnage dreadful. It was more than an hour after the assault commenced before the French tricolor waved upon the minarets of Constantine.

"'It was not until the next day that I could make up my mind to search for my husband's body; but it was my duty. I climbed up the breach, strewed with the corpses of our brave soldiers, intermingled with those of the Arabs; but I could not find my husband. At last a head which had been blown off attracted my attention. I examined it—it was my Philippe's, blackened and burnt, and terribly disfigured: but who can disguise the fragment of a husband from the keen eyes of the wife of his bosom?

I leaned over it. "My poor Philippe!" exclaimed I; and the tears were bedewing my cheeks when I perceived the Duc de Nemours close to me, with all his staff attending him. "What have we here?" said he, with surprise, to those about him. "A wife, looking for her husband's body, mon Prince," replied I. "I cannot find it; but here is his head." He said something very complimentary and kind, and then walked on. I continued my search without success, and determined to take up my quarters in the town. As I clambered along, I gained a battered wall; and, putting my foot on it, it gave with me, and I fell down several feet. Stunned with the blow, I remained for some time insensible; when I came to, I found——"

"'That you had broken your nose.'

"'No, indeed; I had sprained my ankle and hurt the cap of my knee, but my nose was quite perfect. You must have a little patience yet.

"'What fragments of my husband were found, were buried in a large grave, which held the bodies and the mutilated portions of the killed; and, having obtained possession of an apartment in Constantine, I remained there several days, lamenting his fate. At last it occurred to me that his testamentary dispositions should be attended to, and I wrote to General Vallée, informing him of the last wishes of my husband. His reply was very short: it was, that he was excessively flattered, but press of business would not permit him to administer to the will. It was not polite.

"'On the 26th I quitted Constantine with a convoy of wounded men. The dysentery and the cholera made fearful ravages, and I very soon had a *caisson* all to myself. The rain again came on in torrents, and it was a dreadful funeral procession. Every minute wretches, jolted to death, were thrown down into pits by the roadside, and the cries of those who survived were dreadful. Many died of cold and hunger; and after three days we arrived at the camp of Mzez Ammar, with the loss of more than one-half of our sufferers.

"'I took possession of one of the huts built of the boughs of the trees which I formerly described; and had leisure to think over my future plans and prospects. I was young and pretty, and hope did not desert me. I had recovered my baggage, which I had left at the camp, and was now able to attend to my toilet. The young officers who were in the camp paid me great attention, and were constantly passing and repassing to have a peep at the handsome widow, as they were pleased to call me; and now comes the history of my misfortune.

"'The cabin built of boughs which I occupied was double; one portion was fenced off from the other with a wattling of branches, which ran up about seven feet, but not so high as the roof. In one apartment I was located, the other was occupied by a young officer who paid me attention, but who was not to my liking. I had been walking out in the cool of the evening and had returned, when I heard voices in the other apartment; I entered softly and they did not perceive my approach; they were talking about me, and I must say that the expressions were very complimentary. At last one of the party observed, "Well, she is a splendid woman, and a good soldier's wife. I hope to be a general by-and-bye, and she would not disgrace a marshal's baton. I think I shall propose to her before we leave the camp."

"'Now, sir, I did not recognise the speaker by his voice, and, flattered by the remark, I was anxious to know who it could be who was thus prepossessed in my favour. I thought that if I could climb up on the back of the only chair which was in my apartment, I should be able to see over the partition and satisfy my curiosity. I did so, and without noise; and I was just putting my head over to take a survey of the tenants of the other apartment when the chair tilted, and down I came on the floor, and on my face. Unfortunately, I hit my nose upon the edge of the frying-pan, with which my poor Philippe and I used to cook our meat: and now, sir, you know how it was that I broke my nose.'

"'What a pity!' observed I.

"'Yes; a great pity. I had gone through the whole campaign without any serious accident, and——But after all it was very natural: the two besetting evils of women are Vanity and Curiosity, and if you were to ascertain the truth, you would find that it is upon these two stumbling-blocks that most women are upset and break their noses.'

"'Very true, madam,' replied I. 'I thank you for your narrative, and shall be most happy to be of any use to you. But I will detain you from your rest no longer, so wish you a very good night.'"

"Well, Colonel," said I, as he made a sudden stop, "what occurred after that?"

"I took great care of her until we arrived in London, saw her safe to the hotel in Leicester Square, and then took my leave. Whether Liston replaced her nose, and she is now *flanée*—ing about Paris, as beautiful as before her accident; or, whether his skill was useless to her, and she is among the *Sœurs de Charite*, or in a convent, I cannot say: I have never seen or heard of her since."

"Well, I know Liston, and I'll not forget to ask him about her the very first time that I meet him. Will you have another cigar?"

"No, I thank you. I've finished my cigar, my bottle, and my story, and so now good-night!"

THE END.

The Pirate

Chapter I

THE BAY OF BISCAY

It was in the latter part of the month of June, of the year 179-, that the angry waves of the Bay of Biscay were gradually subsiding, after a gale of wind as violent as it was unusual during that period of the year. Still they rolled heavily; and, at times, the wind blew up in fitful, angry gusts, as if it would fain renew the elemental combat; but each effort was more feeble, and the dark clouds which had been summoned to the storm now fled in every quarter before the powerful rays of the sun, who burst their masses asunder with a glorious flood of light and heat; and, as he poured down his resplendent beams, piercing deep into the waters of that portion of the Atlantic to which we now refer, with the exception of one object, hardly visible, as at creation, there was a vast circumference of water, bounded by the fancied canopy of heaven. We have said, with the exception of one object; for in the centre of this picture, so simple, yet so sublime, composed of the three great elements, there was a remnant of the fourth. We say a remnant, for it was but the hull of a vessel, dismasted, water-logged, its upper works only floating occasionally above the waves, when a transient repose from their still violent undulation permitted it to reassume its buoyancy. But this was seldom; one moment it was deluged by the seas, which broke as they poured

over its gunwale; and the next, it rose from its submersion as the water escaped from the port-holes at its sides.

How many thousands of vessels—how many millions of property—have been abandoned, and eventually consigned to the all-receiving depths of the ocean, through ignorance or through fear! What a mine of wealth must lie buried in its sands, what riches lie entangled among its rocks, or remain suspended in its unfathomable gulf, where the compressed fluid is equal in gravity to that which it encircles, there to remain secured in its embedment from corruption and decay, until the destruction of the universe, and the return of chaos. Yet, immense as the accumulated loss must be, the major part of it has been occasioned from an ignorance of one of the first laws of nature, that of specific gravity. The vessel to which we have referred was, to all appearance, in a situation of as extreme hazard as that of a drowning man clinging to a single rope-yarn; yet, in reality, she was more secure from descending to the abyss below than many gallantly careering on the waters, their occupants dismissing all fear, and only calculating upon a quick arrival into port.

The *Circassian* had sailed from New Orleans, a gallant and well-appointed ship, with a cargo, the major part of which consisted of cotton. The captain was, in the usual acceptation of the term, a good sailor; the crew were hardy and able seamen. As they crossed the Atlantic, they had encountered the gale to which we have referred, were driven down into the Bay of Biscay, where, as we shall hereafter explain, the vessel was dismasted, and sprang a leak, which baffled all their exertions to keep under. It was now five days since the frightened crew had quitted the vessel in two of her boats, one of which had swamped, and every soul that occupied it had perished; the fate of the other was uncertain.

We said that the crew had deserted the vessel, but we did not assert that every existing being had been removed out of her. Had such been the case, we should not have taken up the reader's time in describing inanimate matter.

It is life that we portray, and life there still was, in the shattered hull thus abandoned to the mockery of the ocean. In the *caboose* of the *Circassian*, that is, in the cooking-house, secured on deck, and which fortunately had been so well fixed as to resist the force of the breaking waves, remained three beings—a man, a woman, and a child. The two first mentioned were of that inferior race which have, for so long a period, been procured from the sultry Afric coast, to toil, but reap not for themselves; the child which lay at the breast of the female was of European blood, now, indeed, deadly pale, as it attempted in vain to draw sustenance from its exhausted nurse, down whose sable cheeks the tears coursed, as she occasionally pressed the infant to her breast, or turned it round to leeward to screen it from the spray, which dashed over them at each returning swell. Indifferent to all else, save her little charge, she spoke not, although she shuddered with the cold, as the water washed her knees each time that the hull was careened into the wave. Cold and terror had produced a change in her complexion, which now wore a yellow or sort of copper hue.

The male, who was her companion, sat opposite to her upon the iron range, which once had been the receptacle of light and heat, but was now but a weary seat to a drenched and worn-out wretch. He, too, had not spoken for many hours; with the muscles of his face relaxed, his thick lips pouting far in advance of his collapsed cheeks, his high cheek-bones, prominent as budding horns, his eyes displaying little but their whites, he appeared to be an object of greater misery than the female, whose thoughts were directed to the infant, and not unto herself. Yet his feelings were still acute, although his faculties appeared to be deadened by excess of suffering.

"Eh, me!" cried the negro woman faintly, after a long silence, her head falling back with extreme exhaustion. Her companion made no reply, but, roused at the sound of her voice, bent forward, slided open the door a little, and looked out to windward. The heavy spray dashed into

his glassy eyes, and obscured his vision ; he groaned, and fell back into his former position. "What you tink, Coco?" inquired the negress, covering up more carefully the child, as she bent her head down upon it. A look of despair, and a shudder from cold and hunger, were the only reply.

It was then about eight o'clock in the morning, and the swell of the ocean was fast subsiding. At noon the warmth of the sun was communicated to them through the planks of the *caboose*, while its rays poured a small stream of vivid light through the chinks of the closed panels. The negro appeared gradually to revive : at last he rose, and with some difficulty contrived again to slide open the door. The sea had gradually decreased its violence, and but occasionally broke over the vessel ; carefully holding on by the door-jambs, Coco gained the outside, that he might survey the horizon.

"What you see, Coco?" said the female, observing from the *caboose* that his eyes were fixed upon a certain quarter.

"So help me God, me tink me see something ; but ab so much salt water in um eye, me no see clear," replied Coco, rubbing away the salt, which had crystallised on his face during the morning.

"What you tink um like, Coco?"

"Only one bit cloud," replied he, entering the *caboose*, and resuming his seat upon the grate with a heavy sigh.

"Eh me!" cried the negress, who had uncovered the child to look at it, and whose powers were sinking fast. "Poor lilly Massa Eddard, him look very bad indeed—him die very soon, me fear. Look, Coco, no ab breath."

The child's head fell back from the breast of its nurse, and life appeared to be extinct.

"Judy, you no ab milk for piccaninny ; suppose um no ab milk, how can live? Eh! stop, Judy, me put lilly finger in um mouth ; suppose Massa Eddard no dead, im pull."

Coco inserted his finger into the child's mouth, and felt a slight drawing pressure. "Judy," cried Coco, "Massa

Eddard no dead yet. Try now, suppose you ab lilly drop oder side."

Poor Judy shook her head mournfully, and a tear rolled down her cheek; she was aware that nature was exhausted. "Coco," said she, wiping her cheek with the back of her hand, "me give me heart blood for Massa Eddard; but no ab milk—all gone."

This forcible expression of love for the child, which was used by Judy, gave an idea to Coco. He drew his knife out of his pocket, and very coolly sawed to the bone of his fore-finger. The blood flowed and trickled down to the extremity, which he applied to the mouth of the infant.

"See, Judy, Massa Eddard suck—him not dead," cried Coco, chuckling at the fortunate result of the experiment, and forgetting, at the moment, their almost hopeless situation.

The child, revived by the strange sustenance, gradually recovered its powers, and in a few minutes it pulled at the finger with a certain degree of vigour.

"Look, Judy, how Massa Eddard take it," continued Coco. "Pull away, Massa Eddard, pull away. Coco ab ten finger, and take long while suck 'em all dry." But the child was soon satisfied, and fell asleep in the arms of Judy.

"Coco, suppose you go see again," observed Judy. The negro again crawled out, and again he scanned the horizon.

"So help me God, this time me tink, Judy—yes, so help me God, me see a ship!" cried Coco joyfully.

"Eh!" screamed Judy, faintly, with delight; "den Massa Eddard no die."

"Yes, so help me God—he come dis way!" and Coco, who appeared to have recovered a portion of his former strength and activity, clambered on the top of the *caboose*, where he sat, crossed-legged, waving his yellow handkerchief, with the hope of attracting the attention of those on board; for he knew that it was very possible that an object

floating little more than level with the water's surface might escape notice.

As it fortunately happened, the frigate, for such she was, continued her course precisely for the wreck, although it had not been perceived by the look-out men at the mast-heads, whose eyes had been directed to the line of the horizon. In less than an hour, our little party were threatened with a new danger, that of being run over by the frigate, which was now within a cable's length of them, driving the seas before her in one widely-extended foam, as she pursued her rapid and impetuous course. Coco shouted to his utmost, and fortunately attracted the notice of the men who were on the bowsprit, stowing away the foretopmast-staysail, which had been hoisted up to dry after the gale.

"Starboard, hard!" was roared out.

"Starboard it is," was the reply from the quarter-deck, and the helm was shifted without inquiry, as it always is on board of a man-of-war, although, at the same time, it behoves people to be rather careful how they pass such an order, without being prepared with a subsequent and most satisfactory explanation.

The topmast studding-sail flapped and fluttered, the foresail shivered, and the jib filled as the frigate rounded to, narrowly missing the wreck, which was now under the bows, rocking so violently in the white foam of the agitated waters, that it was with difficulty that Coco could, by clinging to the stump of the mainmast, retain his elevated position. The frigate shortened sail, hove-to, and lowered down a quarter-boat, and, in less than five minutes, Coco, Judy, and the infant, were rescued from their awful situation. Poor Judy, who had borne up against all for the sake of the child, placed it in the arms of the officer who relieved them, and then fell back in a state of insensibility, in which condition she was carried on board. Coco, as he took his placé in the stern-sheets of the boat, gazed wildly round him, and then broke out into peals of extravagant laughter, which continued without intermission, and were the only replies which he could give to the interrogatories

of the quarter-deck, until he fell down in a swoon, and was entrusted to the care of the surgeon.

Chapter II

THE BACHELOR

On the evening of the same day on which the child and the two negroes had been saved from the wreck by the fortunate appearance of the frigate, Mr Witherington, of Finsbury Square, was sitting alone in his dining-room, wondering what could have become of the *Circassian*, and why he had not received intelligence of her arrival. Mr Witherington, as we said before, was alone; he had his port and his sherry before him; and, although the weather was rather warm, there was a small fire in the grate, because, as Mr Witherington asserted, it looked comfortable. Mr Witherington having watched the ceiling of the room for some time, although there was certainly nothing new to be discovered, filled another glass of wine, and then proceeded to make himself more comfortable by unbuttoning three more buttons of his waistcoat, pushing his wig farther back off his head, and casting loose all the buttons at the knees of his breeches; he completed his arrangements by dragging towards him two chairs within his reach, putting his legs upon one while he rested his arm upon the other: and why was not Mr Witherington to make himself comfortable? He had good health, a good conscience, and eight thousand a-year.

Satisfied with all his little arrangements, Mr Witherington sipped his port wine, and, putting down his glass again, fell back in his chair, placed his hands on his breast, interwove his fingers; and in this most comfortable position recommenced his speculations as to the non-arrival of the *Circassian*.

We will leave him to his cogitations while we introduce him more particularly to our readers.

The father of Mr Witherington was a younger son of one of the oldest and proudest families in the West Riding of Yorkshire: he had his choice of the four professions allotted to younger sons whose veins are filled with patrician blood—the army, the navy, the law, and the church. The army did not suit him, he said, as marching and counter-marching were not comfortable; the navy did not suit him, as there was little comfort in gales of wind and mouldy biscuit: the law did not suit him, as he was not sure that he would be at ease with his conscience, which would not be comfortable; the church was also rejected, as it was, with him, connected with the idea of a small stipend, hard duty, a wife and eleven children, which were anything but comfortable. Much to the horror of his family, he eschewed all the liberal professions, and embraced the offer of an old backslider of an uncle, who proposed to him a situation in his banking-house, and a partnership as soon as he deserved it: the consequence was, that his relations bade him an indignant farewell, and then made no further inquiries about him; he was as decidedly cut as one of the female branches of the family would have been had she committed a *faux pas*.

Nevertheless, Mr Witherington senior stuck diligently to his business, in a few years was a partner, and, at the death of the old gentleman, his uncle, found himself in possession of a good property, and every year coining money at his bank.

Mr Witherington senior then purchased a house in Finsbury Square, and thought it advisable to look out for a wife.

Having still much of the family pride in his composition, he resolved not to muddle the blood of the Witheringtons by any cross from Cateaton Street or Mincing Lane; and, after a proper degree of research, he selected the daughter of a Scotch earl, who went to London with a bevy of nine in a Leith smack to barter blood for wealth. Mr Witherington, being so fortunate as to be the first comer, had the pick of the nine ladies by courtesy; his choice

was light haired, blue-eyed, a little freckled, and very tall, by no means bad-looking, and standing on the list in the family Bible No. IV. From this union Mr Witherington had issue; first, a daughter, christened Moggy, whom we shall soon have to introduce to our reader as a spinster of forty-seven; and second, Antony Alexander Witherington, Esquire, whom we just now have left in a very comfortable position, and in a very brown study.

Mr Witherington senior persuaded his son to enter the banking-house; and, as a dutiful son, he entered it every day, but he did nothing more, having made the fortunate discovery that "his father was born before him;" or, in other words, that his father had plenty of money, and would be necessitated to leave it behind him.

As Mr Witherington senior had always studied comfort, his son had early imbibed the same idea, and carried his feelings, in that respect, to a much greater excess: he divided things into comfortable and uncomfortable. One fine day, Lady Mary Witherington, after paying all the household bills, paid the debt of Nature; that is, she died: her husband paid the undertaker's bill, so it is to be presumed that she was buried.

Mr Witherington senior shortly afterwards had a stroke of apoplexy, which knocked him down. Death, who has no feelings of honour, struck him when down. And Mr Witherington, after having laid a few days in bed, was by a second stroke laid in the same vault as Lady Mary Witherington: and Mr Witherington junior (our Mr Witherington), after deducting £40,000 for his sister's fortune, found himself in possession of a clear £8000 per annum, and an excellent house in Finsbury Square. Mr Witherington considered this a comfortable income, and he therefore retired altogether from business.

During the lifetime of his parents, he had been witness to one or two matrimonial scenes, which had induced him to put down matrimony as one of the things not comfortable; therefore he remained a bachelor.

His sister Moggy also remained unmarried; but whether

it were from a very unprepossessing squint which deterred suitors, or from the same dislike to matrimony as her brother had inbibed, it is not in our power to say. Mr Witherington was three years younger than his sister; and, although he had for some time worn a wig, it was only because he considered it more comfortable. Mr Witherington's whole character might be summed up in two words—eccentricity and benevolence: eccentric he certainly was, as most bachelors usually are. Man is but a rough pebble without the attrition received from contact with the gentler sex: it is wonderful how the ladies pumice a man down into a smoothness which occasions him to roll over and over with the rest of his species, jostling but not wounding his neighbours, as the waves of circumstance bring him into collision with them.

Mr Witherington roused himself from his deep reverie, and felt for the string connected with the bell-pull, which it was the butler's duty invariably to attach to the arm of his master's chair previous to his last exit from the dining-room; for, as Mr Witherington very truly observed, it was very uncomfortable to be obliged to get up and ring the bell; indeed, more than once Mr Witherington had calculated the advantages and disadvantages of having a daughter about eight years old who could ring the bell, air the newspapers, and cut the leaves of a new novel.

When, however, he called to mind that she could not always remain at that precise age, he decided that the balance of comfort was against it.

Mr Witherington, having pulled the bell again, fell into a brown study.

Mr Jonathan, the butler, made his appearance; but, observing that his master was occupied, he immediately stopped at the door, erect, motionless, and with a face as melancholy as if he was performing mute at the porch of some departed peer of the realm; for it is an understood thing that the greater the rank of the defunct, the longer must be the face, and, of course, the better must be the pay.

Now, as Mr Witherington is still in profound thought, and Mr Jonathan will stand as long as a hackney-coach horse, we will just leave them as they are, while we introduce the brief history of the latter to our readers. Jonathan Trapp had served as foot*boy*, which term, we believe, is derived from those who are in that humble capacity receiving a *quantum suff.* of the application of the feet of those above them to increase the energy of their service; then as foot*man*, which implies that they have been promoted to the more agreeable right of administering instead of receiving the above dishonourable applications; and lastly, for promotion could go no higher in the family, he had been raised to the dignity of butler in the service of Mr Witherington senior. Jonathan then fell in love, for butlers are guilty of indiscretions as well as their masters: neither he nor his fair flame, who was a lady's maid in another family, notwithstanding that they had witnessed the consequences of this error in others, would take warning: they gave warning, and they married.

Like most butlers and ladies' maids who pair off, they set up a public-house, and it is but justice to the lady's maid to say, that she would have preferred an eating-house, but was overruled by Jonathan, who argued, that although people would drink when they were not dry, they never would eat unless they were hungry.

Now, although there was truth in the observation, this is certain, that business did not prosper; it has been surmised that Jonathan's tall, lank, lean figure, injured his custom, as people are but too much inclined to judge of the goodness of the ale by the rubicund face and rotundity of the landlord; and therefore inferred that there could be no good beer where mine host was the picture of famine. There certainly is much in appearances in this world; and it appears, that in consequence of Jonathan's cadaverous appearance, he very soon appeared in the gazette: but what ruined Jonathan in one profession procured him immediate employment in another. An appraiser, upholsterer, and undertaker, who was called

in to value the fixtures, fixed his eye upon Jonathan, and knowing the value of his peculiarly lugubrious appearance, and having a half-brother of equal height, offered him immediate employment as a mute. Jonathan soon forgot to mourn his own loss of a few hundreds in his new occupation of mourning the loss of thousands; and his erect, still, statue-like carriage, and long melancholy face, as he stood at the portals of those who had entered the portals of the next world, were but too often a sarcasm upon the grief of the inheritors. Even grief is worth nothing in this trafficking world unless it is paid for. Jonathan buried many, and at last buried his wife. So far all was well; but at last he buried his master, the undertaker, which was not quite so desirable. Although Jonathan wept not, yet did he express mute sorrow as he marshalled him to his long home, and drank to his memory in a pot of porter as he returned from the funeral, perched, with many others, like carrion crows on the top of the hearse.

And now Jonathan was thrown out of employment from a reason which most people would have thought the highest recommendation. Every undertaker refused to take him, because they could not *match* him. In this unfortunate dilemma, Jonathan thought of Mr Witherington junior; he had served and he had buried Mr Witherington his father, and Lady Mary his mother; he felt that he had strong claims for such variety of services, and he applied to the bachelor. Fortunately for Jonathan, Mr Witherington's butler incumbent was just about to commit the same folly as Jonathan had done before, and Jonathan was again installed, resolving in his own mind to lead his former life, and have nothing more to do with ladies' maids. But from habit Jonathan still carried himself as a mute on all ordinary occasions—never indulging in an approximation to mirth, except when he perceived that his master was in high spirits, and then rather from a sense of duty than from any real hilarity of heart.

Jonathan was no mean scholar for his station in life,

and, during his service with the undertaker, he had acquired the English of all the Latin mottos which are placed upon the hatchments; and these mottos, when he considered them as apt, he was very apt to quote. We left Jonathan standing at the door; he had closed it, and the handle still remained in his hand. "Jonathan," said Mr Witherington, after a long pause—"I wish to look at the last letter from New York, you will find it on my dressing-table."

Jonathan quitted the room without reply, and made his reappearance with the letter.

"It is a long time that I have been expecting this vessel, Jonathan," observed Mr Witherington, unfolding the letter.

"Yes, sir, a long while; *tempus fugit*," replied the butler in a low tone, half shutting his eyes.

"I hope to God no accident has happened," continued Mr Witherington; "my poor little cousin and her twins, e'en now that I speak, they may be all at the bottom of the sea."

"Yes, sir," replied the butler; "the sea defrauds many an honest undertaker of his profits."

"By the blood of the Witheringtons! I may be left without an heir, and shall be obliged to marry, which would be very uncomfortable."

"Very little comfort," echoed Jonathan—"my wife is dead. *In cælo quies*."

"Well, we must hope for the best: but this suspense is anything but comfortable," observed Mr Witherington, after looking over the contents of the letter for at least the twentieth time.

"That will do, Jonathan; I'll ring for coffee presently:" and Mr Witherington was again alone, and with his eyes fixed upon the ceiling.

A cousin of Mr Witherington, and a very great favourite (for Mr Witherington, having a large fortune, and not having anything to do with business, was courted by his relations), had, to a certain degree, committed herself;

that is to say that, notwithstanding the injunctions of her parents, she had fallen in love with a young lieutenant in a marching regiment, whose pedigree was but respectable, and whose fortune was anything but respectable, consisting merely of a subaltern's pay. Poor men, unfortunately, always make love better than those who are rich, because, having less to care about, and not being puffed up with their own consequence, they are not so selfish, and think much more of the lady than of themselves. Young ladies, also, who fall in love, never consider whether there is sufficient to "make the pot boil"—probably because young ladies in love lose their appetites, and, not feeling inclined to eat at that time, they imagine that love will always supply the want of food. Now, we will appeal to the married ladies whether we are not right in asserting, that, although the collation spread for them and their friends on the day of the marriage is looked upon with almost loathing, they do not find their appetites return with interest soon afterwards. This was precisely the case with Cecilia Witherington, or rather Cecilia Templemore, for she had changed her name the day before. It was also the case with her husband, who always had a good appetite, even during his days of courtship; and the consequence was, that the messman's account, for they lived in barracks, was, in a few weeks, rather alarming. Cecilia applied to her family, who very kindly sent her word that she might starve: but, the advice neither suiting her nor her husband, she then wrote to her cousin Antony, who sent her word that he should be most happy to receive them at his table, and that they should take up their abode in Finsbury Square. This was exactly what they wished: but still there was a certain difficulty: Lieutenant Templemore's regiment was quartered in a town in Yorkshire, which was some trifling distance from Finsbury Square; and to be at Mr Witherington's dinner-table at six P.M., with the necessity of appearing at parade every morning at nine A.M., was a dilemma not to be got out of. Several letters were interchanged upon this knotty subject; and at

last it was agreed that Mr Templemore should sell out, and come up to Mr Witherington with his pretty wife: he did so, and found that it was much more comfortable to turn out at nine o'clock in the morning to a good breakfast than to a martial parade. But Mr Templemore had an honest pride and independence of character which would not permit him to eat the bread of idleness, and, after a sojourn of two months in most comfortable quarters, without a messman's bill, he frankly stated his feelings to Mr Witherington, and requested his assistance to procure for himself an honourable livelihood. Mr Witherington, who had become attached to them both, would have remonstrated, observing that Cecilia was his own cousin, and that he was a confirmed bachelor: but, in this instance, Mr Templemore was firm, and Mr Witherington very unwillingly consented. A mercantile house of the highest respectability required a partner who could superintend their consignments to America. Mr Witherington advanced the sum required; and, in a few weeks, Mr and Mrs Templemore sailed for New York.

Mr Templemore was active and intelligent; their affairs prospered; and, in a few years, they anticipated a return to their native soil with a competence. But the autumn of the second year after their arrival proved very sickly; the yellow fever raged; and, among the thousands who were carried off, Mr Templemore was a victim, about three weeks after his wife had been brought to bed of twins. Mrs Templemore rose from her couch a widow and the mother of two fine boys. The loss of Mr Templemore was replaced by the establishment with which he was connected, and Mr Witherington offered to his cousin that asylum which, in her mournful and unexpected bereavement, she so much required. In three months her affairs were arranged; and, with her little boys hanging at the breasts of two negro nurses, for no others could be procured who would undertake the voyage, Mrs Templemore, with Coco as a male servant, embarked on board of the good ship *Circassian*, A. I., bound to Liverpool.

Chapter III

THE GALE

Those who, standing on the pier, had witnessed the proud bearing of the *Circassian* as she gave her canvas to the winds, little contemplated her fate; still less did those on board; for confidence is the characteristic of seamen, and they have the happy talent of imparting their confidence to whomever may be in their company. We shall pass over the voyage, confining ourselves to a description of the catastrophe.

It was during a gale from the north-west, which had continued for three days, and by which the *Circassian* had been driven into the Bay of Biscay, that, at about twelve o'clock at night, a slight lull was perceptible. The captain, who had remained on deck, sent down for the chief mate. "Oswald," said Captain Ingram, "the gale is breaking, and I think before morning we shall have had the worst of it. I shall lie down for an hour or two: call me if there be any change."

Oswald Bareth, a tall, sinewy-built, and handsome specimen of transatlantic growth, examined the whole circumference of the horizon before he replied. At last his eyes were steadily fixed to leeward: "I've a notion not, sir," said he; "I see no signs of clearing off, to leeward; only a lull for relief, and a fresh hand at the bellows, depend upon it."

"We have now had it three days," replied Captain Ingram, "and that's the life of a summer's gale."

"Yes," rejoined the mate; "but always provided that it don't blow back again. I don't like the look of it, sir; and have it back we shall, as sure as there's snakes in Virginny."

"Well, so be if so be," was the safe reply of the captain. "You must keep a sharp look-out, Bareth, and don't leave the deck to call me; send a hand down."

The captain descended to his cabin. Oswald looked at the compass in the bittacle—spoke a few words to the man at the helm—gave one or two terrible kicks in the ribs to some of the men who were *caulking*—sounded the pump-well—put a fresh quid of tobacco into his cheek, and then proceeded to examine the heavens above. A cloud, much darker and more descending than the others which obscured the firmament, spread over the zenith, and based itself upon the horizon to leeward. Oswald's eye had been fixed upon it but a few seconds, when he beheld a small lambent gleam of lightning pierce through the most opaque part; then another, and more vivid. Of a sudden the wind lulled, and the *Circassian* righted from her careen. Again the wind howled—and again the vessel was pressed down to her bearings by its force: again another flash of lightning, which was followed by a distant peal of thunder.

"Had the worst of it, did you say, captain? I've a notion that the worst is yet to come;" muttered Oswald, still watching the heavens.

How does she carry her helm, Matthew?" inquired Oswald, walking aft.

"Spoke a-weather"

"I'll have that trysail off of her, at any rate," continued the mate. "Aft, there, my lads! and lower down the trysail. Keep the sheet fast till it's down, or the flogging will frighten the lady-passenger out of her wits. Well, if ever I own a craft, I'll have no women on board. Dollars shan't tempt me."

The lightning now played in rapid forks; and the loud thunder, which instantaneously followed each flash, proved its near approach. A deluge of slanting rain descended—the wind lulled—roared again—then lulled—shifted a point or two, and the drenched and heavy sails flapped.

"Up with the helm, Mat!" cried Oswald, as a near flash of lightning for a moment blinded, and the accompanying peal of thunder deafened, those on deck. Again the wind blew strong—it ceased, and it was a dead calm.

The sails hung down from the yards, and the rain descended in perpendicular torrents, while the ship rocked to and fro in the trough of the sea, and the darkness became suddenly intense.

"Down, there, one of you! and call the captain," said Oswald. "By the Lord! we shall have it. Main braces there, men, and square the yards. Be smart! That topsail should have been in," muttered the mate; "but I'm not captain. Square away the yards, my lads!" continued he; "quick, quick!—there's no child's play here!"

Owing to the difficulty of finding and passing the ropes to each other, from the intensity of the darkness, and the deluge of rain which blinded them, the men were not able to execute the order of the mate so soon as it was necessary; and before they could accomplish their task, or Captain Ingram could gain the deck, the wind suddenly burst upon the devoted vessel from the quarter directly opposite to that from which the gale had blown, taking her all a-back, and throwing her on her beam-ends. The man at the helm was hurled over the wheel; while the rest, who were with Oswald at the main bits, with the coils of ropes, and every other article on deck not secured, were rolled into the scuppers, struggling to extricate themselves from the mass of confusion and the water in which they floundered. The sudden revulsion awoke all the men below, who imagined that the ship was foundering; and, from the only hatchway not secured, they poured up in their shirts, with their other garments in their hands, to put them on—if fate permitted.

Oswald Bareth was the first who clambered up from to leeward. He gained the helm, which he put hard up. Captain Ingram and some of the seamen also gained the helm. It is the rendezvous of all good seamen in emergencies of this description: but the howling of the gale—the blinding of the rain and salt spray—the seas checked in their running by the shift of wind, and breaking over the ship in vast masses of water—the tremendous peals of thunder—and the intense darkness which accom-

panied these horrors, added to the inclined position of the vessel, which obliged them to climb from one part of the deck to another, for some time checked all profitable communication. Their only friend in this conflict of the elements was the lightning (unhappy, indeed, the situation in which lightning can be welcomed as a friend); but its vivid and forked flames, darting down upon every quarter of the horizon, enabled them to perceive their situation: and awful as it was, when momentarily presented to their sight, it was not so awful as darkness and uncertainty. To those who have been accustomed to the difficulties and dangers of a sea-faring life, there are no lines which speak more forcibly to the imagination, or prove the beauty and power of the Greek poet, than those in the noble prayer of Ajax:—

"Lord of earth and air,
O king! O father! hear my humble prayer.
Dispel this cloud, the light of heaven restore;
Give me to see—and Ajax asks no more.
If Greece must perish—we thy will obey:
But *let us perish in the face of day!*"

Oswald gave the helm to two of the seamen, and with his knife cut adrift the axes, which were lashed round the mizen-mast in painted canvas covers. One he retained for himself,—the others he put into the hands of the boatswain and the second mate. To speak so as to be heard was almost impossible, from the tremendous roaring of the wind; but the lamp still burned in the bittacle, and, by its feeble light, Captain Ingram could distinguish the signs made by the mate, and could give his consent. It was necessary that the ship should be put before the wind, and the helm had no power over her. In a short time the lanyards of the mizen rigging were severed, and the mizen-mast went over the side, almost unperceived by the crew on the other parts of the deck, or even those near, had it not been from blows received by those who were too close to it, from the falling of the topsail-sheets and the rigging about the mast.

Oswald, with his companions, regained the bittacle, and for some little while watched the compass. The ship did not pay off, and appeared to settle down more into the water. Again Oswald made his signs, and again the captain gave his assent. Forward sprang the undaunted mate, clinging to the bulwark and belaying-pins, and followed by his hardy companions, until they had all three gained the main-channels. Here, their exposure to the force of the breaking waves, and the stoutness of the ropes yielding but slowly to the blows of the axes, which were used almost under water, rendered the service one of extreme difficulty and danger. The boatswain was washed over the bulwark and dashed to leeward, where the lee-rigging only saved him from a watery grave. Unsubdued, he again climbed up to windward, rejoined and assisted his companions. The last blow was given by Oswald—the lanyards flew through the dead-eyes—and the tall mast disappeared in the foaming seas. Oswald and his companions hastened from their dangerous position, and rejoined the captain, who, with many of the crew, still remained near the wheel. The ship now slowly paid off and righted. In a few minutes she was flying before the gale, rolling heavily, and occasionally striking upon the wrecks of the mast, which she towed with her by the lee-rigging.

Although the wind blew with as much violence as before, still it was not with the same noise, now that the ship was before the wind with her after-masts gone. The next service was to clear the ship of the wrecks of the masts; but, although all now assisted, but little could be effected until the day had dawned, and even then it was a service of danger, as the ship rolled gunwale under. Those who performed the duty were slung in ropes, that they might not be washed away; and hardly was it completed, when a heavy roll, assisted by a jerking heave from a sea which struck her on the chess-tree, sent the foremast over the starboard cat-head. Thus was the *Circassian* dismasted in the gale.

Chapter IV

THE LEAK

The wreck of the foremast was cleared from the ship; the gale continued; but the sun shone brightly and warmly. The *Circassian* was again brought to the wind. All danger was now considered to be over, and the seamen joked and laughed as they were busied in preparing jury-masts, to enable them to reach their destined port.

"I wouldn't have cared so much about this spree," said the boatswain, if it warn't for the mainmast; it was such a beauty. There's not another stick to be found equal to it in the whole length of the Mississippi."

"Bah! man," replied Oswald, "there's as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it, and as good sticks growing as ever were felled; but I guess we'll pay pretty dear for our spars when we get to Liverpool—but that concerns the owners."

The wind, which, at the time of its sudden change to the southward and eastward, had blown with the force of a hurricane, now settled into a regular strong gale, such as sailors are prepared to meet and laugh at. The sky was also bright and clear, and they had not the danger of a lee shore. It was a delightful change after a night of darkness, danger, and confusion; and the men worked that they might get sufficient sail on the ship to steady her, and enable them to shape a course.

"I suppose, now that we have the trysail on her forward, the captain will be for running for it," observed one who was busy turning in a dead-eye.

"Yes," replied the boatswain; "and with this wind on our quarter we shan't want much sail, I've a notion."

"Well, then, one advantage in losing your masts—you haven't much trouble about the rigging."

"Trouble enough, though, Bill, when we get in,"

replied another, gruffly: "new lower rigging to parcel and sarve, and every block to turn in afresh."

"Never mind, longer in port—I'll get spliced."

"Why, how often do you mean to get spliced, Bill? you've a wife in every State, to my sartain knowledge."

"I arn't got one at Liverpool, Jack."

"Well, you may take one there, Bill; for you've been sweet upon that nigger girl for these last three weeks."

"Any port in a storm, but she won't do for harbour duty; but the fact is, you're all wrong there, Jack. It's the babbies I likes—I likes to see them both together, hanging at the nigger's breasts. I always thinks of two spider monkeys nursing two kittens."

"I knows the women, but I never knows the children. It's just six of one and half-a-dozen of the other, an't it, Bill?"

"Yes; like two bright bullets out of the same mould: I say, Bill, did any of your wives ever have twins?"

"No; nor I don't intend, until the owners give us double pay."

"By-the-bye," interrupted Oswald, who had been standing under the weather bulk-head, listening to the conversation, and watching the work in progress, "we may just as well see if she has made any water with all this straining and buffeting. By the Lord! I never thought of that. Carpenter, lay down your adze and sound the well."

The carpenter, who, notwithstanding the uneasiness of the dismasted vessel, was performing his important share of the work, immediately complied with the order. He drew up the rope-yarn, to which an iron rule had been suspended, and lowered down into the pump-well, and perceived that the water was dripping from it. Imagining that it must have been wet from the quantity of water shipped over all, the carpenter disengaged the rope-yarn from the rule, drew another from the junk lying on the deck, which the seamen were working up, and then carefully proceeded to plumb the well. He hauled it up,

and, looking at it for some moments aghast, exclaimed "*Seven feet* water in the hold, by G—d!"

If the crew of the *Circassian*, the whole of which were on deck, had been struck with an electric shock, the sudden change in their countenances could not have been greater than was produced by this appalling intelligence.

Heap upon sailors every disaster, every danger which can be accumulated from the waves, the wind, the elements, or the enemy, and they will bear up against them with a courage amounting to heroism. All they demand is, that the one plank "between them and death" is sound, and they will trust to their own energies, and will be confident in their own skill: but *spring a leak*, and they are half paralysed; and if it gain upon them, they are subdued; for when they find that their exertions are futile, they are little better than children.

Oswald sprang to the pumps, when he heard the carpenter's report. "Try again, Abel—it cannot be: cut away that line; hand us here a dry rope-yarn."

Once more the well was sounded by Oswald, and the results were the same. "We must rig the pumps, my lads," said the mate, endeavouring to conceal his own fears; "half this water must have found its way in her when she was on her beam-ends."

This idea, so judiciously thrown out, was caught at by the seamen, who hastened to obey the order, while Oswald went down to acquaint the captain, who, worn out with watching and fatigue, had, now that danger was considered to be over, thrown himself into his cot to obtain a few hours' repose.

"Do you think, Bareth, that we have sprung a leak?" said the captain, earnestly; "she never could have taken in that quantity of water."

"Never, sir," replied the mate; "but she has been so strained that she may have opened her topsides. I trust it is no worse."

"What is your opinion, then?"

"I am afraid that the wreck of the masts have injured

her: you may recollect how often we struck against them before we could clear ourselves of them; once particularly, the main-mast appeared to be right under her bottom, I recollect, and she struck very heavy on it."

"Well, it is God's will: let us get on deck as fast as we can."

When they arrived on deck, the carpenter walked up to the captain, and quietly said to him, "*Seven feet three, sir.*" The pumps were then in full action; the men had divided, by the directions of the boatswain, and, stripped naked to the waist, relieved each other every two minutes. For half an hour they laboured incessantly.

This was the half-hour of suspense: the great point to be ascertained was, whether she leaked through the top-sides, and had taken in the water during the second gale; if so, there was every hope of keeping it under. Captain Ingram and the mate remained in silence near the capstern, the former with his watch in his hand, during the time that the sailors exerted themselves to the utmost. It was ten minutes past seven when the half-hour had expired; the well was sounded, and the line carefully measured—*seven feet six inches!* So that the water had gained upon them, notwithstanding they had plied the pumps to the utmost of their strength.

A mute look of despair was exchanged among the crew, but it was followed up by curses and execrations. Captain Ingram remained silent, with his lips compressed.

"It's all over with us!" exclaimed one of the men.

"Not yet, my lads; we have one more chance," said Oswald; "I've a notion that the ship's sides have been opened by the infernal straining of last night, and that she is now taking it in at the topsides generally: if so we have only to put her before the wind again, and have another good spell at the pumps. When no longer strained, as she is now with her broadside to the sea, she will close all up again."

"I shouldn't wonder if Mr Bareth is not right," replied the carpenter; "however, that's my notion too."

"And mine," added Captain Ingram. "Come, my men! never say die while there's a shot in the locker. Let's try her again." And, to encourage the men, Captain Ingram threw off his coat and assisted at the first spell, while Oswald went to the helm and put the ship before the wind.

As the *Circassian* rolled before the gale, the lazy manner in which she righted proved how much water there was in the hold. The seamen exerted themselves for a whole hour without intermission, and the well was again sounded—*eight feet!*

The men did not assert that they would pump no longer; but they too plainly showed their intentions by each resuming in silence his shirt and jacket, which he had taken off at the commencement of his exertions.

"What's to be done, Oswald?" said Captain Ingram, as they walked aft. "You see the men will pump no longer; nor, indeed, would it be of any use. We are doomed."

"The *Circassian* is, sir, I am afraid," replied the mate: "pumping is of no avail; they could not keep her afloat till daybreak. We must, therefore, trust to our boats, which I believe to be all sound, and quit her before night."

"Crowded boats in such a sea as this!" replied Captain Ingram, shaking his head mournfully—

"Are bad enough, I grant; but better than the sea itself. All we can do now is to try and keep the men sober, and if we can do so it will be better than to fatigue them uselessly; they'll want all their strength before they put foot again upon dry land—if ever they are so fortunate. Shall I speak to them?"

"Do, Oswald," replied the captain; "for myself I care little, God knows; but my wife—my children!"

"My lads," said Oswald, going forward to the men, who had waited in moody silence the result of the conference—"as for pumping any longer, it would be only wearing out your strength for no good. We must now

look to our boats; and a good boat is better than a bad ship. Still, this gale and cross-running sea are rather too much for boats at present; we had therefore better stick to the ship as long as we can. Let us set to with a will and get the boats ready, with provisions, water, and what else may be needful, and then we must trust to God's mercy and our own endeavours."

"No boat can stand this sea," observed one of the men; "I'm of opinion, as it's to be a short life, it may as well be a merry one. What d'ye say, my lads?" continued he, appealing to the men.

Several of the crew were of the same opinion; but Oswald, stepping forward, seized one of the axes which lay at the main-bitts, and going up to the seaman who had spoken, looked him steadfastly in the face:—

"Williams," said the mate, "a short life it may be to all of us, but not a merry one; the meaning of which I understand very well. Sorry I shall be to have your blood, or that of others, on my hands; but as sure as there's a heaven, I'll cleave to the shoulder the first man who attempts to break into the spirit-room. You know I never joke. Shame upon you! Do you call yourselves men, when, for the sake of a little liquor now, you would lose your only chance of getting drunk every day, as soon as we get on shore again? There's a time for all things; and I've a notion this is a time to be sober."

As most of the crew sided with Oswald, the weaker party were obliged to submit, and the preparations were commenced. The two boats on the booms were found to be in good condition. One party was employed cutting away the bulwarks, that the boats might be launched over the side, as there were no means of hoisting them out. The well was again sounded. Nine feet water in the hold, and the ship evidently settling fast. Two hours had now passed, and the gale was not so violent, the sea, also, which, at the change of wind, had been cross, appeared to have recovered its regular run. All was ready; the sailors, once at work again, had in some

measure recovered their spirits, and were buoyed up with fresh hopes at the slight change in their favour from the decrease of the wind. The two boats were quite large enough to contain the whole of the crew and passengers; but, as the sailors said among themselves (proving the kindness of their hearts), "What was to become of those two poor babbies, in an open boat for days and nights, perhaps?" Captain Ingram had gone down to Mrs Templemore, to impart to her their melancholy prospects: and the mother's heart, as well as the mother's voice, echoed the words of the seamen, "What will become of my poor babes?"

It was not till nearly six o'clock in the evening that all was ready; the ship was slowly brought to the wind again, and the boats launched over the side. By this time the gale was much abated; but the vessel was full of water, and was expected soon to go down.

There is no time in which coolness and determination are more required than in a situation like the one which we have attempted to describe. It is impossible to know the precise moment at which a water-logged vessel, in a heavy sea, may go down; and its occupants are in a state of mental fever, with the idea of their remaining in her so late that she will suddenly submerge, and leave them to struggle in the waves. This feeling actuated many of the crew of the *Circassian*, and they had already retreated to the boats. All was arranged; Oswald had charge of one boat, and it was agreed that the larger should receive Mrs Templemore and her children, under the protection of Captain Ingram. The number appointed to Oswald's boat being completed, he shoved off, to make room for the other, and laid to to leeward, waiting to keep company. Mrs Templemore came up with Captain Ingram, and was assisted by him into the boat. The nurse, with one child, was at last placed by her side; Coco was leading Judy, the other nurse, with the remaining infant in her arms, and Captain Ingram, who had been obliged to go into the boat with the first child,

was about to return to assist Judy with the other, when the ship gave a heavy pitch, and her forecastle was buried in the wave; at the same time the gunwale of the boat was stove by coming in contact with the side of the vessel. "She's down, by God!" exclaimed the alarmed seamen in the boat, shoving off to escape from the vortex.

Captain Ingram, who was standing on the boat's thwarts to assist Judy, was thrown back into the bottom of the boat; and, before he could extricate himself, the boat was separated from the ship, and had drifted to leeward.

"My child!" screamed the mother; "my child!"

"Pull to again, my lads!" cried Captain Ingram, seizing the tiller. The men, who had been alarmed at the idea that the ship was going down, now that they saw that she was still afloat, got out the oars and attempted to regain her, but in vain—they could not make head against the sea and wind. Further and further did they drift to leeward, notwithstanding their exertions; while the frantic mother extended her arms, imploring and entreating. Captain Ingram, who had stimulated the sailors to the utmost, perceived that further attempts were useless.

"My child! my child!" screamed Mrs Templemore, standing up, and holding out her arms towards the vessel. At a sign from the captain, the head of the boat was veered round. The bereaved mother knew that all hope was gone, and she fell down in a state of insensibility.

Chapter V

THE OLD MAID

One morning, shortly after the disasters which we have described, Mr Witherington descended to his breakfast-room somewhat earlier than usual, and found his green morocco easy-chair already tenanted by no less a personage

than William, the footman, who, with his feet on the fender, was so attentively reading the newspaper that he did not hear his master's entrance. "By my ancestor, who fought on his stumps! but I hope you are quite comfortable, Mr William; nay, I beg I may not disturb you, sir."

William, although as impudent as most of his fraternity, was a little taken aback: "I beg your pardon, sir, but Mr Jonathan had not time to look over the paper."

"Nor is it required that he should, that I know of, sir."

"Mr Jonathan says, sir, that it is always right to look over the *deaths*, that news of that kind may not shock you."

"Very considerate, indeed!"

"And there is a story there, sir, about a shipwreck."

"A shipwreck! where, William? God bless me! where is it?"

"I am afraid it is the same ship you are so anxious about, sir,—the ——; I forget the name, sir."

Mr Witherington took the newspaper, and his eye soon caught the paragraph in which the rescue of the two negroes and child from the wreck of the *Circassian* was fully detailed.

"It is, indeed!" exclaimed Mr Witherington; "my poor Cecilia in an open boat! one of the boats was seen to go down,—perhaps she's dead—merciful God! one boy saved. Mercy on me! where's Jonathan?"

"Here, sir," replied Jonathan, very solemnly, who had just brought in the eggs, and now stood erect as a mute behind his master's chair, for it was a case of danger, if not of death.

"I must go to Portsmouth immediately after breakfast —sha'n't eat though—appetite all gone."

"People seldom do, sir, on these melancholy occasions," replied Jonathan; "will you take your own carriage, sir, or a mourning coach?"

"A mourning coach at fourteen miles an hour, with two pair of horses! Jonathan, you're crazy."

"Will you please to have black silk hatbands and gloves for the coachman and servants who attend you, sir?"

"Confound your shop! no; this is a resurrection, not a death: it appears that the negro thinks only one of the boats went down."

"*Mors omnia vincit*," quoth Jonathan, casting up his eyes.

"Never you mind that; mind your own business. That's the postman's knock—see if there are any letters."

There were several; and, amongst the others, there was one from Captain Maxwell, of the *Eurydice*, detailing the circumstances already known, and informing Mr Witherington that he had despatched the two negroes and the child to his address by that day's coach, and that one of the officers, who was going to town by the same conveyance, would see them safe to his house.

Captain Maxwell was an old acquaintance of Mr Witherington—had dined at his house in company with the Templemores, and therefore had extracted quite enough information from the negroes to know where to direct them.

"By the blood of my ancestors! they'll be here to-night," cried Mr Witherington; "and I have saved my journey. What is to be done? better tell Mary to get rooms ready: d'ye hear, William? beds for one little boy and two niggers."

"Yes, sir," replied William; "but where are the black people to be put?"

"Put! I don't care; one may sleep with cook, the other with Mary."

"Very well, sir, I'll tell them," replied William, hastening away, delighted at the row which he anticipated in the kitchen.

"If you please, sir," observed Jonathan, "one of the negroes is, I believe, a man."

"Well, what then?"

"Only, sir, the maids may object to sleep with him."

"By all the plagues of the Witheringtons! that is true;

well, you may take him, Jonathan — you like that colour."

"Not in the dark, sir," replied Jonathan with a bow.

"Well, then, let them sleep together: so, that affair is settled."

"Are they man and wife, sir?" said the butler.

"The devil take them both! how should I know? let me have my breakfast, and we'll talk over the matter by-and-bye."

Mr Witherington applied to his eggs and muffin, eating his breakfast as fast as he could, without knowing why; but the reason was that he was puzzled and perplexed with the anticipated arrival, and longed to think quietly over the dilemma, for it was a dilemma to an old bachelor. As soon as he had swallowed his second cup of tea, he put himself into his easy-chair, in an easy attitude, and was very soon soliloquising as follows:—

"By the blood of the Witheringtons! what am I, an old bachelor, to do with a baby and a wet-nurse as black as the ace of spades, and another black fellow in the bargain? Send him back again? yes, that's best: but the child—woke every morning at five o'clock with its squalling—obliged to kiss it three times a-day—pleasant!—and then that nigger of a nurse—thick lips—kissing child all day, and then holding it up to me—ignorant as a cow—if child has the stomach-ache she'll cram a pepper-pod down its throat—West India fashion—children never without the stomach-ache—my poor, poor cousin!—what has become of her and the other child, too?—wish they may pick her up, poor dear! and then she will come and take care of her own children—don't know what to do—great mind to send for sister Moggy—but she's so *fussy*—won't be in a hurry. Think again."

Here Mr Witherington was interrupted by two taps at the door.

"Come in," said he; and the cook, with her face as red as if she had been dressing a dinner for eighteen, made her appearance without the usual clean apron.

"If you please, sir," said she, curtseying, "I will thank you to suit yourself with another cook."

"Oh, very well," replied Mr Witherington, angry at the interruption.

"And, if you please, sir, I should like to go this very day—indeed, sir, I shall not stay."

"Go to the devil! if you please," replied Mr Witherington, angrily; "but first go out and shut the door after you."

The cook retired, and Mr Witherington was again alone.

"Confound the old woman—what a huff she is in! won't cook for black people, I suppose—yes, that's it."

Here Mr Witherington was again interrupted by a second double tap at the door.

"Oh! thought better of it, I suppose. Come in."

It was not the cook, but Mary, the housemaid, that entered.

"If you please, sir," said she, whimpering, "I should wish to leave my situation."

"A conspiracy, by heavens! Well, you may go."

"To-night, sir, if you please," answered the woman.

"This moment, for all I care!" exclaimed Mr Witherington in his wrath.

The housemaid retired; and Mr Witherington took some time to compose himself.

"Servants all going to the devil in this country," said he at last; "proud fools—won't clean rooms after black people, I suppose—yes, that's it—confound them all, black and white! here's my whole establishment upset by the arrival of a baby—well, it is very uncomfortable—what shall I do!—send for sister Moggy!—no, I'll send for Jonathan."

Mr Witherington rang the bell, and Jonathan made his appearance.

"What is all this, Jonathan?" said he; "cook angry—Mary crying—both going away—what's it all about?"

"Why, sir, they were told by William that it was your positive order that the two black people were to sleep with

them; and I believe he told Mary that the man was to sleep with her."

"Confound that fellow! he's always at mischief: you know, Jonathan, I never meant that."

"I thought not, sir, as it is quite contrary to custom," replied Jonathan.

"Well, then, tell them so, and let's hear no more about it."

Mr Witherington then entered into a consultation with his butler, and acceded to the arrangements proposed by him. The parties arrived in due time, and were properly accommodated. Master Edward was not troubled with the stomach-ache, neither did he wake Mr Witherington at five o'clock in the morning; and, after all, it was not so very uncomfortable. But, although things were not quite so uncomfortable as Mr Witherington had anticipated, still they were not comfortable; and Mr Witherington was annoyed by continual skirmishes between his servants, complaints from Judy, in bad English, of the cook, who, it must be owned, had taken a prejudice against her and Coco, occasional illness of the child, et cetera, that he found his house no longer quiet and peaceable. Three months had now nearly passed, and no tidings of the boats had been received; and Captain Maxwell, who came up to see Mr Witherington, gave it as his decided opinion that they must have foundered in the gale. As, therefore, there appeared to be no chance of Mrs Templemore coming to take care of her child, Mr Witherington at last resolved to write to Bath, where his sister resided, and acquaint her with the whole story, requesting her to come and superintend his domestic concerns. A few days afterwards he received the following reply:

"*Bath, August.*

"My dear Brother Antony,—"Your letter arrived safe to hand on Wednesday last, and I must say that I was not a little surprised at its contents; indeed, I thought so much about it that I revoked at Lady Betty Blabkin's whist-

party, and lost four shillings and sixpence. You say that you have a child at your house belonging to your cousin, who married in so indecorous a manner. I hope what you say is true: but, at the same time, I know what bachelors are guilty of; although, as Lady Betty says, it is better never to talk or even to hint about these improper things. I cannot imagine why men should consider themselves, in an unmarried state, as absolved from that purity which maidens are so careful to preserve: and so says Lady Betty, with whom I had a little conversation on the subject. As, however, the thing is done, she agrees with me that it is better to hush it up as well as we can.

"I presume that you do not intend to make the child your heir, which I should consider as highly improper; and, indeed Lady Betty tells me that the legacy-duty is ten per cent., and that it cannot be avoided. However, I make it a rule never to talk about these sort of things. As for your request that I will come up and superintend your establishment, I have advised with Lady Betty on the subject, and she agrees with me that, for the honour of the family, it is better that I should come, as it will save appearances. You are in a peck of troubles, as most men are who are free livers, and are led astray by artful and alluring females. However, as Lady Betty says, 'the least said the soonest mended.'

"I will, therefore, make the necessary arrangements for letting my house, and hope to join you in about ten days; sooner I cannot, as I find that my engagements extend to that period. Many questions have already been put to me on this unpleasant subject; but I always give but one answer, which is, that bachelors will be bachelors; and that, at all events, it is not so bad as if you were a married man; for I make it a rule never to talk about, or even to hint about, these sort of things, for, as Lady Betty says, 'Men will get into scrapes, and the sooner things are hushed up the better.' So no more at present from your affectionate sister,

"MARGARET WITHERINGTON.

"P.S.—Lady Betty and I both agree that you are very right in hiring two black people to bring the child into your house, as it makes the thing look *foreign* to the neighbours, and we can keep our own secrets.

"M. W."

"Now, by all the sins of the Witheringtons, if this is not enough to drive a man out of his senses!—Confound the suspicious old maid!—I'll not let her come into this house. Confound Lady Betty, and all scandal-loving old tabbies like her! Bless me!" continued Mr Witherington, throwing the letter on the table, with a deep sigh, "this is anything but comfortable."

But if Mr Witherington found it anything but comfortable at the commencement, he found it unbearable in the sequel.

His sister Moggy arrived, and installed herself in the house with all the pomp and protecting air of one who was the saviour of her brother's reputation and character. When the child was first brought down to her, instead of perceiving at once its likeness to Mr Templemore, which was very strong, she looked at it and at her brother's face with her only eye, and, shaking her finger, exclaimed—

"Oh, Antony! Antony! and did you expect to deceive me?—the nose—the mouth exact—Antony, for shame! fie, for shame!"

But we must hurry over the misery that Mr Witherington's kindness and benevolence brought upon him. Not a day passed—scarcely an hour, without his ears being galled with his sister's insinuations. Judy and Coco were sent back to America; the servants, who had remained so long in his service, gave warning one by one, and, afterwards, were changed as often almost as there was a change in the moon. She ruled the house and her brother despotically; and all poor Mr Witherington's comfort was gone, until the time arrived when Master Edward was to be sent to school. Mr Witherington then plucked up courage; and, after a few stormy months,

drove his sister back to Bath, and once more found himself comfortable.

Edward came home during the holidays, and was a great favourite; but the idea had become current that he was the son of the old gentleman, and the remarks made were so unpleasant and grating to him, that he was not sorry, much as he was attached to the boy, when he declared his intention to choose the profession of a sailor.

Captain Maxwell introduced him into the service; and afterwards, when, in consequence of ill health and exhaustion, he was himself obliged to leave it for a time, he procured for his protégé other ships. We must, therefore, allow some years to pass away, during which time Edward Templemore pursues his career — Mr Witherington grows older and more particular, and his sister Moggy amuses herself with Lady Betty's remarks, and her darling game of whist.

During all this period, no tidings of the boats, or of Mrs Templemore and her infant, had been heard; it was, therefore, naturally conjectured that they had all perished, and they were remembered but as things that had been.

Chapter VI

THE MIDSHIPMAN

The weather side of the quarter-deck of H.M. frigate *Unicorn* was occupied by two very great personages: Captain Plumbton, commanding the ship, who was very great in width if not in height, taking much more than his allowance of the deck, if it were not that he was the proprietor thereof, and entitled to the lion's share. Captain P. was not more than four feet ten inches in height; but then he was equal to that in girth: there was quite enough of him, if he had only been *rolled out*. He walked with his coat flying open, his thumbs stuck into the arm-holes

of his waistcoat, so as to throw his shoulders back and increase his horizontal dimensions. He also held his head well aft, which threw his chest and stomach well forward. He was the prototype of pomposity and good-nature, and he strutted like an actor in a procession.

The other personage was the first lieutenant, whom nature had pleased to fashion in another mould. He was as tall as the captain was short—as thin as his superior was corpulent. His long lanky legs were nearly up to the captain's shoulders; and he bowed down over the head of his superior, as if he were the crane to hoist up, and the captain the bale of goods to be hoisted. He carried his hands behind his back, with two fingers twisted together; and his chief difficulty appeared to be to reduce his own stride to the parrot march of the captain. His features were sharp and lean as was his body, and wore every appearance of a cross-grained temper.

He had been making divers complaints of divers persons, and the captain had hitherto appeared imperturbable. Captain Plumbton was an even-tempered man, who was satisfied with a good dinner. Lieutenant Markitall was an odd-tempered man, who would quarrel with his bread and butter.

"Quite impossible, sir," continued the first lieutenant, "to carry on the duty without support."

This oracular observation, which, from the relative forms of the two parties, descended as it were from above, was replied to by the captain with a "Very true."

"Then, sir, I presume you will not object to my putting that man in the report for punishment."

"I'll think about it, Mr Markitall." This, with Captain Plumbton, was as much as to say, no.

"The young gentlemen, sir, I am sorry to say, are very troublesome."

"Boys always are," replied the captain.

"Yes, sir; but the duty must be carried on, and I cannot do without them."

"Very true—midshipmen are very useful."

"But I am sorry to say, sir, that they are not. Now, sir, there's Mr Templemore; I can do nothing with him—he does nothing but laugh."

"Laugh!—Mr Markitall, does he laugh at you?"

"Not exactly, sir; but he laughs at everything. If I send him to the mast-head, he goes up laughing; if I call him down, he comes down laughing; if I find fault with him, he laughs the next minute: in fact, sir, he does nothing but laugh. I should particularly wish, sir, that you would speak to him, and see if any interference on your part——"

"Would make him cry—eh? better to laugh than cry in this world. Does he never cry, Mr Markitall?"

"Yes, sir, and very unseasonably. The other day, you may recollect, when you punished Wilson the marine, whom I appointed to take care of his chest and hammock, he was crying the whole time; almost tantamount—at least an indirect species of mutiny on his part, as it implied——"

"That the boy was sorry that his servant was punished; I never flog a man but I'm sorry myself, Mr Markitall."

"Well, I do not press the question of his crying—that I might look over; but his laughing, sir, I must beg that you will take notice of that. Here he is, sir, coming up the hatchway. Mr Templemore, the captain wishes to speak to you."

Now, the captain did not wish to speak to him, but, forced upon him as it was by the first lieutenant, he could do no less. So Mr Templemore touched his hat and stood before the captain, we regret to say, with such a good-humoured, sly, confiding smirk on his countenance, as at once established the proof of the accusation, and the enormity of the offence.

"So, sir," said Captain Plumbton, stopping in his perambulation, and squaring his shoulders still more, "I find that you laugh at the first lieutenant."

"I, sir?" replied the boy, the smirk expanding into a broad grin.

"Yes; you, sir," said the first lieutenant, now drawing up to his full height; "why, you're laughing now, sir."

"I can't help it, sir—it's not my fault; and I'm sure it's not yours, sir," added the boy, demurely.

"Are you aware, Edward—Mr Templemore, I mean—of the impropriety of disrespect to your superior officer?"

"I never laughed at Mr Markitall but once, sir, that I can recollect, and that was when he tumbled over the messenger."

"And why did you laugh at him then, sir."

"I always do laugh when anyone tumbles down," replied the lad; "I can't help it, sir."

"Then, sir, I suppose you would laugh if you saw me rolling in the lee scuppers?" said the captain.

"Oh!" replied the boy, no longer able to contain himself, "I'm sure I should burst myself with laughing—I think I see you now, sir."

"Do you, indeed! I'm very glad that you do not; though I'm afraid, young gentleman, you stand convicted by your own confession."

"Yes, sir, of laughing, if that is any crime; but it's not in the articles of war."

"No, sir; but disrespect is. You laugh when you go to the mast-head."

"But I obey the order, sir, immediately—do I not, Mr Markitall?"

"Yes, sir, you obey the order; but, at the same time, your laughing proves that you do not mind the punishment."

"No more I do, sir. I spend half my life at the mast-head, and I'm used to it now."

"But, Mr Templemore, ought you not to feel the disgrace of the punishment?" inquired the captain, severely.

"Yes, sir, if I felt that I deserved it I should. I should not laugh, sir, if *you* sent me to the mast-head," replied the boy, assuming a serious countenance.

"You see, Mr Markitall, that he can be grave," observed the captain.

"I've tried all I can to make him so, sir," replied the first lieutenant; "but I wish to ask Mr Templemore what he means to imply by saying, 'when he deserves it.' Does he mean to say, that I have ever punished him unjustly?"

"Yes, sir," replied the boy boldly; "five times out of six, I am mast-headed for nothing—and that's the reason why I do not mind it."

"For nothing, sir! Do you call laughing nothing?"

"I pay every attention that I can to my duty, sir; I always obey your orders: I try all I can to make you pleased with me—but you are always punishing me."

"Yes, sir, for laughing, and, what is worse, making the ship's company laugh."

"They 'haul and hold' just the same, sir—I think they work all the better for being merry."

"And pray, sir, what business have you to think?" replied the first lieutenant, now very angry. "Captain Plumbton, as this young gentleman thinks proper to interfere with me and the discipline of the ship, I beg you will see what effect your punishing may have upon him."

"Mr Templemore," said the captain, "you are, in the first place, too free in your speech, and, in the next place, too fond of laughing. There is, Mr Templemore, a time for all things—a time to be merry, and a time to be serious. The quarter-deck is not the fit place for mirth."

"I'm sure the gangway is not," shrewdly interrupted the boy.

"No—you are right, nor the gangway; but you may laugh on the forecastle, and when below with your messmates."

"No, sir, we may not; Mr Markitall always sends out if he hears us laughing."

"Because, Mr Templemore, you are always laughing."

"I believe I am, sir; and if it's wrong I'm sorry to displease you, but I mean no disrespect. I laugh in my sleep—I laugh when I awake—I laugh when the sun shines—I always feel so happy! but although you do mast-head me, Mr Markitall, I should not laugh, but be very sorry, if any misfortune happened to you."

"I believe you would, boy—I do, indeed, Mr Markitall," said the captain.

"Well, sir," replied the first lieutenant, "as Mr Templemore appears to be aware of his error, I do not wish to press my complaint—I have only to request that he will never laugh again."

"You hear, boy, what the first lieutenant says; it's very reasonable, and I beg I may hear no more complaints. Mr Markitall, let me know when the foot of that fore-topsail will be repaired—I should like to shift it to-night."

Mr Markitall went down under the half-deck to make the inquiry.

"And, Edward," said Captain Plumbton, as soon as the lieutenant was out of ear-shot, "I have a good deal more to say to you upon this subject, but I have no time now. So come and dine with me—at my table, you know, I allow laughing in moderation."

The boy touched his hat, and, with a grateful happy countenance, walked away.

We have introduced this little scene, that the reader may form some idea of the character of Edward Templemore. He was indeed the soul of mirth, good-humour, and kindly feelings towards others; he even felt kindly towards the first lieutenant, who persecuted him for his risible propensities. We do not say that the boy was right in laughing at all times, or that the first lieutenant was wrong in attempting to check it. As the captain said, there was a time for all things, and Edward's laugh was not always seasonable; but it was his nature, and he could not help it. He was joyous as the May morning; and

thus he continued for years, laughing at everything—pleased with everybody—almost universally liked—and his bold, free, and happy spirit, unchecked by vicissitude or hardship.

He served his time—was nearly turned back, when he was passing his examination, for laughing, and then went laughing to sea again—was in command of a boat at the cutting out of a French corvette, and, when on board, was so much amused by the little French captain skipping about with his rapier, which proved fatal to many, that, at last, he received a pink from the little gentleman himself, which laid him on the deck. For this affair, and in consideration of his wound, he obtained his promotion to the rank of lieutenant—was appointed to a line-of-battle ship in the West Indies—laughed at the yellow fever—was appointed to the tender of that ship, a fine schooner, and was sent to cruise for prize-money for the admiral, and promotion for himself, if he could, by any fortunate encounter, be so lucky as to obtain it.

Chapter VII

SLEEPER'S BAY

On the western coast of Africa there is a small bay, which has received more than one name from its occasional visitors. That by which it was designated by the adventurous Portuguese, who first dared to cleave the waves of the southern Atlantic, has been forgotten with their lost maritime pre-eminence; the name allotted to it by the woolly-headed natives of the coast has never, perhaps, been ascertained: it is, however, marked down in some of the old English charts as Sleeper's Bay.

The main-land which, by its curvature, has formed this little dent on a coast possessing, and certainly at present requiring, few harbours, displays, perhaps, the least in-

viting of all prospects; offering to the view nothing but a shelving beach of dazzling white sand, backed with a few small hummocks beat up by the occasional fury of the Atlantic gales—arid, bare, and without the slightest appearance of vegetable life. The inland prospect is shrouded over by a dense mirage, through which here and there are to be discovered the stems of a few distant palm-trees, so broken and disjoined by refraction that they present to the imagination anything but the idea of foliage or shade. The water in the bay is calm and smooth as the polished mirror; not the smallest ripple is to be heard on the beach, to break through the silence of nature; not a breath of air sweeps over its glassy surface, which is heated with the intense rays of a vertical noon-day sun, pouring down a withering flood of light and heat; not a sea-bird is to be discovered wheeling on its flight, or balancing on its wing as it pierces the deep with its searching eye, ready to dart upon its prey. All is silence, solitude, and desolation, save that occasionally may be seen the fin of some huge shark, either sluggishly moving through the heated element, or stationary in the torpor of the mid-day heat. A site so sterile, so stagnant, so little adapted to human life, cannot well be conceived, unless, by flying to extremes, we were to portray the chilling blast, the transfixing cold, and "close-ribbed ice," at the frozen poles.

At the entrance of this bay, in about three fathoms water, heedless of the spring cable, which hung down as a rope which had fallen overboard, there floated, motionless as death, a vessel whose proportions would have challenged the unanimous admiration of those who could appreciate the merits of her build, had she been anchored in the most frequented and busy harbour of the universe. So beautiful were her lines, that you might almost have imagined her a created being that the ocean had been ordered to receive, as if fashioned by the Divine Architect, to add to the beauty and variety of His works; for, from the huge leviathan to the smallest of the finny tribe—from the

towering albatross to the boding peterel of the storm—where could be found, among the winged or finned frequenters of the ocean, a form more appropriate, more fitting, than this specimen of human skill, whose beautiful model and elegant tapering spars were now all that could be discovered to break the meeting lines of the firmament and horizon of the offing.

Alas! she was fashioned, at the will of avarice, for the aid of cruelty and injustice; and now was even more nefariously employed. She had been a slaver—she was now the far-famed, still more dreaded, pirate-schooner, the *Avenger*.

Not a man-of-war which scoured the deep but had her instructions relative to this vessel, which had been so successful in her career of crime—not a trader in any portion of the navigable globe but whose crew shuddered at the mention of her name, and the remembrance of the atrocities which had been practised by her reckless crew. She had been everywhere—in the east, the west, the north, and the south, leaving a track behind her of rapine and of murder. There she lay, in motionless beauty; her low sides were painted black, with one small narrow riband of red—her raking masts were clean scraped—her top-masts, her cross-trees, caps, and even running-blocks, were painted in pure white. Awnings were spread fore and aft, to protect the crew from the powerful rays of the sun; her ropes were hauled taut; and in every point she wore the appearance of being under the control of seamanship and strict discipline. Through the clear, smooth water her copper shone brightly; and, as you looked over her taffrail down into the calm blue sea, you could plainly discover the sandy bottom beneath her, and the anchor which then lay under her counter. A small boat floated astern, the weight of the rope which attached her appearing, in the perfect calm, to draw her towards the schooner.

We must now go on board, and our first cause of surprise will be the deception relative to the tonnage of the schooner, when viewed from a distance. Instead of a small

vessel of about ninety tons, we discover that she is upwards of two hundred; that her breadth of beam is enormous; and that those spars, which appeared so light and elegant, are of unexpected dimensions. Her decks are of narrow fir-planks, without the least spiring or rise; her ropes are of Manilla hemp, neatly secured to copper belaying-pins, and coiled down on the deck, whose whiteness is well contrasted with the bright green paint of her bulwarks; her capstern and binnacles are cased in fluted mahogany, and ornamented with brass; metal stanchions protect the skylights, and the bright muskets are arranged in front of the main-mast, while the boarding-pikes are lashed round the main-boom.

In the centre of the vessel, between the fore and main-masts, there is a long brass 32-pounder, fixed upon a carriage, revolving in a circle, and so arrranged that in bad weather it can be lowered down and *housed;* while on each side of her deck are mounted brass guns, of smaller calibre and of exquisite workmanship. Her build proves the skill of the architect; her fitting-out, a judgment in which nought has been sacrificed to, although everything has been directed by, taste; and her neatness and arrangement, that in the person of her commander, to the strictest discipline there is united the practical knowledge of a thorough seaman. How, indeed, otherwise could she have so long continued her lawless yet successful career? How could it have been possible to unite a crew of miscreants, who feared nor God nor man, most of whom had perpetrated foul murders, or had been guilty of even blacker iniquities? It was because he who commanded the vessel was so superior as to find in her no rivalry. Superior in talent, in knowledge of his profession, in courage, and, moreover, in physical strength—which in him was almost Herculean. Unfortunately, he was also superior to all in cruelty, and contempt of all injunctions, moral and divine.

What had been the early life of this person was but imperfectly known. It was undoubted that he had received an excellent education, and it was said that he was of an

ancient border family, on the banks of the Tweed: by what chances he had become a pirate—by what errors he had fallen from his station in society, until he became an outcast, had never been revealed; it was only known that he had been some years employed in the slave trade, previous to his seizing this vessel and commencing his reckless career. The name by which he was known to the crew of the pirate vessel was "Cain," and well had he chosen this appellation; for had not his hand for more than three years been against every man's, and every man's hand against his? In person, he was above six feet high, with a breadth of shoulders and of chest denoting the utmost of physical force which, perhaps, has ever been allotted to man. His features would have been handsome, had they not been scarred with wounds; and, strange to say, his eye was mild, and of a soft blue. His mouth was well formed, and his teeth of a pearly white; the hair of his head was crisp and wavy, and his beard, which he wore, as did every person composing the crew of the pirate, covered the lower part of his face, in strong, waving, and continued curls. The proportions of his body were perfect; but, from their vastness, they became almost terrific. His costume was elegant, and well adapted to his form: linen trousers, and untanned yellow leather boots, such as are made at the Western Isles; a broad-striped cotton shirt; a red Cashmere shawl round his waist as a sash; a vest embroidered in gold tissue, with a jacket of dark velvet, and pendant gold buttons, hanging over his left shoulder, after the fashion of the Mediterranean seamen; a round Turkish skull-cap, handsomely embroidered; a pair of pistols, and a long knife in his sash, completed his attire.

The crew consisted in all of 165 men, of almost every nation; but it was to be remarked, that all those in authority were either Englishmen or from the northern countries: the others were chiefly Spaniards and Maltese. Still there were Portuguese, Brazilians, negroes, and others, who made up the complement, which, at the time we now speak, was increased by twenty-five additional

hands. These were Kroumen, a race of blacks well known at present, who inhabit the coast near Cape Palmas, and are often employed by our men-of-war stationed on the coast, to relieve the English seamen from duties which would be too severe to those who were not inured to the climate. They are powerful athletic men, good sailors, of a happy, merry disposition, and, unlike other Africans, will work hard. Fond of the English, they generally speak the language sufficiently to be understood, and are very glad to receive a baptism when they come on board. The name first given them they usually adhere to as long as they live; and you will now on the coast meet with a Blucher, a Wellington, a Nelson, etc., who will wring swabs, or do any other of the meanest description of work, without feeling that it is discreditable to sponsorials so grand.

It is not to be supposed that these men had voluntarily come on board of the pirate; they had been employed in some British vessels, trading on the coasts, and had been taken out of them when the vessels were burnt, and the Europeans of the crews murdered They had received a promise of reward if they did their duty; but, not expecting it, they waited for the earliest opportunity to make their escape.

The captain of the schooner is abaft, with his glass in his hand, occasionally sweeping the offing in expectation of a vessel heaving in sight; the officers and crew are lying down, or lounging listlessly about the decks, panting with the extreme heat, and impatiently waiting for the sea-breeze to fan their parched foreheads. With their rough beards and exposed chests, and their weather-beaten fierce countenances, they form a group which is terrible even in repose.

We must now descend into the cabin of the schooner. The fittings-up of this apartment are simple: on each side is a standing bed-place; against the after bulk-head is a large buffet, originally intended for glass and china, but now loaded with silver and gold vessels of every size and

description, collected by the pirate from the different ships which he had plundered; the lamps are also of silver, and evidently had been intended to ornament the shrine of some Catholic saint.

In this cabin there are two individuals to whom we shall now direct the reader's attention. The one is a pleasant-countenanced good-humoured Krouman, who had been christened "Pompey the Great;" most probably on account of his large proportions. He wears a pair of duck trousers; the rest of his body is naked, and presents a sleek glossy skin, covering muscles which an anatomist or a sculptor would have viewed with admiration. The other is a youth of eighteen, or thereabouts, with an intelligent handsome countenance, evidently of European blood. There is, however, an habitually mournful cast upon his features: he is dressed much in the same way as we have described the captain, but the costume hangs more gracefully upon his slender yet well-formed limbs. He is seated on a sofa, fixed in the fore part of the cabin, with a book in his hand, which occasionally he refers to, and then lifts his eyes from, to watch the motions of the Krouman, who is busy in the office of steward, arranging and cleaning the costly articles in the buffet.

"Massa Francisco, dis really fine ting;" said Pompey, holding up a splendidly-embossed tankard which he had been rubbing.

"Yes," replied Francisco, gravely; "it is, indeed, Pompey."

"How Captain Cain came by dis?"

Francisco shook his head; and Pompey put his finger up to his mouth, his eyes, full of meaning, fixed upon Francisco.

At this moment the personage referred to was heard descending the companion-ladder. Pompey recommenced rubbing the silver, and Francisco dropped his eyes upon the book.

What was the tie which appeared to bind the captain to this lad was not known; but, as the latter had always

accompanied and lived altogether with him, it was generally supposed that he was the captain's son; and he was as often designated by the crew as young Cain, as he was by his Christian name of Francisco. Still it was observed, that latterly they had frequently been heard in altercation, and that the captain was very suspicious of Francisco's movements.

"I beg I may not interrupt your conversation," said Cain, on entering the cabin; "the information you may obtain from a Krouman must be very important."

Francisco made no reply, but appeared to be reading his book. Cain's eyes passed from one to the other, as if to read their thoughts.

"Pray, what were you saying, Mr Pompey?"

"Me say, Massa captain! me only tell young massa dis very fine ting; ask where you get him—Massa Francisco no tell."

"And what might it be to you, you black scoundrel?" cried the captain, seizing the goblet, and striking the man with it a blow on the head which flattened the vessel, and at the same time felled the Krouman, powerful as he was, to the deck. The blood streamed, as the man slowly rose, stupefied and trembling from the violent concussion. Without saying a word, he staggered out of the cabin, and Cain threw himself on one of the lockers in front of the standing bed-place, saying, with a bitter smile, "So much for your intimates, Francisco!"

"Rather, so much for your cruelty and injustice towards an unoffending man," replied Francisco, laying his book on the table. "His question was an innocent one—for he knew not the particulars connected with the obtaining of that flagon."

"And you, I presume, do not forget them? Well, be it so, young man; but I warn you again—as I have warned you often—nothing but the remembrance of your mother has prevented me, long before this, from throwing your body to the sharks."

"What influence my mother's memory may have over

you I know not; I only regret that, in any way, she had the misfortune to be connected with you."

"She had the influence," replied Cain, "which a woman must have over a man when they have for years swung in the same cot; but that is wearing off fast. I tell you so candidly: I will not allow even her memory to check me, if I find you continue your late course. You have shown disaffection before the crew—you have disputed my orders—and I have every reason to believe that you are now plotting against me."

"Can I do otherwise than show my abhorrence," replied Francisco, "when I witness such acts of horror, of cruelty—cold-blooded cruelty—as lately have been perpetrated. Why did you bring me here? and why do you now detain me? All I ask is, that you will allow me to leave the vessel. You are not my father; you have told me so."

"No, I am not your father; but you—are your mother's son."

"That gives you no right to have power over me, even if you had been married to my mother; which——"

"I was not."

"I thank God; for marriage with you would have been even greater disgrace."

"What!" cried Cain, starting up, seizing the young man by the neck, and lifting him off his seat as if he had been a puppet; "but no—I cannot forget your mother." Cain released Francisco, and resumed his seat on the locker.

"As you please," said Francisco, as soon as he had recovered himself; "it matters little whether I am brained by your own hand, or launched overboard as a meal for the sharks; it will be but one more murder."

"Mad fool! why do you tempt me thus?" replied Cain, again starting up and hastily quitting the cabin.

The altercation which we have just described was not unheard on deck, as the doors of the cabin were open, and the skylight removed to admit the air. The face of Cain

was flushed as he ascended the ladder. He perceived his chief mate standing by the hatchway, and many of the men, who had been slumbering abaft, with their heads raised on their elbows, as if they had been listening to the conversation below.

"It will never do, sir," said Hawkhurst, the mate, shaking his head.

"No," replied the captain; "not if he were my own son. But what is to be done?—he knows no fear."

Hawkhurst pointed to the entering-port.

"When I ask your advice, you may give it," said the captain, turning gloomily away.

In the meantime Francisco paced the cabin in deep thought. Young as he was, he was indifferent to death; for he had no tie to render life precious. He remembered his mother, but not her demise; that had been concealed from him. At the age of seven he had sailed with Cain in a slaver, and had ever since continued with him. Until lately, he had been led to suppose that the captain was his father. During the years that he had been in the slave-trade, Cain had devoted much time to his education: it so happened that the only book which could be found on board of the vessel, when Cain first commenced teaching, was a Bible belonging to Francisco's mother. Out of this book he learned to read; and, as his education advanced, other books were procured. It may appear strange that the very traffic in which his reputed father was engaged did not corrupt the boy's mind; but, accustomed to it from his infancy, he had considered these negroes as another species—an idea fully warranted by the cruelty of the Europeans towards them.

There are some dispositions so naturally kind and ingenuous that even example and evil contact cannot debase them: such was the disposition of Francisco. As he gained in years and knowledge, he thought more and more for himself, and had already become disgusted with the cruelties practised upon the unfortunate negroes, when the slave-vessel was seized upon by Cain and converted into a

pirate. At first, the enormities committed had not been so great; vessels had been seized and plundered, but life had been spared. In the course of crime, however, the descent is rapid: and as, from information given by those who had been released, the schooner was more than once in danger of being captured, latterly no lives had been spared; and but too often the murders had been attended with deeds even more atrocious.

Francisco had witnessed scenes of horror until his young blood curdled; he had expostulated to save, but in vain. Disgusted with the captain and the crew, and their deeds of cruelty, he had latterly expressed his opinions fearlessly, and defied the captain; for, in the heat of an altercation, Cain had acknowledged that Francisco was not his son.

Had any of the crew or officers expressed but a tithe of what had fallen from the bold lips of Francisco, they would have long before paid the forfeit of their temerity; but there was a feeling towards Francisco which could not be stifled in the breast of Cain—it was the feeling of association and habit. The boy had been his companion for years: and, from assuetude, had become, as it were, a part of himself. There is a principle in our natures which, even when that nature is most debased, will never leave us—that of requiring something to love—something to protect and watch over: it is shown towards a dog, or any other animal, if it cannot be lavished upon one of our own species. Such was the feeling which so forcibly held Cain towards Francisco; such was the feeling which had hitherto saved his life.

After having paced up and down for some time, the youth took his seat on the locker which the captain had quitted; his eye soon caught the head of Pompey, who looked into the cabin and beckoned with his finger.

Francisco rose, and, taking up a flagon from the buffet which contained some spirits, walked to the door, and, without saying a word, handed it to the Krouman.

"Massa Francisco," whispered Pompey, "Pompey say

—all Krouman say—suppose they run away, you go too. Pompey say—all Krouman say—suppose they try kill you! Nebber kill you while one Krouman alive."

The negro then gently pushed Francisco back with his hand, as if not wishing to hear his answer, and hastened forward on the berth deck.

Chapter VIII

THE ATTACK

In the meantime the sea-breeze had risen in the offing, and was sweeping along the surface to where the schooner was at anchor. The captain ordered a man to the cross-trees, directing him to keep a good look-out, while he walked the deck in company with his first mate.

"She may not have sailed until a day or two later," said the captain, continuing the conversation; "I have made allowance for that, and depend upon it, as she makes the eastern passage, we must soon fall in with her; if she does not heave in sight this evening by daylight, I shall stretch out in the offing: I know the Portuguese well. The sea-breeze has caught our craft; let them run up the inner jib, and see that she does not foul her anchor."

It was now late in the afternoon, and dinner had been sent into the cabin; the captain descended and took his seat at the table with Francisco, who ate in silence. Once or twice the captain, whose wrath had subsided, and whose kindly feelings towards Francisco, checked for a time, had returned with greater force, tried, but in vain, to rally him into conversation, when "*sail, ho!*" was shouted from the masthead.

"There she is, by G—d!" cried the captain, jumping from, and then, as if checking himself, immediately resuming his seat.

Francisco put his hand to his forehead, covering his eyes as his elbow leant upon the table.

"A large ship, sir; we can see down to the second reef of her topsails," said Hawkhurst, looking down the sky-light.

The captain hastily swallowed some wine from a flagon, cast a look of scorn and anger upon Francisco, and rushed on deck.

"Be smart, lads!" cried the captain, after a few seconds' survey of the vessel through his glass; "that's her: furl the awnings, and run the anchor up to the bows: there's more silver in that vessel, my lads, than your chests will hold; and the good saints of the churches at Goa will have to wait a little longer for their gold candlesticks."

The crew were immediately on the alert; the awnings were furled, and all the men, stretching aft the spring cable, walked the anchor up to the bows. In two minutes more the *Avenger* was standing out on the starboard tack, shaping her course so as to cut off the ill-fated vessel. The breeze freshened, and the schooner darted through the smooth water with the impetuosity of a dolphin after its prey. In an hour the hull of the ship was plainly to be distinguished; but the sun was near to the horizon, and before they could ascertain what her force might be, day-light had disappeared. Whether the schooner had been perceived or not it was impossible to say; at all events, the course of the ship had not been altered, and if she had seen the schooner, she evidently treated her with contempt. On board the *Avenger* they were not idle; the long gun in the centre had been cleared from the encumbrances which surrounded it, the other guns had been cast loose, shot handed up, and everything prepared for action, with all the energy and discipline of a man-of-war. The chase had not been lost sight of, and the eyes of the pirate-captain were fixed upon her through a night-glass. In about an hour more the schooner was within a mile of the ship, and now altered her course so as to range up within a cable's length of her to leeward. Cain stood upon the gunwale and hailed. The answer was in Portuguese.

"Heave to, or I'll sink you!" replied he in the same language.

A general discharge from a broadside of carronades, and a heavy volley of muskets from the Portuguese, was the decided answer; the broadside, too much elevated to hit the low hull of the schooner, was still not without effect—the foretop-mast fell, the jaws of the main-gaff were severed, and a large proportion of the standing as well as the running rigging came rattling down on her decks. The volley of musketry was more fatal: thirteen of the pirates were wounded, some of them severely.

"Well done! John Portuguese," cried Hawkhurst; "by the holy poker! I never gave you credit for so much pluck."

"Which they shall pay dearly for," was the cool reply of Cain, as he still remained in his exposed situation.

"Blood for blood! if I drink it," observed the second mate, as he looked at the crimson rivulet trickling down the fingers of his left hand from a wound in his arm—"just tie my handkerchief round this, Bill."

In the interim, Cain had desired his crew to elevate their guns, and the broadside was returned.

"That will do, my lads: starboard; ease off the boom-sheet; let her go right round, Hawkhurst—we cannot afford to lose our men."

The schooner wore round, and ran astern of her opponent.

The Portuguese on board the ship, imagining that the schooner, finding she had met with unexpected resistance, had sheered off, gave a loud cheer.

"The last you will ever give, my fine fellows!" observed Cain, with a sneer.

In a few moments the schooner had run a mile astern of the ship.

"Now, then, Hawkhurst, let her come to and about; man the long gun, and see that every shot is pitched into her, while the rest of them get up a new foretop-mast, and knot and splice the rigging."

The schooner's head was again turned towards the ship; her position was right astern, about a mile distant, or rather more; the long 32-pounder gun amid-ships was now regularly served, every shot passing through the cabin-windows, or some other part of the ship's stern, raking her fore and aft. In vain did the ship alter her course, and present her broadside to the schooner; the latter was immediately checked in her speed, so as to keep the prescribed distance at which the carronades of the ship were useless, and the execution from the long gun decisive. The ship was at the mercy of the pirate; and, as may be expected, no mercy was shown. For three hours did this murderous attack continue, when the gun, which, as before observed, was of brass, became so heated that the pirate-captain desired his men to discontinue. Whether the ship had surrendered or not it was impossible to say, as it was too dark to distinguish: while the long gun was served, the foretop-mast and main-gaff had been shifted, and all the standing and running rigging made good; the schooner keeping her distance, and following in the wake of the ship until daylight.

We must now repair on board of the ship; she was an Indiaman; one of the very few that occasionally are sent out by the Portuguese government to a country which once owned their undivided sway, but in which, at present, they hold but a few miles of territory. She was bound to Goa, and had on board a small detachment of troops, a new governor and his two sons, a bishop and his niece, with her attendant. The sailing of a vessel with such a freight was a circumstance of rare occurrence; and was, of course, generally bruited about long before her departure. Cain had, for some months, received all the necessary intelligence relative to her cargo and designation; but, as usual with the Portuguese of the present day, delay upon delay had followed, and it was not until about three weeks previous that he had been assured of her immediate departure. He then ran down the coast to the bay we have mentioned, that he might intercept her; and, as the event has proved,

showed his usual judgment and decision. The fire of the schooner had been most destructive; many of the Indiaman's crew, as well as of the troops, had been mowed down one after another; until, at last, finding that all their efforts to defend themselves were useless, most of those who were still unhurt had consulted their safety, and hastened down to the lowest recesses of the hold to avoid the raking and destructive shot. At the time that the schooner had discontinued her fire to allow the gun to cool, there was no one on deck but the Portuguese captain and one old weather-beaten seaman who stood at the helm. Below, in the orlop-deck, the remainder of the crew and the passengers were huddled together in a small space: some were attending to the wounded, who were numerous; others were invoking the saints to their assistance; the bishop, a tall dignified person, apparently nearly sixty years of age, was kneeling in the centre of the group, which was dimly lighted by two or three lanterns, at one time in fervent prayer, at another interrupted, that he might give absolution to those wounded men whose spirits were departing, and who were brought down and laid before him by their comrades. On one side of him knelt his orphan niece, a young girl of about seventeen years of age, watching his countenance as he prayed, or bending down with a look of pity and tearful eyes on her expiring countrymen, whose last moments were gladdened by his holy offices. On the other side of the bishop stood the governor, Don Philip de Ribiera, and his two sons, youths in their prime, and holding commissions in the king's service. There was melancholy on the brow of Don Ribiera; he was prepared for, and he anticipated the worst. The eldest son had his eyes fixed upon the sweet countenance of Teresa de Sylva—that very evening, as they walked together on the deck, had they exchanged their vows—that very evening they had luxuriated in the present, and had dwelt with delightful anticipation on the future. But we must leave them and return on deck.

The captain of the Portuguese ship had walked aft, and

now went up to Antonio, the old seaman, who was standing at the wheel.

"I still see her with the glass, Antonio, and yet she has not fired for nearly two hours; do you think any accident has happened to her long gun? If so, we may have some chance."

Antonio shook his head. "We have but little chance, I am afraid, my captain; I knew by the ring of the gun, when she first fired it, that it was brass; indeed, no schooner could carry a long iron gun of that calibre. Depend upon it, she only waits for the metal to cool and daylight to return: a long gun or two might have saved us, but now, as she has the advantage of us in heels, we are at her mercy."

"What can she be—a French privateer?"

"I trust it may be so; and I have promised a silver candlestick to St Antonio that it may prove no worse: we then may have some chance of seeing our homes again; but I fear not."

"What, then, do you imagine her to be, Antonio?"

"The pirate which we have heard so much of."

"Jesu protect us! we must then sell our lives as dearly as we can."

"So I intend to do, my captain," replied Antonio, shifting the helm as he spoke.

The day broke, and showed the schooner continuing her pursuit at the same distance astern, without any apparent movement on board. It was not until the sun was some degrees above the horizon that the smoke was again seen to envelope her bows, and the shots crashed through the timbers of the Portuguese ship. The reason for this delay was, that the pirate waited till the sun was up to ascertain if there were any other vessels to be seen, previous to his pouncing on his quarry. The Portuguese captain went aft and hoisted his ensign, but no flag was shown by the schooner. Again whistled the ball, and again did it tear up the decks of the unfortunate ship: many of those who had reascended to

ascertain what was going on, now hastily sought their former retreat.

"Mind the helm, Antonio," said the Portuguese captain; "I must go down and consult with the governor."

"Never fear, my captain; as long as these limbs hold together I will do my duty," replied the old man, exhausted as he was by long watching and fatigue.

The captain descended to the orlop-deck, where he found the major part of the crew and passengers assembled.

"My lords," said he, addressing the governor and bishop, "the schooner has not shown any colours, although our own are hoisted. I am come down to know your pleasure. Defence we can make none; and I fear that we are at the mercy of a pirate."

"A pirate!" ejaculated several, beating their breasts and calling upon their saints.

"Silence, my good people, silence," quietly observed the bishop; "as to what it may be best to do," continued he, turning to the captain, "I cannot advise; I am a man of peace, and unfit to hold a place in a council of war. Don Ribiera, I must refer the point to you and your sons. Tremble not, my dear Teresa, are we not under the protection of the Almighty?"

"Holy Virgin! pity us!" exclaimed Teresa.

"Come, my sons," said Don Ribiera, "we will go on deck and consult: let not any of the men follow us; it is useless risking lives which may yet be valuable."

Don Ribiera and his sons followed the captain to the quarter-deck, and with him and Antonio they held a consultation.

"We have but one chance," observed the old man, after a time: "let us haul down our colours as if in submission; they will then range up alongside, and either board us from the schooner, or from their boats; at all events, we shall find out what she is, and, if a pirate, we must sell our lives as dearly as we can. If, when we haul down the colours, she ranges up alongside, as

I expect she will, let all the men be prepared for a desperate struggle."

"You are right, Antonio," replied the governor; "go aft, captain, and haul down the colours;—let us see what she does now. Down, my boys! and prepare the men to do their duty."

As Antonio had predicted, so soon as the colours were hauled down, the schooner ceased firing and made sail. She ranged up on the quarter of the ship, and up her main peak soared the terrific black flag; her broadside was poured into the Indiaman, and before the smoke had cleared away there was a concussion from the meeting sides, and the bearded pirates poured upon her decks.

The crew of the Portuguese, with the detachment of troops, still formed a considerable body of men. The sight of the black flag had struck ice into every heart, but the feeling was resolved into desperation.

"Knives, men! knives!" roared Antonio, rushing on to the attack, followed by the most brave.

"Blood for blood!" cried the second mate, aiming a blow at the old man.

"You have it," replied Antonio, as his knife entered the pirate's heart, while, at the same moment, he fell and was himself a corpse.

The struggle was deadly, but the numbers and ferocity of the pirates prevailed. Cain rushed forward followed by Hawkhurst, bearing down all who opposed them. With one blow from the pirate-captain the head of Don Ribiera was severed to the shoulder; a second struck down the eldest son, while the sword of Hawkhurst passed through the body of the other. The Portuguese captain had already fallen, and the men no longer stood their ground. A general massacre ensued, and the bodies were thrown overboard as fast as the men were slaughtered. In less than five minutes there was not a living Portuguese on the bloody decks of the ill-fated ship.

Chapter IX

THE CAPTURE

"Pass the word for not a man to go below, Hawkhurst!" said the pirate-captain.

"I have, sir; and sentries are stationed at the hatchways. Shall we haul the schooner off?"

"No, let her remain; the breeze is faint already: we shall have a calm in half an hour. Have we lost many men?"

"Only seven, that I can reckon; but we have lost Wallace" (the second mate).

"A little promotion will do no harm," replied Cain: "take a dozen of our best men and search the ship; there are others alive yet. By-the-bye, send a watch on board of the schooner; she is left to the mercy of the Kroumen, and——"

"One who is better out of her," replied Hawkhurst.

"And those we find below——" continued the mate.

"Alive!"

"True; we may else be puzzled where to find that portion of her cargo which suits us," said Hawkhurst, going down the hatchway to collect the men, who were plundering on the main-deck and in the captain's cabin.

"Here, you Maltese! up, there! and look well round if there is anything in sight," said the captain, walking aft.

Before Hawkhurst had collected the men and ordered them on board of the schooner, as usual in those latitudes, it had fallen a perfect calm.

Where was Francisco during this scene of blood? He had remained in the cabin of the schooner. Cain had more than once gone down to him, to persuade him to come on deck and assist at the boarding of the Portuguese, but in vain—his sole reply to the threats and solicitations of the pirate was—

"Do with me as you please—I have made up my mind—you know I do not fear death—so long as I remain on board of this vessel I will take no part in your atrocities. If you do respect my mother's memory, suffer her son to seek an honest and honourable livelihood."

These words of Francisco were ringing in the ears of Cain as he walked up and down on the quarter-deck of the Portuguese vessel, and, debased as he was, he could not help feeling that the youth was his equal in animal, and his superior in mental, courage—he was arguing in his own mind upon the course he should pursue with respect to Francisco, when Hawkhurst made his appearance on deck, followed by his men, who dragged up six individuals who had escaped the massacre. These were the bishop; his niece; a Portuguese girl, her attendant; the supercargo of the vessel; a sacristan; and a servant of the ecclesiastic: they were hauled along the deck and placed in a row before the captain, who cast his eyes upon them in severe scrutiny. The bishop and his niece looked round, the one proudly meeting the eye of Cain, although he felt that his hour was come; the other, carefully avoiding his gaze, and glancing round to ascertain whether there were any other prisoners, and, if so, if her betrothed was amongst them; but her eye discovered not what she sought—it was met only by the bearded faces of the pirate-crew, and the blood which bespattered the deck.

She covered her face with her hands.

"Bring that man forward," said Cain, pointing to the servant.

"Who are you?"

"A servant of my lord the bishop."

"And you?" continued the captain.

"A poor sacristan attending upon my lord the bishop."

"And you?" cried he to the third.

"The supercargo of this vessel."

"Put him aside, Hawkhurst!"

"Do you want the others?" inquired Hawkhurst, significantly.

"No."

Hawkhurst gave a signal to some of the pirates, who led away the sacristan and the servant. A stifled shriek and a heavy plunge in the water were heard a few seconds after. During this time, the pirate had been questioning the supercargo as to the contents of the vessel and her stowage, when he was suddenly interrupted by one of the pirates, who, in a hurried voice, stated that the ship had received several shot between wind and water, and was sinking fast. Cain, who was standing on the slide of the carronade with his sword in his hand, raised his arm and struck the pirate a blow on his head with the hilt, which, whether intended or not, fractured his skull, and the man fell upon the deck.

"Take that, babbler! for your intelligence; if these men are obstinate, we may have worked for nothing."

The crew, who felt the truth of their captain's remark, did not appear to object to the punishment inflicted, and the body of the man was dragged away.

"What mercy can we expect from those who show no mercy even to each other?" observed the bishop, lifting up his eyes to heaven.

"Silence!" cried Cain; who now interrogated the supercargo as to the contents of the hold—the poor man answered as well as he could—"the plate! the money for the troops—where are they?"

"The money for the troops is in the spirit-room, but of the plate I know nothing; it is in some of the cases belonging to my lord the bishop."

"Hawkhurst! down at once into the spirit-room and see to the money; in the meantime I will ask a few questions of this reverend father."

"And the supercargo—do you want him any more?"

"No; he may go."

The poor man fell down on his knees in thankfulness at what he considered his escape: he was dragged away by the pirates, and, it is scarcely necessary to add, that in a minute his body was torn to pieces by the sharks, who,

scenting their prey from a distance, were now playing in shoals around the two vessels.

The party on the quarter-deck were now (unperceived by the captain) joined by Francisco, who, hearing from the Krouman, Pompey, that there were prisoners still on board, and amongst them two females, had come over to plead the cause of mercy.

"Most reverend father," observed Cain, after a short pause, "you have many articles of value in this vessel?"

"None," replied the bishop, "except this poor girl; she is, indeed, beyond price, and will, I trust, be soon an angel in heaven."

"Yet is this world, if what you preach be true, a purgatory which must be passed through previous to arriving there, and that girl may think death a blessing compared to what she may expect if you refuse to tell me what I would know. You have good store of gold and silver ornaments for your churches—where are they?"

"They are among the packages entrusted to my care."

"How many may you have in all?"

"A hundred, if not more."

"Will you deign to inform me where I may find what I require?"

"The gold and silver are not mine, but are the property of that God to whom they have been dedicated," replied the bishop.

"Answer quickly; no more subterfuge, good sir. Where is it to be found?"

"I will not tell, thou blood-stained man; at least, in this instance, there shall be disappointment, and the sea shall swallow up those earthly treasures, to obtain which thou hast so deeply imbrued thy hands. Pirate! I repeat it, I will not tell."

"Seize that girl, my lads!" cried Cain; "she is yours, do with her as you please."

"Save me! oh save me!" shrieked Teresa, clinging to the bishop's robe.

The pirates advanced and laid hold of Teresa. Francisco

bounded from where he stood behind the captain, and dashed away the foremost.

"Are you men?" cried he, as the pirates retreated. "Holy sir, I honour you. Alas! I cannot save you," continued Francisco, mournfully. "Yet will I try. On my knees—by the love you bore my mother—by the affection you once bore me—do not commit this horrid deed. My lads!" continued Francisco, appealing to the pirates, "join with me and entreat your captain; ye are too brave, too manly, to injure the helpless and the innocent—above all, to shed the blood of a holy man, and of this poor trembling maiden."

There was a pause—even the pirates appeared to side with Francisco, though none of them dared to speak. The muscles of the captain's face quivered with emotion, from what source could not be ascertained.

At this moment the interest of the scene was heightened. The girl who attended upon Teresa, crouched on her knees with terror, had been casting her fearful eyes upon the men which composed the pirate-crew; suddenly she uttered a scream of delight as she discovered among them one that she well knew. He was a young man, about twenty-five years of age, with little or no beard. He had been her lover in his more innocent days; and she, for more than a year, had mourned him as dead, for the vessel in which he sailed had never been heard of. It had been taken by the pirate, and, to save his life, he had joined the crew.

"Filippo! Filippo!" screamed the girl, rushing into his arms. "Mistress! it is Filippo, and we are safe."

Filippo instantly recognised her: the sight of her brought back to his memory his days of happiness and of innocence; and the lovers were clasped in each other's arms.

"Save them! spare them!—by the spirit of my mother! I charge you," repeated Francisco, again appealing to the captain.

"May God bless thee, thou good young man," said the

bishop, advancing and placing his hand upon Francisco's head.

Cain answered not; but his broad expanded chest heaved with emotion—when Hawkhurst burst into the group.

"We are too late for the money, captain; the water is already six feet above it. We must now try for the treasure."

This intelligence appeared to check the current of the captain's feelings.

"Now, in one word, sir," said he to the bishop, "where is the treasure? trifle not, or, by heaven——!"

"Name not heaven," replied the bishop: "you have had my answer."

The captain turned away, and gave some directions to Hawkhurst, who hastened below.

"Remove that boy," said Cain to the pirates, pointing to Francisco. "Separate those two fools," continued he, looking towards Filippo and the girl, who were sobbing in each other's arms.

"Never!" cried Filippo.

"Throw the girl to the sharks! Do you hear? am I to be obeyed?" cried Cain, raising his cutlass.

Filippo started up, disengaged himself from the girl, and, drawing his knife, rushed towards the captain to plunge it in his bosom.

With the quickness of lightning the captain caught his uplifted hand, and, breaking his wrist, hurled him to the deck.

"Indeed!" cried he, with a sneer.

"You shall not separate us," said Filippo, attempting to rise.

"I do not intend it, my good lad," replied Cain; "lash them both together and launch them overboard."

This order was now obeyed; for the pirates not only quailed before the captain's cool courage, but were indignant that his life had been attempted. There was little occasion to tie the unhappy pair together; they were

locked so fast in each other's arms that it would have been impossible almost to separate them. In this state they were carried to the entering-port and cast into the sea.

"Monster!" cried the bishop, as he heard the splash, "thou wilt have a heavy reckoning for this."

"Now bring these forward," said Cain, with a savage voice.

The bishop and his niece were led to the gangway.

"What dost thou see, good bishop?" said Cain, pointing to the discoloured water, and the rapid motion of the fins of the sharks—eager in the anticipation of a further supply.

"I see ravenous creatures after their kind," replied the bishop, "who will, in all probability, soon tear asunder these poor limbs; but I see no monster like thyself. Teresa, dearest, fear not; there is a God, an avenging God, as well as a rewarding one."

But Teresa's eyes were closed—she could not look upon the scene.

"You have your choice; first torture, and then your body to those sharks for your own portion: and, as for the girl, this moment I hand her over to my crew."

"Never!" shrieked Teresa, springing from the deck and plunging into the wave.

There was the splash of contention, the lashing of tails, until the water was in a foam, and then the dark colour gradually cleared away, and nought was to be seen but the pure blue wave and the still unsatiated monsters of the deep.

"The screws—the screws—quick! we'll have the secret from him," cried the pirate-captain, turning to his crew, who, villains as they were, had been shocked at this last catastrophe—"seize him!"

"Touch him not!" cried Francisco, standing on the hammock-nettings; "touch him not! if you are men."

Boiling with rage, Cain let go the arm of the bishop, drew his pistol, and levelled it at Francisco. The bishop

threw up the arm of Cain as he fired, saw that he had missed his aim, and clasped his hands, raising his eyes to heaven in thankfulness at Francisco's escape. In this position he was collared by Hawkhurst, whose anger overcame his discretion, and who hurled him through the entering-port into the sea.

"Officious fool!" muttered Cain, when he perceived what the mate had done. Then, recollecting himself, he cried—"seize that boy and bring him here."

One or two of the crew advanced to obey his orders; but Pompey and the Kroumen, who had been attentive to what was going on, had collected round Francisco, and a scuffle ensued. The pirates, not being very determined, nor very anxious to take Francisco, allowed him to be hurried away in the centre of the Kroumen, who bore him safely to the schooner.

In the meantime Hawkhurst, and the major part of the men on board of the ship, had been tearing up the hold to obtain the valuables, but without success. The water had now reached above the orlop-deck, and all further attempts were unavailing. The ship was settling fast, and it became necessary to quit her, and haul off the schooner, that she might not be endangered by the vortex of the sinking vessel. Cain and Hawkhurst, with their disappointed crew, returned on board the schooner, and, before they had succeeded in detaching the two vessels a cable's length, the ship went down with all the treasure so coveted. The indignation and rage which were expressed by the captain as he rapidly walked the deck in company with his first mate—his violent gesticulations—proved to the crew that there was mischief brewing. Francisco did not return to the cabin; he remained forward with the Kroumen, who, although but a small portion of the ship's company, were known to be resolute and not to be despised. It was also observed that all of them had supplied themselves with arms, and were collected forward, huddled together, watching every motion and manœuvre, and talking rapidly in their own language. The schooner was now steered to

the north-westward under all press of sail. The sun again disappeared, but Francisco returned not to the cabin—he went below, surrounded by the Kroumen, who appeared to have devoted themselves to his protection. Once during the night Hawkhurst summoned them on deck, but they obeyed not the order; and, to the expostulation of the boatswain's mate who came down, they made no reply. But there were many of the pirates in the schooner who appeared to coincide with the Kroumen in their regard for Francisco. There are shades of villany in the most profligate of societies; and among the pirate's crew, some were not yet wholly debased. The foul murder of a holy man—the cruel fate of the beautiful Teresa—and the barbarous conduct of the captain towards Filippo and his mistress, were deeds of an atrocity to which even the most hardened were unaccustomed. Francisco's pleadings in behalf of mercy were at least no crime; and yet they considered that Francisco was doomed. He was a general favourite; the worst disposed of the pirates, with the exception of Hawkhurst, if they did not love, could not forbear respecting him; although, at the same time, they felt that if Francisco remained on board, the power even of Cain himself would soon be destroyed. For many months Hawkhurst, who detested the youth, had been most earnest that he should be sent out of the schooner. Now he pressed the captain for his removal in any way, as necessary for their mutual safety, pointing out to Cain the conduct of the Kroumen, and his fears that a large proportion of the ship's company were equally disaffected. Cain felt the truth of Hawkhurst's representation; and he went down to his cabin to consider upon what should be done.

It was past midnight, when Cain, worn out with the conflicting passions of the day, fell into an uneasy slumber. His dreams were of Francisco's mother—she appeared to him pleading for her son, and Cain "babbled in his sleep." At this time Francisco, with Pompey, had softly crawled aft, that they might obtain, if they found the captain asleep, the pistols of Francisco, with some ammunition.

Pompey slipped in first, and started back when he heard the captain's voice. They remained at the cabin-door listening. "No—no," muttered Cain, "he must die—useless—plead not, woman!—I know I murdered thee—plead not, he dies!"

In one of the sockets of the silver lamp there was a lighted wick, the rays of which were sufficient to afford a dim view of the cabin. Francisco, overhearing the words of Cain, stepped in, and walked up to the side of the bed. "Boy! plead not," continued Cain, lying on his back and breathing heavily—"plead not—woman! to-morrow he dies." A pause ensued, as if the sleeping man was listening to a reply. "Yes, as I murdered thee, so will I murder him."

"Wretch," said Francisco, in a low solemn voice, "didst thou kill my mother?"

"I did—I did," responded Cain, still sleeping.

"And why?" continued Francisco, who, at this acknowledgment on the part of the sleeping captain, was careless of discovery.

"In my mood—she vexed me," answered Cain.

"Fiend! thou hast then confessed it," cried Francisco in a loud voice, which awoke the captain, who started up, but, before his senses were well recovered, or his eyes opened so as to distinguish their forms, Pompey struck out the light, and all was darkness; he then put his hand to Francisco's mouth, and led him out of the cabin.

"Who's there?—who's there?"—cried Cain.

The officer in charge of the deck hastened down. "Did you call, sir?"

"Call!" repeated the captain—"I thought there was some one in the cabin. I want a light—that's all," continued he, recovering himself, as he wiped the cold perspiration from his forehead.

In the meantime Francisco, with Pompey, had gained his former place of refuge with the Kroumen. The feelings of the young man changed from agony to revenge; his object in returning to the cabin to recover his weapons

had been frustrated, but his determination now was to take the life of the captain if he possibly could. The following morning the Kroumen again refused to work or go on deck; and the state of affairs was reported by Hawkhurst to his chief. The mate now assumed another tone; for he had sounded not the majority but the most steady and influential men on board, who, like himself, were veterans in crime.

"It must be, sir; or you will no longer command this vessel. I am desired to say so."

"Indeed," replied Cain, with a sneer; "perhaps you have already chosen my successor."

Hawkhurst perceived that he had lost ground, and he changed his manner. "I speak but for yourself; if you do not command this vessel, I shall not remain in her—if you quit her, I quit also; and we must find another."

Cain was pacified, and the subject was not renewed.

"Turn the hands up," at last said the captain. The pirate-crew assembled aft.

"My lads, I am sorry that our laws oblige me to make an example; but mutiny and disaffection must be punished. I am equally bound as yourselves by the laws which we have laid down for our guidance while we sail together; and you may believe that in doing my duty in this instance, I am guided by a sense of justice, and wish to prove to you that I am worthy to command. Francisco has been with me since he was a child; he has lived with me, and it is painful to part with him: but I am here to see that our laws are put in force. He has been guilty of repeated mutiny and contempt, and—he must die."

"Death! death!" cried several of the pirates in advance—"death and justice!"

"No more murder!" said several voices from behind.

"Who's that—that speaks?"

"Too much murder yesterday—no more murder!" shouted several voices at once.

"Let the men come forward who speak," cried Cain,

with a withering look. No one obeyed this order. "Down, then, my men! and bring up Francisco."

The whole of the pirate-crew hastened below, but with different intentions; some were determined to seize Francisco, and hand him over to death—others to protect him. A confused noise was heard—the shouts of *Down, and seize him!* opposed to those of *No murder! No murder!*

Both parties had snatched up their arms; those who sided with Francisco joined the Kroumen, whilst the others also hastened below to bring him on deck. A slight scuffle ensued before they separated, and ascertained by the separation the strength of the contending parties. Francisco, perceiving that he was joined by a large body, desired his men to follow him, went up the fore ladder, and took possession of the forecastle. The pirates on his side supplied him with arms, and Francisco stood forward in advance. Hawkhurst, and those of the crew who sided with him, had retreated to the quarter-deck, and rallied round the captain, who leaned against the capstern. They were then able to estimate their comparative strength. The number, on the whole, preponderated in favour of Francisco; but on the captain's side were the older and more athletic of the crew, and we may add, the more determined. Still, the captain and Hawkhurst perceived the danger of their situation, and it was thought advisable to parley for the present, and wreak their vengeance hereafter. For a few minutes there was a low consultation between both parties; at last Cain advanced.

"My lads," said he, addressing those who had rallied round Francisco, "I little thought that a firebrand would have been cast in this vessel to set us all at variance. It was my duty, as your captain, to propose that our laws should be enforced. Tell me, now, what it is that you wish. I am only here as your captain, and to take the sense of the whole crew. I have no animosity against that lad; I have loved him—I have cherished him; but, like a viper, he has stung me in return. Instead of being in

arms against each other, ought we not to be united? I have, therefore, one proposal to make to you, which is this: Let the sentence go by vote or ballot, if you please, and whatever the sentence may be, I shall be guided by it. Can I say more?"

"My lads," replied Francisco, when the captain had done speaking, "I think it better that you should accept this proposal, rather than that blood should be shed. My life is of little consequence; say, then, will you agree to the vote, and submit to those laws, which, as the captain says, have been laid down to regulate the discipline of the vessel?"

The pirates on Francisco's side looked round among their party, and, perceiving that they were the most numerous, consented to the proposal; but Hawkhurst stepped forward and observed: "Of course, the Kroumen can have no votes, as they do not belong to the vessel."

This objection was important, as they amounted to twenty-five, and, after that number was deducted, in all probability, Francisco's adherents would have been in the minority. The pirates with Francisco objected, and again assumed the attitude of defence.

"One moment," said Francisco, stepping in advance; "before this point is settled, I wish to take the sense of all of you as to another of your laws. I ask you, Hawkhurst, and all you who are now opposed to me, whether you have not one law which is, *Blood for blood?*"

"Yes—yes," shouted all the pirates.

"Then let your captain stand forward, and answer to my charge, if he dares."

Cain curled his lip in derision, and walked within two yards of Francisco.

"Well, boy, I'm here; and what is your charge?"

"First—I ask you, Captain Cain, who are so anxious that the laws should be enforced, whether you acknowledge that 'Blood for blood' is a just law?"

"Most just; and, when shed, the party who revenges is not amenable."

"'Tis well: then, villain that thou art, answer—Didst thou not murder my mother?"

Cain, at this accusation, started.

"Answer the truth, or lie like a recreant," repeated Francisco; "Did you not murder my mother?"

The captain's lips and the muscles of his face quivered, but he did not reply.

"*Blood for blood!*" cried Francisco, as he fired his pistol at Cain, who staggered, and fell on the deck.

Hawkhurst and several of the pirates hastened to the captain, and raised him.

"She must have told him last night," said Cain, speaking with difficulty, as the blood flowed from the wound.

"He told me so himself," said Francisco, turning round to those who stood by him.

Cain was taken down into the cabin. On examination, his wound was not mortal, although the loss of blood had been rapid and very great. In a few minutes Hawkhurst joined the party on the quarter-deck. He found that the tide had turned more in Francisco's favour than he had expected; the law of "Blood for blood" was held most sacred: indeed, it was but the knowledge that it was solemnly recognised, and that, if one pirate wounded another, that other was at liberty to take his life, without punishment, which prevented constant affrays between parties, whose knives would otherwise have been the answer to every affront. It was a more debased law of duelling, which kept such profligate associates on good terms. Finding, therefore, that this feeling predominated, even among those who were opposed to Francisco on the other question, Hawkhurst thought it advisable to parley.

"Hawkhurst," said Francisco, "I have but one request to make, which, if complied with, will put an end to this contention; it is, that you will put me on shore at the first land that we make. If you and your party engage to do this, I will desire those who support me to return to their obedience."

"I grant it," replied Hawkhurst: "and so will the others. Will you not, my men?"

"Agreed—agreed upon all sides," cried the pirates, throwing away their weapons and mingling with each other, as if they never had been opposed.

There is an old saying, that there is honour amongst thieves; and so it often proves. Every man in the vessel knew that this agreement would be strictly adhered to: and Francisco now walked the deck with as much composure as if nothing had occurred.

Hawkhurst, who was aware that he must fulfil his promise, carefully examined the charts when he went down below, came up and altered the course of the schooner two points more to the northward. The next morning he was up at the mast-head nearly half-an-hour, when he descended, and again altered the course. By nine o'clock, a low sandy island appeared on the lee bow; when within half-a-mile of it, he ordered the schooner to be hove-to, and lowered down the small boat from the stern. He then turned the hands up. "My lads, we must keep our promise, to put Francisco on shore at the first land which we made. There it is;" and a malicious smile played on the miscreant's features, as he pointed out to them the barren sand-bank, which promised nothing but starvation and a lingering death. Several of the crew murmured; but Hawkhurst was supported by his own party, and had, moreover, taken the precaution quietly to remove all the arms, with the exception of those with which his adherents were provided.

"An agreement is an agreement; it is what he requested himself, and we promised to perform. Send for Francisco."

"I am here, Hawkhurst; and I tell you candidly, that, desolate as is that barren spot, I prefer it to remaining in your company. I will bring my chest up immediately."

"No—no; that was not a part of the agreement," cried Hawkhurst.

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"Every man here has a right to his own property. I appeal to the whole of the crew."

"True—true," replied the pirates; and Hawkhurst found himself again in the minority.

"Be it so."

The chest of Francisco was handed into the boat.

"Is that all?" cried Hawkhurst.

"My lads, am I to have no provisions or water?" inquired Francisco.

"No," replied Hawkhurst.

"Yes—yes," cried most of the pirates.

Hawkhurst did not dare put it to the vote; he turned sulkily away. The Kroumen brought up two breakers of water, and some pieces of pork.

"Here, massa," said Pompey, putting into Francisco's hand a fishing-line with hooks.

"Thank you, Pompey; but I had forgot—that book in the cabin—you know which I mean."

Pompey nodded his head, and went below; but it was some time before he returned, during which Hawkhurst became impatient. It was a very small boat which had been lowered down; it had a lug-sail and two pair of sculls in it, and was quite full when Francisco's chest and the other articles had been put in.

"Come! I have no time to waste," said Hawkhurst; "in the boat!"

Francisco shook hands with many of the crew, and wished all of them farewell. Indeed, now that they beheld the poor lad about to be cast on a desolate island, even those most opposed to him felt some emotions of pity. Although they acknowledged that his absence was necessary, yet they knew his determined courage; and with them that quality was always a strong appeal.

"Who will row this lad ashore, and bring the boat off?"

"Not I," replied one; "it would haunt me ever afterwards."

So they all appeared to think, for no one volunteered. Francisco jumped into the boat.

He watched the receding schooner. (*p. 419*)

"There is no room for any one but me; and I will row myself on shore," cried he. "Farewell, my lads! farewell!"

"Stop! not so; he must not have the boat—he may escape from the island," cried Hawkhurst.

"And why shouldn't he, poor fellow?" replied the men; "let him have the boat."

"Yes—yes, let him have the boat;" and Hawkhurst was again overruled.

"Here, Massa Francisco—here de book."

"What's that, sir?" cried Hawkhurst, snatching the book out of Pompey's hand.

"Him, massa, Bible." Francisco waited for the book.

"Shove off!" cried Hawkhurst!"

"Give me my book, Mr Hawkhurst!"

"No!" replied the malignant rascal, tossing the Bible over the taffrail; "he shall not have that. I've heard say that *there is consolation in it to the afflicted.*"

Francisco shoved off his boat, and, seizing his sculls, pushed astern, picked up the book, which still floated, and laid it to dry on the after-thwart of the boat. He then pulled in for the shore. In the meantime the schooner had let draw her foresheet, and already left him a quarter of a mile astern. Before Francisco had gained the sand-bank, she was hull-down to the northward.

Chapter X

THE SAND-BANK

THE first half-hour that Francisco was on this desolate spot he watched the receding schooner: his thoughts were unconnected and vague. Wandering through the various scenes which had passed on the decks of that vessel, and recalling to his memory the different characters of those on board of her, much as he had longed to quit her—dis-

gusted as he had been with those with whom he had been forced to associate; still, as her sails grew fainter and fainter to his view, as she increased her distance, he more than once felt that even remaining on board of her would have been preferable to his present deserted lot. "No, no!" exclaimed he, after a little farther reflection, "I had rather perish here, than continue to witness the scenes which I have been forced to behold."

He once more fixed his eyes upon her white sails, and then sat down on the loose sand, and remained in deep and melancholy reverie until the scorching heat reminded him of his situation; he afterwards rose and turned his thoughts upon his present situation, and to what would be the measures most advisable to take. He hauled his little boat still farther on the beach, and attached the painter to one of the oars, which he fixed deep in the sand; he then proceeded to survey the bank, and found that but a small portion was uncovered at high-water; for, trifling as was the rise of the tide, the bank was so low that the water flowed almost over it. The most elevated part was not more than fifteen feet above high-water mark, and that was a small knoll of about fifty feet in circumference.

To this part he resolved to remove his effects: he returned to the boat, and, having lifted out his chest, the water, and provisions, with the other articles which he had obtained, he dragged them up, one by one, until they were all collected at the spot he had chosen. He then took out of the boat the oars and little sail, which, fortunately, had remained in her. His last object, to haul the little boat up to the same spot, was one which demanded all his exertion; but, after considerable fatigue, he contrived, by first lifting round her bow, and then her stern, to effect his object.

Tired and exhausted, he then repaired to one of the breakers of water and refreshed himself. The heat, as the day advanced, had become intolerable; but it stimulated him to fresh exertion. He turned over the boat, and con-

trived that the bow and stern should rest upon two little hillocks, so as to raise it above the level of the sand beneath it two or three feet; he spread out the sail from the keel above, with the thole-pins as pegs, so as to keep off the rays of the sun. Dragging the breakers of water and the provisions underneath the boat, he left his chest outside; and, having thus formed for himself a sort of covering which would protect him from the heat of the day and the damp of the night, he crept in, to shelter himself until the evening.

Although Francisco had not been on deck, he knew pretty well whereabouts he then was. Taking out a chart from his chest, he examined the coast to ascertain the probable distance which he might be from any prospect of succour. He calculated that he was on one of a patch of sand-banks off the coast of Loango, and about seven hundred miles from the Isle of St Thomas—the nearest place where he might expect to fall in with an European face. From the coast he felt certain that he could not be more than forty or fifty miles at the most; but could he trust himself among the savage natives who inhabited it? He knew how ill they had been treated by Europeans; for, at that period, it was quite as common for the slave-traders to land and take the inhabitants away as slaves by force, as to purchase them in the more northern territories; still, he might be fortunate enough to fall in with some trader on the coast, as there were a few who still carried on a barter for gold-dust and ivory.

We do not know—we cannot conceive a situation much more deplorable than the one we have just described to have been that of Francisco. Alone—without a chance of assistance—with only a sufficiency of food for a few days, and cut off from the rest of his fellow-creatures, with only so much terra firma as would prevent his being swallowed up by the vast, unfathomable ocean, into which the horizon fell on every side around him, and his chance of escape how small! Hundreds of miles from any from whom he might expect assistance, and the only means of

reaching them a small boat—a mere cockle-shell, which the first rough gale would inevitably destroy.

Such, indeed, were the first thoughts of Francisco; but he soon recovered from his despondency. He was young, courageous, and buoyant with hope; and there is a feeling of pride—of trust in our own resources and exertions, which increases and stimulates us in proportion to our danger and difficulty; it is the daring of the soul, proving its celestial origin and eternal duration.

So intense was the heat that Francisco almost panted for sufficient air to support life, as he lay under the shade of the boat during the whole of that day; not a breath of wind disturbed the glassy wave — all nature appeared hushed into one horrible calm. It was not until the shades of night were covering the solitude, that Francisco ventured forth from his retreat; but he found little relief; there was an unnatural closeness in the air — a suffocation unusual even in those climes. Francisco cast his eyes up to the vault of Heaven, and was astonished to find that there were no stars visible—a gray mist covered the whole firmament. He directed his view downwards to the horizon, and that, too, was not to be defined; there was a dark bank all around it. He walked to the edge of the sand-bank; there was not even a ripple—the wide ocean appeared to be in a trance, in a state of lethargy or stupor.

He parted the hair from his feverish brow, and once more surveying the horrible, lifeless, stagnant waste, his soul sickened, and he cast himself upon the sand. There he lay for many hours in a state bordering upon wild despair. At last he recovered himself; and, rising to his knees, he prayed for strength and submission to the will of Heaven.

When he was once more upon his feet, and had again scanned the ocean, he perceived that there was a change rapidly approaching. The dark bank on the horizon had now risen higher up; the opaqueness was everywhere more dense; and low murmurs were heard, as if there

was wind stirring aloft, althougn the sea was still glassy as a lake. Signs of some movement about to take place were evident, and the solitary youth watched and watched. And now the sounds increased—and here and there a wild thread of air—whence coming, who could tell? and as rapidly disappearing, would ruffle, for a second, a portion of the stagnant sea. Then came whizzing sounds and moans, and then the rumbling noise of distant thunder—loud and louder yet—still louder—a broad black line is seen sweeping along the expanse of water—fearful in its rapidity—it comes!—it comes!—and the hurricane burst, at once and with all its force, and all its terrific sounds, upon the isolated Francisco.

The first blast was so powerful and so unexpected that it threw him down; and prudence dictated to him to remain in that position, for the loose sand was swept off and whirled in such force as to blind and prevent his seeing a foot from him; he would have crawled to the boat for security, but he knew not in which direction to proceed. But this did not last; for now the water was borne up upon the strong wings of the hurricane, and the sand was rendered firm by its saturation with the element.

Francisco felt that he was drenched, and he raised his head. All he could discover was, that the firmament was mantled with a darkness, horrible from its intensity, and that the sea was in one extended foam—boiling everywhere, and white as milk—but still smooth, as if the power of the wind had compelled it to be so; but the water had encroached, and one-half the sand-bank was covered with it, while over the other the foam whirled, each portion chasing the other with wild rapidity.

And now the windows of Heaven were opened; and the rain, mingled with the spray caught up by the hurricane, was dashed and hurled upon the forlorn youth, who still lay where he had been first thrown down. But of a sudden, a wash of water told him that he could there remain no longer: the sea was rising—rising fast; and, before he could gain a few paces on his hands and knees,

another wave, as if it chased him in its wrath, repeated the warning of his extreme danger, and he was obliged to rise on his feet and hasten to the high part of the sand-bank, where he had drawn up his boat and his provisions

Blinded as he was by the rain and spray, he could distinguish nothing. Of a sudden, he fell violently; he had stumbled over one of the breakers of water, and his head struck against his sea-chest. Where, then, was the boat? it was gone!—it must have been swept away by the fury of the wind. Alas! then all chance was over! and, if not washed away by the angry waters, he had but to prolong his existence but a few days, and then to die. The effect of the blow he had received on his forehead, with the shock of mind occasioned by the disappearance of the boat, overpowered him, and he remained for some time in a state of insensibility.

When Francisco recovered, the scene was again changed; the wide expanse was now in a state of wild and fearful commotion, and the waters roared as loud as did the hurricane. The whole sand-bank, with the exception of that part on which he stood, was now covered with tumultuous foam; and his place of refuge was occasionally invaded, when some vast mass o'erlording the other waves, expended all its fury even to his feet. Francisco prepared to die!

But gradually the darkness of the heavens disappeared, and there was no longer a bank upon the horizon; and Francisco hoped—alas! hoped what? — that he might be saved from the present impending death to be reserved for one still more horrible; to be saved from the fury of the waves, which would swallow him up, and in a few seconds remove him from all pain and suffering, to perish for want of sustenance under a burning sun; to be withered—to be parched to death—calling in his agony for water; and, as Francisco thought of this, he covered his face with his hands, and prayed, "O God! Thy will be done! but, in Thy mercy, raise—still higher raise the waters!"

But the waters did not rise higher. The howling of the wind gradually decreased, and the foaming seas had obeyed the divine injunction—they had gone so far, but not further! And the day dawned, and the sky cleared; and the first red tints announcing the return of light and heat, had appeared on the broken horizon, when the eyes of the despairing youth were directed to a black mass on the tumultuous waters. It was a vessel, with but one mast standing; rolling heavily, and running before the gale right on for the sand-bank where he stood; her hull one moment borne aloft, and the next disappearing from his view in the hollow of the agitated waters. She will be dashed to pieces, thought Francisco; she will be lost—they cannot see the bank! and he would have made a signal to her, if he had been able, to warn her of her danger, forgetting, at the time, his own desolate situation.

As Francisco watched, the sun rose, bright and joyous, over this scene of anxiety and pain. On came the vessel, flying before the gale; while the seas chased her as if they would fain overwhelm her.

It was fearful to see her scud—agonising to know that she was rushing to destruction.

At last he could distinguish those on board. He waved his hand, but they perceived him not; he shouted, but his voice was borne away by the gale. On came the vessel, as if doomed. She was within two cables' length of the bank, when those on board perceived their danger. It was too late!—they rounded her to—another and another wave hurled her towards the sand. She struck!—her only remaining mast fell over the side—and the roaring waves hastened to complete their work of destruction and of death!

Chapter XI

THE ESCAPE

Francisco's eyes were fixed upon the vessel, over which the sea now broke with terrific violence. There appeared to be about eight or nine men on her deck, who sheltered themselves under the weather bulwarks. Each wave, as it broke against her side and then dashed in foam over her, threw her, with a convulsive jerk, still further on the sand-bank. At last she was so high up that their fury was partly spent before they dashed against her frame. Had the vessel been strong and well built; had she been a collier coasting the English shores, there was a fair chance that she might have withstood the fury of the storm until it had subsided, and that by remaining on board, the crew might have survived; but she was of a very different mould, and, as Francisco justly surmised, an American brig, built for swift sailing, very sharp, and, moreover, very slightly put together.

Francisco's eyes, as may easily be supposed, were never removed from the only object which could now interest him—the unexpected appearance and imminent danger of his fellow-creatures at this desolated spot. He perceived that two of the men went to the hatches, and slid them over to leeward: they then descended, and, although the seas broke over the vessel, and a large quantity of water must have poured into her, the hatches were not put on again by those who remained on deck. But in a few minutes this mystery was solved; one after another at first, and then by dozens, poured forth, out of the hold, the kidnapped Africans who composed her cargo. In a short time the decks were covered with them: the poor creatures had been released by the humanity of two of the English sailors, that they might have the same chance with themselves of saving their lives. Still, no attempt

was made to quit the vessel. Huddled together, like a flock of sheep, with the wild waves breaking over them, there they all remained, both European and African; and, as the heavy blows of the seas upon the sides of the vessel careened and shook her, they were seen to cling, in every direction, with no distinction between the captured and their oppressors.

But this scene was soon changed; the frame of the vessel could no longer withstand the violence of the waves; and, as Francisco watched, of a sudden it was seen to divide a-midships, and each portion to turn over. Then was the struggle for life; hundreds were floating on the raging element, and wrestling for existence, and the white foam of the ocean was dotted by the black heads of the negroes who attempted to gain the bank. It was an awful, terrible scene, to witness so many at one moment tossed and dashed about by the waves—so many fellow-beings threatened with eternity. At one moment, they were close to the beach, forced on to it by some tremendous wave; at the next, the receding water and the undertow swept them all back; and, of the many who had been swimming, one-half had disappeared to rise no more. Francisco watched with agony as he perceived that the number decreased, and that none had yet gained the shore. At last he snatched up the halyards of his boat's sail which were near him, and hastened down to the spot to afford such succour as might be possible; nor were his efforts in vain. As the seas washed the apparently inanimate bodies on shore, and would then have again swept them away to return them in mockery, he caught hold of them and dragged them safe on the bank, and thus did he continue his exertions until fifteen of the bodies of the negroes were spread upon the beach. Although exhausted and senseless, they were not dead, and long before he had dragged up the last of the number, many of those previously saved had, without any other assistance than the heat of the sun, recovered from their insensibility.

Francisco would have continued his task of humanity,

but the parted vessel had now been riven into fragments by the force of the waves, and the whole beach was strewed with her timbers and her stores, which were dashed on shore by the waters, and then swept back again by the return. In a short time the severe blows he received from these fragments disabled him from further exertion, and he sank exhausted on the sand; indeed, all further attempts were useless. All on board of the vessel had been launched into the sea at the same moment, and those who were not now on shore were past all succour. Francisco walked up to those who had been saved: he found twelve of them were recovered and sitting on their hams; the rest were still in a state of insensibility. He then went up to the knoll, where his chest and provisions had been placed; and, throwing himself down by them, surveyed the scene.

The wind had lulled, the sun shone brightly, and the sea was much less violent. The waves had subsided, and, no longer hurried on by the force of the hurricane, broke majestically and solemnly, but not with the wildness and force which, but a few hours before, they had displayed. The whole of the beach was strewed with the fragments of the vessel, with spars and water-casks; and every moment was to be observed the corpse of a negro turning round and round in the froth of the wave, and then disappearing.

For an hour did he watch and reflect, and then he walked again to where the men who had been rescued were sitting, not more than thirty yards from him; they were sickly emaciated forms, but belonging to a tribe who inhabitated the coast, and who, having been accustomed, from their infancy, to be all the day in the water, had supported themselves better than the other slaves who had been procured from the interior, or the European crew of the vessel, all of whom had perished.

The Africans appeared to recover fast by the heat of the sun, so oppressive to Francisco, and were now exchanging a few words with each other. The whole of

them had revived, but those who were most in need of aid were neglected by the others. Francisco made signs to them, but they understood him not. He returned to the knoll, and, pouring out water in a tin pan from the breaker, brought it down to them. He offered it to one, who seized it eagerly; water was a luxury seldom obtained in the hold of a slave-vessel. The man drank deeply, and would have drained the cup, but Francisco prevented him, and held it to the lips of another. He was obliged to refill it three times before they had all been supplied: he then brought them a handful of biscuit, and left them, for he reflected that, without some precautions, the whole sustenance would soon be seized by them and devoured. He buried half a foot deep, and covered over with sand, the breakers of water and the provisions, and by the time he had finished this task, unperceived by the negroes, who still squatted together, the sun had again sunk below the horizon. Francisco had already matured his plans, which were, to form a raft out of the fragments of the vessel, and, with the assistance of the negroes, attempt to gain the main land. He lay down, for the second night, on this eventful spot of desolation, and, commending himself to the Almighty protection, was soon in a deep slumber.

It was not until the powerful rays of the sun blazed on the eyes of the youth that he awoke, so tired had he been with the anxiety and fatigue of the preceding day, and the sleepless harrowing night which had introduced it; he rose and seated himself upon his sea-chest: how different was the scene from that of yesterday! Again the ocean slept, the sky was serene, and not a cloud to be distinguished throughout the whole firmament; the horizontal line was clear, even, and well-defined; a soft breeze just rippled over the dark-blue sea, which now had retired to its former boundary, and left the sand-bank as extended as when first Francisco had been put on shore. But here the beauty of the landscape terminated: the foreground was horrible to look upon; the whole of the beach was covered with the timbers of the wreck, with water-casks, and other

articles, in some parts heaped and thrown up one upon another; and, among them, lay jammed and mangled the bodies of the many who had perished. In other parts there were corpses thrown up high and dry, or still rolling and turning to the rippling wave: it was a scene of desolation and of death.

The negroes who had been saved were all huddled up together, apparently in deep sleep, and Francisco quitted his elevated position and walked down to the low beach, to survey the means which the disaster of others afforded him for his own escape. To his great joy he found not only plenty of casks, but many of them full of fresh water; provisions also in sufficiency, and, indeed, everything that could be required to form a raft, as well as the means of support for a considerable time for himself and the negroes who had survived. He then walked up to them and called to them, but they answered not, nor even moved. He pushed them, but in vain; and his heart beat quick, for he was fearful that they were dead from previous exhaustion. He applied his foot to one of them, and it was not until he had used force, which in any other case he would have dispensed with, that the negro awoke from his state of lethargy and looked vacantly about him. Francisco had some little knowledge of the language of the Kroumen, and he addressed the negro in that tongue. To his great joy, he was answered in a language which, if not the same, had so great an affinity to it, that communication became easy. With the assistance of the negro, who used still less ceremony with his comrades, the remainder of them were awakened, and a palaver ensued.

Francisco soon made them understand that they were to make a raft and go back to their own country; explaining to them that, if they remained there, the water and provisions would soon be exhausted, and they would all perish. The poor creatures hardly knew whether to consider him a supernatural being or not; they talked among themselves; they remarked at his having brought them fresh water the day before; they knew that he did not

belong to the vessel in which they had been wrecked, and they were puzzled.

Whatever might be their speculations, they had one good effect, which was, that they looked upon the youth as a superior and a friend, and most willingly obeyed him. He led them up to the knoll, and, desiring them to scrape away the sand, supplied them again with fresh water and biscuit. Perhaps the very supply, and the way in which it was given to them, excited their astonishment as much as anything. Francisco ate with them, and, selecting from his sea-chest the few tools in his possession, desired them to follow him. The casks were collected and rolled up; the empty ones arranged for the raft; the spars were hauled up; cleared of the rigging, which was carefully separated for lashings; the one or two sails which had been found rolled up on the spars were spread out to dry; and the provisions and articles of clothing, which might be useful, laid together on one side. The negroes worked willingly, and showed much intelligence: before the evening closed, everything which might be available was secured, and the waves now only tossed about lifeless forms and the small fragments of timber which could not be serviceable.

It would occupy too much time were we to detail all the proceedings of Francisco and the negroes for the space of four days, during which they laboured hard. Necessity is truly the mother of invention, and many were the ingenious resources of the party before they could succeed in forming a raft large enough to carry them and their provisions, with a mast and sail well secured. At length it was accomplished; and, on the fifth day, Francisco and his men embarked, and having pushed clear of the bank with poles, they were at last able to hoist their sail to a fine breeze, and steer for the coast before the wind, at the rate of about three miles an hour. But it was not until they had gained half a mile from the bank that they were no longer annoyed by the dreadful smell arising from the putrefaction of so many bodies, for to bury

them all would been have a work of too great time. The last two days of their remaining on the island, the effluvia had become so powerful as to be a source of the greatest horror and disgust even to the negroes.

But before night, when the raft was about eight leagues from the sand-bank it fell calm, and continued so for the next day, when a breeze sprang up from the south-east, to which they trimmed their sail with their head to the northward.

This wind, and the course steered, sent them off from the land, but there was no help for it; and Francisco felt grateful that they had such an ample supply of provisions and water as to enable them to yield to a few days' contrary wind without danger of want. But the breeze continued steady and fresh, and they were now crossing the Bight of Benin; the weather was fine and the sea smooth; the flying fish rose in shoals, and dropped down into the raft, which still forced its way through the water to the northward.

Thus did Francisco and his negro crew remain for a fortnight floating on the wide ocean, without any object meeting their view. Day after day it was the same dreary "sky and water," and, by the reckoning of Francisco, they could not be far from the land, when, on the fifteenth day, they perceived two sail to the northward.

Francisco's heart bounded with joy and gratitude to Heaven; he had no telescope to examine them, but he steered directly for them, and, about dark, he made them out to be a ship and a schooner hove-to.

As Francisco scanned them, surmising what they might be, the sun set behind the two vessels, and, after it had sunk below the horizon, their forms were, for a few minutes, delineated with remarkable precision and clearness. There could be no mistake. Francisco felt convinced that the schooner was the *Avenger!* and his first impulse was to run to the sweep with which they were steered, and put the head of the raft again to the northward. A

moment's reflection determined him to act otherwise; he lowered down his sail that he might escape observation, and watched the motions of the vessels during the few minutes of light which remained. That the ship had been captured, and that her capture had been attended with the usual scene of outrage and violence, he had no doubt. He was now about four miles from them, and just as they were vanishing from his straining eyes, he perceived that the schooner had made all sail to the westward. Francisco feeling that he was then secure from being picked up by her, again hoisted his sail with the hope of reaching the ship, which, if not scuttled, he intended to remove on board of, and then make sail for the first port on the coast. But hardly had the raft regained her way when the horizon was lighted up, and he perceived that the pirates had set fire to the vessel. Then it was useless to proceed towards her; and Francisco again thought of putting the head of the raft to the northward, when the idea struck him, knowing the character and cruelty of the pirates, that there might be some unfortunate people left on board to perish in the flames. He therefore continued his course, watching the burning vessel; the flames increased in violence, mounting up to the mast and catching the sails one after the other. The wind blew fresh, and the vessel was kept before the wind—a circumstance that assured Francisco that there were people on board. At first she appeared to leave the raft, but, as her sails, one after another, were consumed by the element, so did she decrease her speed, and Francisco, in about an hour, was close to her and under her counter.

The ship was now one mass of fire from her bows to her main-mast; a volume of flame poured from her main hold rising higher than her lower masts, and ending in a huge mass of smoke carried by the wind a-head of her; the quarter-deck was still free from fire, but the heat on it was so intense, that those on board were all collected at the taffrail; and there they remained, some violent,

others in mute despair; for the *Avenger's* people, in their barbarity, had cut away and destroyed all the boats, to prevent their escape. From the light thrown round the vessel, those on board had perceived the approach of Francisco to their rescue, and immediately that it was under the counter, and the sail lowered, almost all of them had descended by ropes, or the stern-ladder, and gained a place in her. In a few minutes, without scarcely an exchange of a word, they were all out of the brig, and Francisco pushed off just as the flames burst from the cabin-windows, darting out in a horizontal line like the tongues of fiery serpents. The raft, now encumbered with twelve more persons, was then steered to the northward; and so soon as those who had been saved had been supplied with some water which they so much needed, Francisco obtained the intelligence which he desired. The ship was from Carthagena, South America; had sailed from thence to Lisbon, with a Don Cumanos, who had a large property up the Magdalen river. He had wished to visit a part of his family at Lisbon, and from thence had sailed to the Canary Isles, where he also had property, in their way from Lisbon to South America. They had been beaten by stress of weather to the southward, and afterwards had been chased by the *Avenger;* being a very fast sailer she had run down several degrees before she had been captured. When the pirate took possession, and found that she had little or no cargo of value to them, for her hold was chiefly filled with furniture and other articles for the use of Don Cumanos, angry at their disappointment, they had first destroyed all their boats, and then set fire to the vessel, taking care not to leave her until all chance of the fire being put out was hopeless. And thus had these miscreants left innocent and unfortunate people to perish.

Francisco heard the narrative of Don Cumanos, and then informed him in what manner he had left the schooner, and his subsequent adventures. Francisco was now very anxious to make the land, or obtain succour from some

vessel. The many who were now on board, and the time that he had already been at sea, obliged him to reduce the allowance of water. Fortune favoured him after all his trials; on the third day a vessel hove in sight, and they were seen by her. She made sail for them, and took them all on board. It was a schooner trafficking on the coast for gold-dust and ivory; but the magnificent offers of Don Cumanos induced them to give up their voyage, and run across the Atlantic to Carthagena. To Francisco it was of little moment where he went, and in Don Cumanos he had found a sincere friend.

"You have been my preserver," said the Spaniard; "allow me to return the obligation—come and live with me."

As Francisco was equally pleased with Don Cumanos, he accepted the offer: they all arrived safely at Carthagena, and from thence proceeded to his estate on the Magdalen river.

Chapter XII

THE LIEUTENANT

When we last mentioned Edward Templemore, we stated that he was a lieutenant of the admiral's ship on the West India station, commanding the tender. Now the name of the tender was the *Enterprise*; and it was singular that she was one of two schooners built at Baltimore, remarkable for their beauty and good qualities: yet, how different were their employments! Both had originally been built for the slave-trade: now one hoisted the English pennant, and cruised as the *Enterprise*; the other threw out the black flag, and scoured the seas as the *Avenger*.

The *Enterprise* was fitted much in the same way as we have already described her sister-vessel,—that is, with one long brass gun amidships, and smaller ones for her broadside. But in the numbers of their crews there was a great

disparity; the *Enterprise* not being manned with more than sixty-five English sailors, belonging to the admiral's ship. She was employed, as most admirals' tenders usually *were*, sometimes carrying a tender made for a supply of provisions, or a tender of services, if required, from the admiral; or, if not particularly wanted, with the important charge of a tender *billet-doux* to some fair friend. But this is a tender subject to touch upon. In the meantime, it must be understood that she had the same commission to sink, burn, and destroy, as all other of his Majesty's vessels, if anything came in her way; but, as she usually carried despatches, the real importance of which were, of course, unknown, she was not to go out of her way upon such service.

Edward Templemore did, however, occasionally go a little out of his way, and had lately captured a very fine privateer, after a smart action, for which he anticipated his promotion; but the admiral thought him too young, and therefore gave the next vacancy to his own nephew, who, the admiral quite forgot, was much younger.

Edward laughed when he heard of it, upon his arrival at Port Royal; and the admiral, who expected that he would make his appearance pouting with disappointment, when he came up to the Penn to report himself, was so pleased with his good-humour that he made a vow that Templemore should have the next vacancy; but this he also quite forgot, because Edward happened to be, at the time it occurred, on a long cruise,—and "out of sight out of mind" is a proverb so well established, that it may be urged as an excuse for a person who had so many other things to think of as the admiral entrusted with the command of the West India station.

Lieutenant Templemore had, in consequence, commanded the *Enterprise* for nearly two years, and without grumbling, for he was of a happy disposition, and passed a very happy sort of life. Mr Witherington was very indulgent to him, and allowed him to draw liberally; he had plenty of money for himself, or for a friend who required it, and he had

plenty of amusement. Amongst other diversions he had fallen most desperately in love: for, in one of his trips to the Leeward Isles (so called from their being to windward) he had succoured a Spanish vessel, which had on board the new governor of Porto Rico, with his family, and had taken upon himself to land them on that island in safety; for which service the English admiral received a handsome letter, concluding with the moderate wish that his excellency might live a thousand years, and Edward Templemore an invitation to go and see them whenever he might pass that way; which, like most general invitations, was as much a compliment as the wish which wound up the letter to the admiral. It did, however, so happen that the Spanish governor had a very beautiful and only daughter, carefully guarded by a duenna, and a monk who was a depository of all the sins of the governor's establishment; and it was with this daughter that Edward Templemore fell into the heresy of love.

She was, indeed, very beautiful; and, like all her countrywomen, was ardent in her affections. The few days that she was on board the schooner with her father, during the time that the *Enterprise* convoyed the Spanish vessel into port, were quite sufficient to ignite two such inflammable beings as Clara d'Alfarez and Edward Templemore. The monk had been left on board of the leaky vessel; there was no accommodation in the schooner for either him or the duenna, and Don Felix de Maxos de Cobas de Manilla d'Alfarez was too busy with his cigar to pay attention to his daughter.

When they were landed, Edward Templemore was asked to their residence, which was not in the town, but at a lovely bay on the south side of the island. The town mansion was appropriated to business and the ceremony of the court: it was too hot for a permanent abode, and the governor only went there for a few hours each day.

Edward Templemore remained a short time at the island, and, at his departure, received the afore-mentioned letter from the father to the English admiral, and an assurance

of unalterable fidelity from the daughter to the English lieutenant. On his return, he presented the letter, and the admiral was satisfied with his conduct.

When ordered out to cruise, which he always was when there was nothing else to do, he submitted to the admiral whether, if he should happen to be near Porto Rico, he could not leave an answer to the Spanish governor's letter; and the admiral, who knew the value of keeping up a good understanding with foreign relations, took the hint, and gave him one to deliver, if *convenient*. The second meeting was, as may be supposed, more cordial than the first on the part of the young lady; not so, however, on the part of the duenna and holy friar, who soon found out that their charge was in danger from heretical opinions.

Caution became necessary; and, as secresy adds a charm to an amour, Clara received a long letter and a telescope from Edward. The letter informed her that whenever he could, he would make his appearance in his schooner off the south of the island, and await a signal made by her at a certain window, acknowledging her recognition of his vessel. On the night of that signal, he would land in his boat and meet her at an appointed spot. This was all very delightful; and it so happened that Edward had four or five times contrived, during the last year, to meet Clara without discovery and again and again to exchange his vows. It was agreed between them that, when he quitted the station, she should quit her father and her home, and trust her future happiness to an Englishman and a heretic.

It may be a matter of surprise to some of our readers that the admiral should not have discovered the frequent visits of the *Enterprise* to Porto Rico, as Edward was obliged to bring his log for examination every time that he returned; but the admiral was satisfied with Edward's conduct, and his anxiety to cruise when there was nothing else to do. His logs were brought on shore to the admiral's secretary, carefully rolled and sealed up. The admiral's secretary threw the packages on one side, and thought no more of the matter, and Edward had always a ready story

to tell when he took his seat at the admiral's dinner-table; besides, he is a very unfit person to command a vessel who does not know how to write a log that will bear an investigation. A certain latitude is always allowed in every degree of latitude as well as longitude.

The *Enterprise* had been despatched to Antigua, and Edward thought this an excellent opportunity to pay a visit to Clara d'Alfarez; he therefore, upon his return, hove-to off the usual headland, and soon perceived the white curtain thrown out of the window.

"There it is, sir," said one of the midshipmen who was near him—for he had been there so often that the whole crew of the *Enterprise* were aware of his attachment—"she has shown her flag of truce."

"A truce to your nonsense, Mr Warren," replied Edward, laughing; "how came you to know anything about it?"

"I only judge by cause and effect, sir; and I know that I shall have to go on shore and wait for you to-night."

"That's not unlikely: but let draw the fore-sheet; we must now get behind the headland."

The youngster was right; that evening, a little before dark, he attended his commander on shore, the *Enterprise* lying to with a lantern on her peak.

"Once more, dearest Clara!" said Edward, as he threw off her long veil and pressed her in his arms.

"Yes, Edward, once more—but I am afraid only once more, for my maid, Inez, has been dangerously ill, and has confessed to Friar Ricardo. I fear much that, in her fright (for she thought that she was dying), she has told all. She is better now."

"Why should you imagine so, Clara?"

"Oh, you know not what a frightened fool that Inez is when she is ill. Our religion is not like yours."

"No, dear, it is not; but I will teach you a better."

"Hush, Edward, you must not say that. Holy Virgin! if Friar Ricardo should hear you! I think that Inez must have told him, for he fixes his dark eyes upon me so

earnestly. Yesterday he observed to me that I had not confessed."

"Tell him to mind his own business."

"That is his business, and I was obliged to confess to him last night. I told him a great many things, and then he asked me if that was all. His eyes went through me. I trembled as I uttered an untruth—for I said it was."

"I confess my sins but to my Maker, Clara; and I confess my love but to you. Follow my plan, dearest!"

"I will half obey you, Edward. I will not tell my love."

"And sins you have none, Clara; so you will obey me in all."

"Hush, Edward, you must not say that. We all have sins; and, oh! what a grievous sin they say it is to love you, who are a heretic! Holy Virgin, pardon me! but I could not help it."

"If that is your only sin, dearest, I can safely give you absolution."

"Nay, Edward, don't joke, but hear me. If Inez has confessed, they will look for me here; and we must not meet again—at least not in this place. You know the little bay behind the rock—it is not much farther off, and there is a cave where I can wait; another time it must be there."

"It shall be there, dearest; but is it not too near the beach? will you not be afraid of the men in the boat, who must see you?"

"But we can leave the beach. It is Ricardo, alone, that I am in dread of—and the Donna Maria. Mercifu. heaven! should my father know it all, we should be lost be separated for ever!" and Clara laid her forehead on Edward's shoulder, as her tears fell fast.

"There is nought to fear, Clara. Hush! I heard a rustling in those orange-trees. Listen!"

"Yes! yes!" whispered Clara, hastily; "there is some one! Away! dear Edward, away!"

Clara sprang from his side, and hastened up the grove. Edward made his retreat; and, flying down the rocky and

narrow path through the underwood, was soon on the beach and into his boat. The *Enterprise* arrived at head-quarters, and Edward reported himself to the admiral.

"I have work for you, Mr Templemore," said the admiral: "you must be ready to proceed on service immediately. We've found your match."

"I hope I may find her, sir," replied the lieutenant.

"I hope so, too; for, if you give a good account of her, it will put another swab on your shoulder. The pirate schooner which has so long infested the Atlantic has been seen and chased, off Barbadoes, by the *Amelia;* but it appears that there is not a vessel in the squadron which can come near her, unless it be the *Enterprise.* She has since captured two West Indiamen, and was seen steering with them towards the coast of Guiana. Now, I am going to give you thirty additional hands, and send you after her."

"Thank you, sir," replied Edward, his countenance beaming with delight.

"How soon will you be ready?" inquired the admiral.

"To-morrow morning, sir."

"Very good. Tell Mr Hadley to bring me the order for the men, and your sailing-orders, and I will sign them; but recollect, Mr Templemore, you will have an awkward customer. Be prudent—brave I know you to be."

Edward Templemore promised everything, as most people do in such cases; and, before the next evening, the *Enterprise* was well in the offing, under a heavy press of sail.

Chapter XIII

THE LANDING

The property of Don Cumanos, to which he had retired with his family, accompanied by Francisco, extended from the mouth of, to many miles up, the Magdalen river. It

was a fine alluvial soil, forming one vast strip of rich meadow, covered with numerous herds of cattle. The house was not a hundred yards from the banks of this magnificent stream, and a small but deep creek ran up to the adjacent buildings,—for Don Cumanos had property even more valuable, being proprietor of a gold-mine near the town of Jambrano, about eighty miles farther up, and which mine had latterly become exceedingly productive. The ore was brought down the river in boats, and smelted in the out-houses near the creek to which we have just referred.

It will be necessary to observe that the establishment of the noble Spaniard was numerous, consisting of nearly one hundred persons, employed in the smelting-houses, or attached to the household.

For some time Francisco remained here happy and contented; he had become the confidential supervisor of Don Cumanos' household, proved himself worthy of a trust so important, and was considered as one of the family.

One morning, as Francisco was proceeding down to the smelting-house to open the hatches of the small decked boats, which had arrived from Jambrano with ore, and which were invariably secured with a padlock by the superintendent above, to which Don Cumanos had a corresponding key, one of the chief men informed him that a vessel had anchored off the mouth of the river the day before, and weighed again early that morning, and that she was now standing off and on.

"From Carthagena, probably, beating up," replied Francisco.

"*Valga me dios*, if I know that, sir," said Diego. "I should have thought nothing about it; but Giacomo and Pedro, who went out to fish last night, as usual, instead of coming back before midnight, have not been heard of since."

"Indeed! that is strange. Did they ever stay so long before?"

"Never, sir; and they have fished together now for seven years."

Francisco gave the key to the man, who opened the locks of the hatches, and returned it.

"There she is!" cried the man; the head sails making their appearance as the vessel opened to their view from the projecting point,—distant about four miles. Francisco directed his eye towards her, and, without further remark, hastened to the house.

"Well, Francisco!" said Don Cumanos, who was stirring a small cup of chocolate, "what's the news this morning?"

"The *Nostra Senora del Carmen* and the *Aguilla* have arrived, and I have just unlocked the hatches. There is a vessel off the point which requires examination, and I have come for the telescope."

"Requires examination! Why, Francisco?"

"Because Giacomo and Pedro, who went fishing last night, have not returned; and there are no tidings of them."

"That is strange! But how is this connected with the vessel?"

"That I will explain as soon as I have had an examination of her," replied Francisco, who had taken up the telescope, and was drawing out the tube. Francisco fixed the glass against the sill of the window, and examined the vessel some time in silence.

"Yes! by the living God! it is the *Avenger*, and no other," exclaimed he, as he removed the telescope from his eye.

"Eh!" cried Don Cumanos.

"It is the pirate vessel!—the *Avenger!*—I'll forfeit my life upon it! Don Cumanos, you must be prepared. I know that they have long talked of a visit to this quarter, and anticipate great booty; and they have those on board who know the coast well. The disappearance of your two men convinces me that they sent up their boats last night to reconnoitre, and have captured them. Torture

will extract the information which the pirates require; and I have little doubt but that an attack will be made, when they learn how much bullion there is, at present, on your premises."

"You may be right," replied Don Cumanos, thoughtfully; "that is, provided you are sure that it is the pirate vessel."

"Sure, Don Cumanos! I know every timber and plank in her; there is not a rope or a block but I can recognise. At the distance of four miles, with such a glass as this, I can discover every little variety in her rigging, from other craft. I will swear to her," repeated Francisco, once more looking through the telescope.

"And if they attack, Francisco?"

"We must defend ourselves; and, I trust, beat them off. They will come in their boats, and at night. If they were to run in the schooner by daylight, and anchor abreast of us, we should have but a poor chance. But they little think that I am here, and that they are recognised. They will attack this night, I rather think."

"And what do you then propose, Francisco?"

"That we should send all the females away to Don Teodoro's—it is but five miles—and call the men together as soon as possible. We are strong enough to beat them off, if we barricade the house. They cannot land more than from ninety to one hundred men, as some must remain in charge of the schooner; and we can muster quite as many. It may be as well to promise our men a reward if they do their duty."

"That is all right enough; and the bullion we have here——"

"Here we had better let it remain; it will take too much time to remove it, and, besides, will weaken our force by the men who must be in charge of it. The out-houses must be abandoned, and everything which is of consequence taken from them. Fire them they will, in all probability. At all events, we have plenty of time before us, if we begin at once."

"Well, Francisco, I shall make you commandant, and leave the arrangements to you, while I go and speak to Donna Isidora. Send for the men and speak to them; promise them rewards; and act as if you were ordering upon your own responsibility."

"I trust I shall prove myself worthy of your confidence, sir," replied Francisco.

"Carambo!" exclaimed the old don, as he left the room, "but it is fortunate you are here. We might all have been murdered in our beds."

Francisco sent for the head men of the establishment, and told them what he was convinced they would have to expect; and he then explained to them his views. The rest were all summoned; and Francisco pointed out to them the little mercy they would receive if the pirates were not repulsed, and the rewards which were promised by Don Cumanos if they did their duty.

Spaniards are individually brave, and, encouraged by Francisco, they agreed that they would defend the property to the last.

The house of Don Cumanos was well suited to resist an attack of this description, in which musketry only was expected to be employed. It was a long parallelogram of stone walls, with a wooden veranda on the first floor,—for it was only one storey high. The windows on the first storey were more numerous, but at the basement there were but two, and no other opening but the door in the whole line of building. It was of a composite architecture, between the Morisco and the Spanish. If the lower part of the house, which was of stone, could be secured from entrance, the assailants would, of course, fight under a great disadvantage. The windows below were the first secured, by piling a heavy mass of stones in the interior of the rooms against them, rising to the ceiling from a base like the segment of a pyramid extending to the opposite side of the chamber; and every preparation was made for effectually barricading the door before night. Ladders were then fixed to ascend to the veranda, which

was rendered musket-proof nearly as high as its railings, to protect the men. The Donna Isidora, and the women of the establishment, were, in the afternoon, despatched to Don Teodoro's; and, at the request of Francisco, joined to the entreaties of Donna Isidora, Don Cumanos was persuaded to accompany them.

The don called his men, and, telling them that he left Francisco in command, expected them to do their duty; and then shaking hands with him, the cavalcade was soon lost in the woods behind the narrow meadows which skirted the river.

There was no want of muskets and ammunition. Some were employed casting bullets, and others in examining the arms which had long been laid by. Before evening, all was ready; every man had received his arms and ammunition; the flints had been inspected: and Francisco had time to pay more attention to the schooner, which had, during the day, increased her distance from the land, but was now again standing in for the shore. Half-an-hour before dusk, when within three miles, she wore round, and put her head to the offing.

"They'll attack this night," said Francisco; "I feel almost positive: their yards and stay-tackles are up; all ready for hoisting out the long-boat."

"Let them come, senor; we will give them a warm reception," replied Diego, the second in authority.

It was soon too dark to perceive the vessel. Francisco and Diego ordered every man, but five, into the house; the door was firmly barricaded, and some large pieces of rock, which had been rolled into the passage, piled against it. Francisco then posted the five men down the banks of the river, at a hundred yards distant from each other, to give notice of the approach of the boats. It was about ten o'clock at night when Francisco and Diego descended the ladder, and went to examine their outposts.

"Senor," said Diego, as he and Francisco stood on the bank of the river, "at what hour is it your idea that these villains will make their attempt?"

"That is difficult to say. If the same captain commands them who did when I was on board of her, it will not be until after the moon is down, which will not be till midnight; but should it be any other who is in authority, they may not be so prudent."

"Holy Virgin! senor, were you ever on board of that vessel?"

"Yes, Diego, I was, and for a long while, too; but not with my own good-will. Had I not been on board, I never should have recognised her."

"Very true, senor; then we may thank the saints that you have once been a pirate."

"I hope that I never was that, Diego," replied Francisco, smiling; "but I have been a witness to dreadful proceedings on board of that vessel, at the remembrance of which, even now, my blood curdles."

To pass away the time, Francisco then detailed many scenes of horror to Diego, which he had witnessed when on board of the *Avenger;* and he was still in the middle of a narrative when a musket was discharged by the farthermost sentinel.

"Hark, Diego!"

Another, and another, nearer and nearer to them, gave the signal that the boats were close at hand. In a few minutes the men all came in, announcing that the pirates were pulling up the stream in three boats, and were less than a quarter of a mile from the landing-place.

"Diego, go to the house with these men, and see that all is ready," said Francisco; "I will wait here a little longer: but do not fire till I come to you."

Diego and the men departed, and Francisco was left on the beach alone.

In another minute the sound of the oars was plainly distinguishable, and Francisco's ears were directed to catch, if possible, the voices. "Yes," thought he, "you come with the intentions of murder and robbery; but you will, through me, be disappointed." As the boats approached, he heard the voice of Hawkhurst.

The signal muskets fired had told the pirates that they were discovered, and that in all probability they would meet with resistance; silence was, therefore, no longer of any advantage.

"Oars! my lads—oars!" cried Hawkhurst.

One boat ceased rowing, and soon afterwards the two others. The whole of them were now plainly seen by Francisco, at the distance of about one cable's length from where he stood; and the clear still night carried the sound of their voices along the water.

"Here is a creek, sir," said Hawkhurst, "leading up to those buildings. Would it not be better to land there, as, if they are not occupied, they will prove a protection to us, if we have a hard fight for it?"

"Very true, Hawkhurst," replied a voice, which Francisco immediately recognised to be that of Cain.

"He is alive, then," thought Francisco, "and his blood is not yet upon my hands."

"Give way, my lads!" cried Hawkhurst.

The boats dashed up the creek, and Francisco hastened back to the house.

"Now, my lads," said he, as he sprang up the ladder, "you must be resolute; we have to deal with desperate men. I have heard the voices of the captain and chief mate; so there is no doubt as to its being the pirate. The boats are up the creek, and will land behind the out-buildings. Haul up these ladders, and lay them fore and aft on the veranda; and do not fire without taking a good aim. Silence! my men—silence! Here they come."

The pirates were now seen advancing from the out-buildings in strong force. In the direction in which they came, it was only from the side of the veranda, at which not more than eight or ten men could be placed, that the enemy could be repulsed. Francisco, therefore, gave orders that as soon as some of the men had fired, they should retreat and load their muskets, to make room for others.

When the pirates had advanced half-way to the house, on the clear space between it and the out-buildings, Francisco gave the word to fire. The volley was answered by another, and a shout from the pirates, who, with Hawkhurst and Cain at their head, now pressed on, but not until they had received a second discharge from the Spaniards, and the pirates had fired in return. As the Spaniards could not at first fire a volley of more than a dozen muskets at a time, their opponents imagined their force to be much less than it really was. They now made other arrangements. They spread themselves in a semicircle in front of the veranda, and kept up a continual galling fire. This was returned by the party under Francisco for nearly a quarter of an hour; and, as all the muskets were now called into action, the pirates found out that they had a more formidable enemy to cope with than they had anticipated.

It was now quite dark, and not a figure was to be distinguished, except by the momentary flashing of the firearms. Cain and Hawkhurst, leaving their men to continue the attack, had gained the house, and a position under the veranda. Examining the windows and door, there appeared but little chance of forcing an entrance; but it immediately occurred to them, that under the veranda their men would not be exposed, and that they might fire through the wooden floor of it upon those above. Hawkhurst hastened away, and returned with about half the men, leaving the others to continue their attack as before. The advantage of his manœuvre was soon evident. The musket-balls of the pirates pierced the planks, and wounded many of the Spaniards severely; and Francisco was at last obliged to order his men to retreat into the house, and fire out of the windows.

But even this warfare did not continue; for the supporting-pillars of the veranda being of wood and very dry, they were set fire to by the pirates. Gradually the flames wound round them, and their forked tongues licked the balustrade. At last, the whole of the veranda was in

flames. This was a great advantage to the attacking party, who could now distinguish the Spaniards without their being so clearly seen themselves. Many were killed and wounded. The smoke and heat became so intense in the upper storey, that the men could no longer remain there; and, by the advice of Francisco, they retreated to the basement of the house.

"What shall we do now, senor?" said Diego, with a grave face.

"Do!" replied Francisco; "they have burnt the veranda, that is all. The house will not take fire; it is of solid stone; the roof indeed may; but still here we are. I do not see that they are more advanced than they were before. As soon as the veranda has burnt down, we must return above, and commence firing again from the windows."

"Hark, sir! they are trying the door."

"They may try a long while; they should have tried the door while the veranda protected them from our sight. As soon as it is burnt we shall be able to drive them away from it. I will go up again and see how things are."

"No, senor; it is of no use. Why expose yourself now that the flames are so bright?"

"I must go and see if that is the case, Diego. Put all the wounded men in the north chamber; it will be the safest, and more out of the way."

Francisco ascended the stone staircase, and gained the upper storey. The rooms were filled with smoke, and he could distinguish nothing. An occasional bullet whistled past him. He walked towards the windows, and sheltered himself behind the wall between them.

The flames were not so violent, and the heat more bearable. In a short time, a crash, and then another, told him that the veranda had fallen in. He looked through the window. The mass of lighted embers had fallen down in front of the house, and had, for a time, driven away the assailants. Nothing was left of the

veranda but the burning ends of the joists fixed in the wall above the windows, and the still glowing remains of the posts which once supported it.

But the smoke from below now cleared away, and the discharge of one or two muskets told Francisco that he was perceived by the enemy.

"The roof is safe," thought he, as he withdrew from the window: "and now I do not know whether the loss of the veranda may not prove a gain to us."

What were the intentions of the pirates it was difficult to ascertain. For a time they left off firing, and Francisco returned to his comrades. The smoke had gradually cleared away, and they were able to resume their position above; but, as the pirates did not fire, they, of course, could do nothing, as it was only by the flashing of the muskets that the enemy was to be distinguished. No further attempts were made at the door or windows below; and Francisco in vain puzzled himself as to the intended plans of the assailants.

Nearly half an hour of suspense passed away. Some of the Spaniards were of the opinion that they had retreated to their boats and gone away, but Francisco knew them better. All he could do was to remain above, and occasionally look out to discover their motions. Diego, and one or two more, remained with him; the other men were kept below that they might be out of danger.

"Holy Francis! but this has been a dreadful night, senor; how many hours until daylight?" said Diego.

"Two hours at least, I should think," replied Francisco; "but the affair will be decided before that."

"The saints protect us! See, senor, are they not coming?"

Francisco looked through the gloom, in the direction of the out-buildings, and perceived a group of men advancing. A few moments, and he could clearly make them out.

"Yes, truly, Diego; and they have made ladders, which

they are carrying. They intend to storm the windows. Call them all up; and now we must fight hard indeed."

The Spaniards hastened up and filled the room above, which had three windows in the front, looking towards the river, and which had been sheltered by the veranda.

"Shall we fire now, senor?"

"No—no; do not fire till your muzzles are at their hearts. They cannot mount more than two at a time at each window. Recollect, my lads, that you must now fight hard, for your lives will not be spared; they will show no quarter and no mercy."

The ends of the rude ladders now made their appearance above the sill of each window. They had been hastily, yet firmly, constructed, and were nearly as wide as the windows. A loud cheer was followed by a simultaneous mounting of the ladders.

Francisco was at the centre window, when Hawkhurst made his appearance, sabre in hand. He struck aside a musket aimed at him, and the ball whizzed harmless over the broad water of the river. Another step, and he would have been in, when Francisco fired his pistol; the ball entered the left shoulder of Hawkhurst, and he dropped his hold. Before he could regain it, a Spaniard charged at him with his musket, and threw him back. He fell, bearing down with him one or two of his comrades, who had been following him up the ladder.

Francisco felt as if the attack at that window was of little consequence after the fall of Hawkhurst, whose voice he had recognised; and he hastened to the one on the left, as he had heard Cain encouraging his men in that direction. He was not wrong in his conjecture; Cain was at the window, attempting to force an entrance, but was opposed by Diego and other resolute men. But the belt of the pirate captain was full of pistols, and he had already fired three with effect. Diego and the two best men were wounded, and the others who opposed him were alarmed at his giant proportions. Francisco rushed to attack him; but what was the force of so young a man

against the Herculean power of Cain? Still Francisco's left hand was at the throat of the pirate, and the pistol was pointed in his right, when the flash of another pistol, fired by one who followed Cain, threw its momentary vivid light upon the features of Francisco, as he cried out, "Blood for blood!" It was enough: the pirate captain uttered a yell of terror at the supposed supernatural appearance; and he fell from the ladder in a fit amongst the still burning embers of the veranda.

The fall of their two chiefs, and the determined resistance of the Spaniards, checked the impetuosity of the assailants. They hesitated; and they at last retreated, bearing away with them their wounded. The Spaniards cheered, and, led by Francisco, followed them down the ladders, and, in their turn, became the assailants. Still the pirates' retreat was orderly: they fired, and retired rank behind rank successively. They kept the Spaniards at bay, until they had arrived at the boats; when a charge was made, and a severe conflict ensued. But the pirates had lost too many men, and, without their commander, felt dispirited. Hawkhurst was still on his legs, and giving orders as coolly as ever. He espied Francisco, and, rushing at him, while the two parties were opposed muzzle to muzzle, seized him by his collar, and dragged him in amongst the pirates. "Secure him, at all events," cried Hawkhurst, as they slowly retreated and gained the outhouses. Francisco was overpowered and hauled into one of the boats, all of which in a few minutes afterwards were pulling with all their might to escape from the muskets of the Spaniards, who followed the pirates by the banks of the river, annoying them in their retreat.

Chapter XIV

THE MEETING

The pirates returned to their vessel discomfited. Those on board, who were prepared to hoist in ingots of precious metal, had to receive nought but wounded men, and many of their comrades had remained dead on the shore. Their captain was melancholy and downcast. Hawkhurst was badly wounded, and obliged to be carried below as soon as he came on board. The only capture which they had made was their former associate Francisco, who, by the last words spoken by Hawkhurst as he was supported to his cabin, was ordered to be put into irons. The boats were hoisted in without noise and a general gloom prevailed. All sail was then made upon the schooner, and, when the day dawned, she was seen by the Spaniards far away to the northward.

The report was soon spread through the schooner that Francisco had been the cause of their defeat; and, although this was only a surmise, still, as they considered that, had he not recognised the vessel the Spaniards would not have been prepared, they had good grounds for what had swelled into an assertion. He became, therefore, to many of them an object of bitter enmity, and they looked forward with pleasure to his destruction, which his present confinement they considered but the precursor of.

"Hist! Massa Francisco!" said a low voice near to where Francisco sat on the chest. Francisco turned round, and beheld the Krouman, his old friend.

"Ah! Pompey, are you all still on board?" said Francisco.

"All! no," replied the man, shaking his head; "some die—some get away—only four Kroumen left. Massa Francisco, how you come back again? Everybody tink you dead. I say no, not dead—ab charm with him—ab book."

"If that was my charm, I have it still," replied Francisco, taking the Bible out of his vest; for, strange to say, Francisco himself had a kind of superstition relative to that Bible, and had put it into his bosom previous to the attack made by the pirates.

"Dat very good, Massa Francisco; den you quite safe. Here come Johnson—he very bad man. I go away."

In the meantime Cain had retired to his cabin with feelings scarcely to be analysed. He was in a bewilderment. Notwithstanding the wound he had received by the hand of Francisco, he would never have sanctioned Hawkhurst putting him on shore on a spot which promised nothing but a lingering and miserable death. Irritated as he had been by the young man's open defiance, he loved him—loved him much more than he was aware of himself; and when he had recovered sufficiently from his wound, and had been informed where Francisco had been sent on shore, he quarrelled with Hawkhurst, and reproached him bitterly and sternly, in language which Hawkhurst never forgot or forgave. The vision of the starving lad haunted Cain, and rendered him miserable. His affection for him, now that he was, as he supposed, lost for ever, increased with tenfold force; and since that period Cain had never been seen to smile. He became more gloomy, more ferocious than before, and the men trembled when he appeared on deck.

The apparition of Francisco after so long an interval, and in such an unexpected quarter of the globe, acted, as we have before described, upon Cain. When he was taken to the boat he was still confused in his ideas; and it was not until they were nearly on board, that he perceived that this young man was indeed at his side. He could have fallen on his neck and kissed him; for Francisco had become to him a capture more prized than all the wealth of the Indies. But one pure good feeling was still unextinguished in the bosom of Cain; stained with every crime—with his hands so deeply imbrued in blood—at enmity with all the rest of the world;—that

one feeling burned bright and clear, and was not to be quenched. It might have proved a beacon-light to steer him back to repentance and good works.

But there were other feelings which also crowded upon the mind of the pirate-captain. He knew Francisco's firmness and decision. By some inscrutable means, which Cain considered as supernatural, Francisco had obtained the knowledge, and had accused him, of his mother's death. Would not the affection which he felt for the young man be met with hatred and defiance? He was but too sure that it would; and then his gloomy cruel disposition would reassume its influence, and he thought of revenging the attack upon his life. His astonishment at the reappearance of Francisco was equally great, and he trembled at the sight of him as if he was his accusing and condemning spirit. Thus did he wander from one fearful fancy to another, until he at last summoned up resolution to send for him.

A morose dark man, whom Francisco had not seen when he was before in the schooner, obeyed the commands of the captain. The irons were unlocked, and Francisco was brought down into the cabin. The captain rose and shut the door.

"I little thought to see you here, Francisco," said Cain.

"Probably not," replied Francisco, boldly; "but you have me again in your power, and may now wreak your vengeance."

"I feel none, Francisco; nor would I have suffered you to have been put on shore as you were, had I known of it. Even now that our expedition has failed through your means, I feel no anger towards you, although I shall have some difficulty in preserving you from the enmity of others. Indeed, Francisco, I am glad to find that you are alive, and I have bitterly mourned your loss:" and Cain extended his hand.

But Francisco folded his arms, and was silent.

"Are you then so unforgiving?" said the captain; "you know that I tell the truth."

"I believe that you state the truth, Captain Cain, for you are too bold to lie; and, as far as I am concerned, you have all the forgiveness you may wish: but I cannot take that hand—nor are our accounts still settled."

"What would you more? Cannot we be friends again? I do not ask you to remain on board. You are free to go where you please. Come, Francisco, take my hand, and let us forget what is passed."

"The hand that is imbrued with my mother's blood, perhaps!" exclaimed Francisco—"Never!"

"Not so, by God!" exclaimed Cain. "No, no; not quite so bad as that. In my mood I struck your mother, I grant it. I did not intend to injure her, but I did, and she died. I will not lie—that is the fact; and it is also the fact that I wept over her, Francisco, for I loved her as I do you. (It was a hasty bitter blow that," continued Cain, soliloquising, with his hand to his forehead, and unconscious of Francisco's presence at the moment. "It made me what I am, for it made me reckless.) Francisco," said Cain, raising his head, "I was bad, but I was no pirate when your mother lived. There is a curse upon me; that which I love most I treat the worst. Of all the world, I loved your mother most—yet did she from me receive most injury, and at last I caused her death. Next to your mother, whose memory I at once revere and love, and tremble when I think of—and each night does she appear to me—I have loved you, Francisco—for you, like her, have an angel's feelings; yet have I treated you as ill. You thwarted me, and you were right. Had you been wrong, I had not cared; but you were right, and it maddened me—your appeals by day—your mother's in my dreams."

Francisco's heart was softened; if not repentance, there was at least contrition. "Indeed, I pity you," replied Francisco.

"You must do more, Francisco; you must be friends with me," said Cain, again extending his hand.

"I cannot take that hand—it is too deeply dyed in blood," replied Francisco.

"Well, well, so would have said your mother. But hear me, Francisco," said Cain, lowering his voice to a whisper, lest he should be overheard—"I am tired of this life—perhaps sorry for what I have done—I wish to leave it—have wealth in plenty concealed where others know it not. Tell me, Francisco, shall we both quit this vessel, and live together happily and without doing wrong? You shall share all, Francisco. So, now, does that please you?"

"Yes; it pleases me to hear that you will abandon your lawless life, Captain Cain: but share your wealth I cannot, for how has it been obtained?"

"It cannot be returned, Francisco; I will do good with it. I will, indeed, Francisco. I—will—repent:" and again the hand was extended.

Francisco hesitated.

"I do—so help me, God! I *do* repent, Francisco," exclaimed the pirate-captain.

"And I, as a Christian, do forgive you all," replied Francisco, taking the still-extended hand. "May God forgive you, too!"

"Amen!" replied the pirate, solemnly, covering his face up in his hands.

In this position he remained some minutes, Francisco watching him in silence. At last the face was uncovered, and, to the surprise of Francisco, a tear was on the cheek of Cain, and his eyes suffused with moisture. Francisco no longer waited for the hand to be extended; he walked up to the captain, and, taking him by the hand, pressed it warmly.

"God bless you, boy! God bless you!" said Cain; "but leave me now."

Francisco returned on deck with a light and grateful heart. His countenance at once told those who were near him that he was not condemned, and many who dared not before take notice of, now saluted, him. The man who had taken him out of irons looked round; he was a

creature of Hawkhurst, and he knew not how to act. Francisco observed him, and, with a wave of his hand, ordered him to go below. That Francisco was again in authority was instantly perceived; and the first proof of it was, that the now second mate reported to him that there was a sail on the weather bow.

Francisco took the glass to examine her. It was a large schooner under all sail. Not wishing that anyone should enter the cabin but himself, he went down to the cabin-door, and knocked before he entered, and reported the vessel.

"Thank you, Francisco; you must take Hawkhurst's duty for the present—it shall not be for long; and fear not that I shall make another capture. I swear to you I will not, Francisco. But this schooner—I know very well what she is: she has been looking after us some time; and a week ago, Francisco, I was anxious to meet her, that I might shed more blood. Now I will do all I can to avoid her, and escape. I can do no more, Francisco. I must not be taken."

"There I cannot blame you. To avoid her will be easy, I should think: the *Avenger* outsails everything."

"Except, I believe, the *Enterprise*, which is a sister-vessel. By heavens! it's a fair match," continued Cain, his feelings of combativeness returning for a moment; "and it will look like a craven to refuse the fight: but fear not, Francisco—I have promised you, and I shall keep my word."

Cain went on deck, and surveyed the vessel through the glass.

"Yes, it must be her," said he aloud, so as to be heard by the pirates; "she has been sent out by the admiral on purpose, full of his best men. What a pity we are so short-handed!"

"There's enough of us, sir," observed the boatswain.

"Yes," replied Cain, "if there was anything but hard blows to be got; but that is all, and I cannot spare more men. Ready, about!" continued he, walking aft.

The *Enterprise*, for she was the vessel in pursuit, was then about five miles distant, steering for the *Avenger*, who was on a wind. As soon as the *Avenger* tacked, the *Enterprise* took in her topmast studding-sail, and hauled her wind. This brought the *Enterprise* well on the weather-quarter of the *Avenger*, who now made all sail. The pirates, who had had quite enough of fighting, and were not stimulated by the presence of Hawkhurst, or the wishes of their captain, now showed as much anxiety to avoid as they usually did to seek a combat.

At the first trial of sailing between the two schooners there was no perceptible difference; for half-an-hour they both continued on a wind, and when Edward Templemore examined his sextant a second time, he could not perceive that he had gained upon the *Avenger* one cable's length.

"We will keep away half a point," said Edward to his second in command. "We can afford that, and still hold the weather-gage."

The *Enterprise* was kept away, and increased her speed: they neared the *Avenger* more than a quarter of a mile.

"They are nearing us," observed Francisco; "we must keep away a point."

Away went the *Avenger*, and would have recovered her distance, but the *Enterprise* was again steered more off the wind.

Thus did they continue altering their course until the studding-sails below and aloft were set by both, and the position of the schooners was changed; the *Enterprise* now being on the starboard instead of the larboard quarter of the *Avenger*. The relative distance between the two schooners was, however, nearly the same, that is, about three miles and a half from each other; and there was every prospect of a long and weary chase on the part of the *Enterprise*, who again kept away a point, to near the *Avenger*. Both vessels were now running to the eastward.

It was about an hour before dark that another sail hove in sight right a-head of the *Avenger*, and was clearly made out to be a frigate. The pirates were alarmed at this unfortunate circumstance, as there was little doubt but that she would prove a British cruiser; and, if not, they had equally reason to expect that she would assist in their capture. She had evidently perceived the two schooners, and had made all sail, tacking every quarter of an hour so as to keep her relative position. The *Enterprise*, who had also made out the frigate, to attract her attention, although not within range of the *Avenger*, commenced firing with her long-gun.

"This is rather awkward," observed Cain.

"It will be dark in less than an hour," observed Francisco; "and that is our only chance."

Cain reflected a minute.

"Get the long-gun ready, my lads! We will return her fire, Francisco, and hoist American colours; that will puzzle the frigate at all events, and the night may do the rest."

The long-gun of the *Avenger* was ready.

"I would not fire the long-gun," observed Francisco; "it will show our force, and will give no reason for our attempt to escape. Now, if we were to fire our broadside guns, the difference of report between them and the one of large calibre fired by the other schooner, would induce them to think that we are an American vessel."

"Very true," replied Cain; "and, as America is at peace with all the world, that our antagonist is a pirate. Hold fast the long-gun, there! and unship the starboard ports. See that that ensign blows out clear."

The *Avenger* commenced firing an occasional gun from her broadside, the reports of which were hardly to be heard by those on board of the frigate; while the long-gun of the *Enterprise* reverberated along the water, and its loud resonance was swept by the wind to the frigate to leeward.

Such was the state of affairs when the sun sank down in

the wave, and darkness obscured the vessels from each other's sight, except with the assistance of the night-telescopes.

"What do you propose to do, Captain Cain?" said Francisco.

"I have made up my mind to do a bold thing. I will run down to the frigate as if for shelter; tell him that the other vessel is a pirate, and claim his protection. Leave me to escape afterwards; the moon will not rise till nearly one o'clock."

"That will be a bold *ruse*, indeed; but suppose you are once under her broadside, and she suspects you?"

"Then I will show her my heels. I should care nothing for her and her broadside if the schooner was not here."

In an hour after dark, the *Avenger* was close to the frigate, having steered directly for her. She shortened sail gradually, as if she had few hands on board; and, keeping his men out of sight, Cain ran under the stern of the frigate.

"Schooner, ahoy! What schooner is that?"

"*Eliza of Baltimore*, from Carthagena," replied Cain, rounding to under the lee of the man-of-war, and then continuing: "That vessel in chase is a pirate. Shall I send a boat on board?"

"No; keep company with us."

"Ay, ay, sir," replied Cain.

"Hands, about ship!" now resounded with the boatswain's whistle on board of the frigate, and in a minute they were on the other tack. The *Avenger* also tacked, and kept close under the frigate's counter.

In the meantime Edward Templemore and those on board of the *Enterprise*, who, by the course steered, had gradually neared them, perceiving the motions of the two other vessels, were quite puzzled. At one time they thought they had made a mistake, and that it was not the pirate vessel; at another they surmised that the crew had mutinied, and surrendered to the frigate. Edward hauled his wind, and steered directly for them, to ascertain what

the real facts were. The captain of the frigate, who had never lost sight of either vessel, was equally astonished at the boldness of the supposed pirate.

"Surely the rascal does not intend to board us," said he to the first lieutenant.

"There is no saying, sir; you know what a character he has: and some say there are three hundred men on board, which is equal to our ship's company."

"Or perhaps, sir, he will pass to windward of us, and gave us a broadside, and be off in the wind's-eye again."

"At all events we will have a broadside ready for him," replied the captain. "Clear away the starboard guns, and take out the tompions. Pipe starboard-watch to quarters."

The *Enterprise* closed with the frigate to windward, intending to run round her stern, and bring-to on the same tack.

"He does not shorten sail yet, sir," said the first lieutenant, as the schooner appeared skimming along about a cable's length on their weather-bow.

"And she is full of men, sir," said the master, looking at her through the night-glass.

"Fire a gun at her!" said the captain.

Bang! The smoke cleared away, and the schooner's foretopsail, which he was in the act of clewing up, lay over her side. The shot had struck the foremast of the *Enterprise*, and cut it in two below the catharpings. The *Enterprise* was, for the time, completely disabled.

"Schooner, ahoy! What schooner is that?"

"His Majesty's schooner *Enterprise*."

"Send a boat on board immediately.

"Ay, ay, sir."

"Turn the hands up! Shorten sail!"

The top-gallants and courses of the frigate were taken in, and the mainsail hove to the mast.

"Signal-man, whereabouts is that other schooner now?"

"The schooner, sir? On the quarter," replied the

signal-man, who, with everybody else on board, was so anxious about the *Enterprise*, that they had neglected to watch the motions of the supposed American. The man had replied at random, and he now jumped upon the signal-chests abaft to look for her. But she was not to be seen. Cain who had watched all that passed between the other two vessels, and had been prepared to slip off at a moment's warning, as soon as the gun was fired at the other schooner, had wore round, and made all sail on a wind. The night-glass discovered her half-a-mile astern; and the *ruse* was immediately perceived. The frigate filled and made sail, leaving Edward to return on board—for there was no time to stop for the boat—tacked, and gave chase. But the *Avenger* was soon in the wind's-eye of her; and at day-light was no longer to be seen.

In the meantime Edward Templemore had followed the frigate as soon as he could set sail on his vessel, indignant at his treatment, and vowing that he would demand a court-martial. About noon the frigate rejoined him, when matters were fully explained. Annoyed as they all felt at not having captured the pirate, it was unanimously agreed, that by his audacity and coolness he deserved to escape. It was found that the mast of the *Enterprise* could be fished and scarfed, so as to enable her to continue her cruise. The carpenters of the frigate were sent on board; and in two days the injury was repaired, and Edward Templemore once more went in pursuit of the *Avenger*.

Chapter XV

THE MISTAKE

The *Avenger* stood under a press of sail to the northward. She had left her pursuers far behind; and there was not a speck on the horizon, when, on the second morning, Francisco, who had resumed his berth in the captain's

cabin, went up on deck. Notwithstanding the request of Cain, Francisco refused to take any part in the command of the schooner, considering himself as a passenger, or prisoner on parole. He had not been on deck but a few minutes when he observed the two Spanish fishermen belonging to the establishment of Don Cumanos conversing together forward. Their capture had quite escaped his memory, and he went forward to speak to them. Their surprise at seeing him was great, until Francisco informed them of what had passed. They then recounted what had occurred to them, and showed their thumbs, which had been put into screws to torture from them the truth. Francisco shuddered, but consoled them, promising that they should soon be at liberty, and return to their former master.

As Francisco returned from forward, he found Hawkhurst on the deck. Their eyes met and flashed in enmity. Hawkhurst was pale from loss of blood, and evidently suffering; but he had been informed of the apparent reconciliation between Francisco and the captain, and he could no longer remain in his bed. He knew, also, how the captain had avoided the combat with the *Enterprise;* and something told him that there was a revolution of feeling in more than in one point. Suffering as he was, he resolved to be a spectator of what passed, and to watch narrowly. For both Francisco and Cain he had imbibed a deadly hatred, and was watching for an opportunity to wreak his revenge. At present they were too powerful; but he felt that the time was coming when he might be triumphant.

Francisco passed Hawkhurst without speaking.

"You are at liberty again, I see," observed Hawkhurst, with a sneer.

"I am not, at all events, indebted to you for it," replied Francisco, haughtily; "nor for my life either."

"No, indeed; but I believe that I am indebted to you for this bullet in my shoulder," replied the mate.

"You are," replied Francisco, coolly.

"And depend upon it the debt shall be repaid with usury."

"I have no doubt of it, if ever it is in your power; but I fear you not."

As Francisco made this reply, the captain came up the ladder. Hawkhurst turned away, and walked forward.

"There is mischief in that man, Francisco," said the captain, in an undertone; "I hardly know whom to trust; but he must be watched. He is tampering with the men, and has been for some time; not that it is of much consequence, if he does but remain quiet for a little while. The command of this vessel he is welcome to very soon; but if he attempts too early——"

"I have those I can trust to," replied Francisco. "Let us go below."

Francisco sent for Pompey, the Krouman, and gave him his directions in the presence of the captain. That night, to the surprise of all, Hawkhurst kept his watch; and, notwithstanding the fatigue, appeared every day to be rapidly recovering from his wound.

Nothing occurred for several days, during which the *Avenger* still continued her course. What the captain's intentions were did not transpire; they were known only to Francisco.

"We are very short of water, sir," reported Hawkhurst, one morning; "shall we have enough to last us to where we are going?"

"How many days of full allowance have we on board?"

"Not above twelve at the most."

"Then we must go on half allowance," replied Cain.

"The ship's company wish to know where we are going, sir."

"Have they deputed you to ask the question?"

"Not exactly, sir: but I wish to know myself," replied Hawkhurst, with an insolent air.

"Turn the hands up," replied Cain: "as one of the ship's company under my orders, you will, with the others, receive the information you require."

The crew of the pirate collected aft.

"My lads!" said Cain, "I understand, from the first mate, that you are anxious to know where you are going? In reply, I acquaint you, that, having so many wounded men on board, and so much plunder in the hold, I intend to repair to our old rendezvous when we were formerly in this part of the world—the *Caicos*. Is there any other question you may wish to ask of me?"

"Yes," replied Hawkhurst; "we wish to know what your intentions are relative to that young man, Francisco. We have lost immense wealth; we have now thirty men wounded in the hammocks, and nine we left dead on the shore; and I have a bullet through my body: all which has been occasioned by him. We demand justice!"

Here Hawkhurst was supported by several of the pirates; and there were many voices which repeated the cry of "Justice!"

"My men! You demand justice, and you shall have it," replied Cain. "This lad you all know well; I have brought him up as a child. He has always disliked our mode of life, and has often requested to leave it, and has been refused. He challenged me by our own laws, 'Blood for blood!' He wounded me; but he was right in his challenge, and, therefore, I bear no malice. Had I been aware that he was to have been sent on shore to die with hunger, I would not have permitted it. What crime had he committed? None; or, if any, it was against me. He was then sentenced to death for no crime, and you yourselves exclaimed against it. Is it not true?"

"Yes—yes," replied the majority of the pirates.

"By a miracle he escapes, and is put in charge of another man's property. There was no crime in defending that property. He is made a prisoner, and now you demand justice. You shall have it. Allowing that his life is forfeit for this offence—you have already sentenced him, and left him to death unjustly, and therefore are bound in justice to give his life in this instance. I ask it, my men, not only as his right, but as a favour to your captain."

"Agreed! it's all fair!" exclaimed the majority of the pirate's crew.

"My men, I thank you," replied Cain; "and, in return, as soon as we arrive at the Caicos, my share of the plunder on board shall be divided amongst you."

This last observation completely turned the tables in favour of the captain; and those who had joined Hawkhurst now sided with the captain. Hawkhurst looked like a demon.

"Let those who choose to be bought off take your money," replied he; "but *I will not*. Blood for blood I will have; and so I give you warning. That lad's life is mine, and have it I will! Prevent me, if you can!" continued the mate; holding up his clenched hand, and shaking it almost in the pirate-captain's face.

The blood mantled even to the forehead of Cain. One moment he raised himself to his utmost height, then, seizing a handspike, which lay near, he felled Hawkhurst to the deck.

"Take that, for your mutiny!" exclaimed Cain, putting his foot on Hawkhurst's neck. "My lads, I appeal to you. Is this man worthy to be in command, as mate? Is he to live?"

"No! no!" cried the pirates; "Death!"

Francisco stepped forward. "My men, you have granted your captain one favour; grant me another—which is the life of this man. Recollect how often he has led you to conquest, and how brave and faithful he has been until now! Recollect that he is suffering under his wound, which has made him irritable. Command you he cannot any longer, as he will never have the confidence of your captain; but let him live, and quit the vessel."

"Be it so, if you agree," replied Cain, looking at the men; "I do not seek his life."

The pirates consented. Hawkhurst rose slowly from the deck, and was assisted below to his cabin. The second mate was then appointed as the first, and the choice of the man to fill up the vacancy was left to the pirate crew.

For three days after this scene all was quiet and orderly

on board of the pirate. Cain, now that he had more fully made up his mind how to act, imparted to Francisco his plans; and his giving up to the men his share of the booty still on board was, to Francisco, an earnest of his good intentions. A cordiality, even a kind of feeling which never existed before, was created between them; but of Francisco's mother, and the former events of his own life, the pirate never spoke. Francisco more than once put questions on the subject; the answer was,—"You shall know some of these days, Francisco, but not yet; you would hate me too much."

The *Avenger* was now clear of the English isles, and, with light winds, running down the shores of Porto Rico. In the evening of the day on which they had made the land, the schooner was becalmed about three miles from the shore, and the new first mate proposed that he should land in the boat, and obtain a further supply of water, from a fall which they had discovered with the glasses. As this was necessary, Cain gave his consent, and the boat quitted the vessel full of breakers.

Now it happened that the *Avenger* lay becalmed abreast of the country-seat of Don d'Alfarez, the governor of the island. Clara had seen the schooner; and, as usual, had thrown out the white curtain as a signal of recognition; for there was no perceptible difference, even to a sailor, at that distance, between the *Avenger* and the *Enterprise*. She had hastened down to the beach, and hurried into the cave, awaiting the arrival of Edward Templemore. The pirate-boat landed at the very spot of rendezvous, and the mate leaped out of the boat. Clara flew to receive her Edward, and was instantly seized by the mate, before she discovered her mistake.

"Holy Virgin! who and what are you?" cried she; struggling to disengage herself.

"One who is very fond of a pretty girl!" replied the pirate, still detaining her.

"Unhand me, wretch!" cried Clara; "are you aware whom you are addressing?"

"Not I! nor do I care;" replied the pirate.

"You will, perhaps, sir, when you learn that I am the daughter of the governor!" exclaimed Clara, pushing him away.

"Yes! by heavens! you are right, pretty lady, I do care; for a governor's daughter will fetch a good ransom at all events. So come, my lads, a little help here; for she is as strong as a young mule. Never mind the water, throw the breakers into the boat again! we have a prize worth taking!"

Clara screamed; but she was gagged with a handkerchief, and lifted into the boat, which immediately rowed back to the schooner.

When the mate came on board and reported his capture, the pirates were delighted at the prospect of an addition to their prize-money. Cain could not, of course, raise any objections; it would have been so different from his general practice, that it would have strengthened suspicions already set afloat by Hawkhurst, which Cain was most anxious just then to remove. He ordered the girl to be taken down into the cabin, hoisted in the boat, and, the breeze springing up again, made sail.

In the meantime Francisco was consoling the unfortunate Clara, and assuring her that she need be under no alarm; promising her protection from himself and the captain.

The poor girl wept bitterly; and it was not until Cain came down into the cabin, and corroborated the assurances of Francisco, that she could assume any degree of composure; but to find friends when she had expected every insult and degradation—for Francisco had acknowledged that the vessel was a pirate—was some consolation. The kindness and attention of Francisco restored her to comparative tranquillity.

The next day, she confided to him the reason of her coming to the beach, and her mistake with regard to the two vessels; and Francisco and Cain promised her that they would themselves pay her ransom, and not wait until she heard from her father. To divert her thoughts,

Francisco talked much about Edward Templemore; and on that subject Clara could always talk. Every circumstance attending the amour was soon known to Francisco.

But the *Avenger* did not gain her rendezvous as soon as she expected. When to the northward of Porto Rico, an English frigate bore down upon her, and the *Avenger* was obliged to run for it. Before the wind is always a schooner's worst point of sailing; and the chase was continued for three days before a fresh wind from the southward, until they had passed the Bahama Isles.

The pirates suffered much from want of water, as it was necessary still further to reduce their allowance. The frigate was still in sight, although the *Avenger* had dropped her astern when the wind became light, and at last it subsided into a calm, which lasted two days more. The boats of the frigate were hoisted out on the eve of the second day to attack the schooner, then distant five miles, when a breeze sprang up from the northward, and the schooner, being then to windward, left the enemy hull down.

It was not until the next day that Cain ventured to run again to the southward, to procure at one of the keys the water so much required. At last it was obtained, but with difficulty and much loss of time, from the scantiness of the supply, and they again made sail for the Caicos. But they were so much impeded by contrary winds and contrary currents, that it was not until three weeks after they had been chased from Porto Rico that they made out the low land of their former rendezvous.

We must now return to Edward Templemore in the *Enterprise*, whom we left off the coast of South America, in search of the *Avenger*, which had so strangely slipped through their fingers. Edward had examined the whole coast, ran through the passage and round Trinidad, and then started off to the Leeward Isles in his pursuit. He had spoken every vessel he met with, without gaining any information, and had at last arrived off Porto Rico.

This was no time to think of Clara; but, as it was not

out of his way, he had run down the island; and as it was just before dark before he arrived off that part of the coast where the governor resided, he had hove-to for a little while, and had examined the windows; but the signal of recognition was not made; and, after waiting till dark, he again made sail, mad with disappointment, and fearing that all had been discovered by the governor; whereas, the fact was, that he had arrived only two days after the forcible abduction of Clara. Once more he directed his attention to the discovery of the pirate; and, after a fortnight's examination of the inlets and bays of the Island of St Domingo, without success, his provisions and water being nearly expended, he returned, in no very happy mood, to Port Royal.

In the meantime, the disappearance of Clara had created the greatest confusion in Porto Rico; and, upon the examination of her attendant, who was confronted by the friar and the duenna, the amour of her mistress was confessed. The appearance of the *Avenger* off the coast on that evening confirmed their ideas that the Donna Clara had been carried off by the English lieutenant; and Don d'Alfarez immediately despatched a vessel to Jamaica, complaining of the outrage, and demanding the restoration of his daughter.

This vessel arrived at Port Royal a few days before the *Enterprise*, and the admiral was very much astonished. He returned a very polite answer to Don d'Alfarez, promising an investigation immediately upon the arrival of the schooner, and to send a vessel with the result of the said investigation.

"This is a pretty business," said the admiral to his secretary. "Young madcap! I sent him to look after a pirate, and he goes after the governor's daughter! By the lord Harry! Mr Templemore, but you and I shall have an account to settle."

"I can hardly believe it, sir," replied the secretary; "and yet it does look suspicious. But on so short an acquaintance——"

"Who knows that, Mr Hadley? Send for his logs, and let us examine them; he may have been keeping up the acquaintance."

The logs of the *Enterprise* were examined,— and there were the fatal words—Porto Rico—Porto Rico, bearing in every division of the compass; and in every separate cruise, nay, even when the schooner was charged with despatches.

"Plain enough!" said the admiral. "Confounded young scamp! to embroil me this way. Not that his marrying the girl is any business of mine; but I will punish him for disobedience of orders, at all events! Try him by a court-martial, by heavens!"

The secretary made no reply: he knew very well that the admiral would do no such thing.

"The *Enterprise* anchored at daylight, sir;" reported the secretary, as the admiral sat down to breakfast.

"And where's Mr Templemore?"

"He is outside, in the veranda. They have told him below of what he has been accused, and he swears it is false. I believe him, sir; for he appears half mad at the intelligence."

"Stop a moment! Have you looked over his log?"

"Yes, sir. It appears that he was off Porto Rico on the 19th; but the Spanish governor's letter says that he was there on the 17th, and again made his appearance on the 19th. I mentioned it to him; and he declares, upon his honour, that he was only there on the 19th, as stated in his log."

"Well! let him come in and speak for himself."

Edward came in, in a state of great agitation.

"Well, Mr Templemore! — you have been playing pretty tricks! What is all this, sir?—Where is the girl, sir—the governor's daughter?"

"Where is she, sir, I cannot pretend to say; but I feel convinced that she has been carried off by the pirates."

"Pirates!—Poor girl! I pity her—and—I pity you,

too, Edward. Come, sit down here, and tell me all that has happened."

Edward knew the Admiral's character so well, that he immediately disclosed all that had passed between him and Clara. He then stated how the *Avenger* had escaped him by deceiving the frigate; and the agreement made with Clara to meet for the future on the beach; with his conviction that the pirate schooner, so exactly similar in appearance to the *Enterprise*, must have preceded him at Porto Rico, and have carried off the object of his attachment.

Although Edward might have been severely taken to task, yet the Admiral pitied him, and therefore said nothing about his visits to Porto Rico. When breakfast was over, he ordered the signal to be made for a sloop of war to prepare to weigh, and the *Enterprise* to be re-victualled by the boats of the squadron.

"Now, Edward, you and the *Comus* shall sail in company after this rascally pirate; and I trust you will give me a good account of her, and also of the governor's daughter. Cheer up, my boy! depend upon it, they will try for ransom before they do her any injury."

That evening the *Enterprise* and *Comus* sailed on their expedition; and, having run by Porto Rico, and delivered a letter to the governor, they steered to the northward, and early the next morning made the land of the Caicos, just as the *Avenger* had skirted the reefs, and bore up for the narrow entrance.

"There she is!" exclaimed Edward! "there she is, by heavens!" making the signal for the enemy; which was immediately answered by the *Comus*.

Chapter XVI

THE CAICOS

The small patch of islands called the Caicos or Cayques, is situated about two degrees to the northward of St Domingo, and are nearly the southernmost of a chain which extend up to the Bahamas. Most of the islands of this chain are uninhabited, but were formerly the resort of piratical vessels, as the reefs and shoals with which they are all surrounded afforded them protection from their larger pursuers; and the passages through this dangerous navigation being known only to the pirates who frequented them, proved an additional security. The largest of the Caicos islands forms a curve like an opened horse-shoe to the southward, with safe and protected anchorage when once in the bay on the southern side; but, previous to arriving at the anchorage, there are coral reefs extending upwards of forty miles, through which it is necessary to conduct a vessel. This passage is extremely intricate, but was well known to Hawkhurst, who had hitherto been pilot. Cain was not so well acquainted with it, and it required the greatest care in taking in the vessel, as, on the present occasion, Hawkhurst could not be called upon for this service. The islands themselves, for there were several of them, were composed of coral rock; a few cocoa-trees raised their lofty heads where there was sufficient earth for vegetation, and stunted brushwood rose up between the interstices of the rocks. But the chief peculiarity of the islands, and which rendered them suitable to those who frequented them, was the numerous caves with which the rocks were perforated, some above high-water mark, but the majority with the sea-water flowing in and out of them, in some cases merely rushing in, and, at high-water, filling deep pools, which were detached from each other when the tide receded; in others, with a sufficient depth of water, at all times, to allow you to pull in with a

large boat. It is hardly necessary to observe how convenient the higher and dry caves were as receptacles for articles which were intended to be concealed until an opportunity occurred for disposing of them.

In our last chapter we stated, that, just as the *Avenger* had entered the passage through the reefs, the *Comus* and *Enterprise* hove in sight, and discovered her; but it will be necessary to explain the positions of the vessels. The *Avenger* had entered the southern channel, with the wind from the southward, and had carefully sounded her way for about four miles, under little or no sail.

The *Enterprise* and *Comus* had been examining Turk's Island, to the eastward of the Caicos, and had passed to the northward of it on the larboard tack, standing in for the northern point of the reef, which joined on to the great Caicos Island. They were, therefore, in a situation to intercept the *Avenger* before she arrived at her anchorage, had it not been for the reefs which barred their passage. The only plan which the English vessels could act upon, was to beat to the southward, so as to arrive at the entrance of the passage, when the *Enterprise* would, of course, find sufficient water to follow the *Avenger;* for, as the passage was too narrow to beat through, and the wind was from the southward, the *Avenger* could not possibly escape. She was caught in a trap; and all that she had to trust to was the defence which she might be able to make in her stronghold against the force which could be employed in the attack. The breeze was fresh from the southward, and appeared inclined to increase, when the *Comus* and *Enterprise* made all sail, and worked, in short tacks, outside the reef.

On board the *Avenger*, the enemy and their motions were clearly distinguished, and Cain perceived that he was in an awkward dilemma. That they would be attacked he had no doubt; and, although at any other time he would almost have rejoiced in such an opportunity of discomfiting his assailants, yet now he thought very differently, and would have sacrificed almost every-

thing to have been able to avoid the rencontre, and be permitted quietly to withdraw himself from his associates without the spilling of more blood. Francisco was equally annoyed at this unfortunate collision; but no words were exchanged between him and the pirate-captain during the time that they were on deck.

It was about nine o'clock, when having safely passed nearly half through the channel, that Cain ordered the kedge-anchor to be dropped, and sent down the people to their breakfast. Francisco went down into the cabin, and was explaining their situation to Clara, when Cain entered. He threw himself on the locker, and appeared lost in deep and sombre meditation.

"What do you intend to do?" said Francisco.

"I do not know; I will not decide myself, Francisco," replied Cain: "if I were to act upon my own judgment, probably I should allow the schooner to remain where she is. They can only attack in the boats, and, in such a case, I do not fear; whereas, if we run right through, we allow the other schooner to follow us without defending the passage, and we may then be attacked by her in the deep water inside, and overpowered by the number of men the two vessels will be able to bring against us. On the other hand, we certainly may defend the schooner from the shore as well as on board, but we are weak-handed. I shall, however, call up the ship's company, and let them decide. God knows! if left to me, I would not fight at all."

"Is there no way of escape?" resumed Francisco.

"Yes, we might abandon the schooner; and this night, when they would not expect it, run with the boats through the channel, between the great island and the north Cayque, but that I dare not propose, and the men would not listen to it; indeed, I very much doubt if the enemy will allow us the time; I knew this morning, long before we saw those vessels, that my fate would be decided before the sun went down."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean this, Francisco," said Cain; "that your mother, who always has visited me in my dreams whenever anything, dreadful now to think of! was about to take place, appeared to me last night, and there was sorrow and pity in her sweet face as she mournfully waved her hand as if to summon me to follow her. Yes, thank God! she no longer looked upon me as for many years she has done."

Francisco made no answer; and Cain again seemed to be lost in meditation.

After a little while Cain rose, and, taking a small packet from one of the drawers, put it into the hands of Francisco.

"Preserve that," said the pirate-captain; "should any accident happen to me, it will tell you who was your mother: and it also contains directions for finding treasure which I have buried. I leave everything to you, Francisco. It has been unfairly obtained; but you are not the guilty party, and there are none to claim it. Do not answer me now. You may find friends, whom you will make after I am gone, of the same opinion as I am. I tell you again, be careful of that packet."

"I see little chance of it availing me," replied Francisco: "if I live, shall I not be considered as a pirate?"

"No, no; you can prove the contrary."

"I have my doubts; but God's will be done."

"Yes, God's will be done!" said Cain, mournfully; "I dared not have said that a month ago." And the pirate-captain went on deck, followed by Francisco.

The crew of the *Avenger* were summoned aft, and called upon to decide as to the measures they considered to be most advisable. They preferred weighing the anchor and running into the bay, where they would be able to defend the schooner, in their opinion, much better than by remaining where they were.

The crew of the pirate schooner weighed the anchor, and continued their precarious course: the breeze had freshened, and the water was in strong ripples, so that they could no longer see the danger beneath her bottom. In

the meantime the sloop of war and *Enterprise* continued to turn to windward outside of the reef.

By noon the wind had considerably increased, and the breakers now turned and broke in wild foam over the coral reefs, in every direction. The sail was still more reduced on board of the *Avenger*, and her difficulties increased from the rapidity of her motion.

A storm-jib was set, and the other hauled down; yet even under this small sail she flew before the wind.

Cain stood at the bowsprit, giving his directions to the helmsman. More than once they grazed the rocks, and were clear again. Spars were towed astern, and every means resorted to, to check her way. They had no guide but the breaking of the wild water on each side of them.

"Why should not Hawkhurst, who knows the passage so well, be made to pilot us?" said the boatswain to those who were near him on the forecastle.

"To be sure, let's have him up," cried several of the crew; and some of them went down below.

In a minute they reappeared with Hawkhurst, whom they led forward: he did not make any resistance, and the crew demanded that he should pilot the vessel.

"And suppose I will not," said Hawkhurst, coolly.

"Then you lose your passage, that's all," replied the boatswain; "is it not so, my men?" continued he, appealing to the crew.

"Yes; either take us safe in, or—overboard," replied several.

"I do not mind that threat, my lads," replied Hawkhurst; "you have all known me as a good man and true, and it's not likely that I shall desert you now. Well, since your captain there cannot save you, I suppose I must; but," exclaimed he, looking about him—"how's this? Why, we are out of the passage already. Yes, and whether we can get into it again I cannot tell."

"We are not out of the passage," said Cain; "you know we are not."

"Well, then, if the captain knows better than I, he had better take you through," rejoined Hawkhurst.

But the crew thought differently, and insisted that Hawkhurst, who well knew the channel, should take charge. Cain retired aft, as Hawkhurst went out on the bowsprit.

"I will do my best, my lads," said Hawkhurst; "but, recollect, if we strike in trying to get into the right channel, do not blame me. Starboard a little—starboard yet—steady so—there's the true passage, my lads!" cried he, pointing to some smoother water between the breakers—"port a little—steady."

But Hawkhurst, who knew that he was to be put on shore as soon as convenient, had resolved to lose the schooner, even if his own life was forfeited, and he was now running her out of the passage on the rocks. A minute after he had conned her, she struck heavily again and again; the third time she struck she came broadside to the wind and heeled over: a sharp coral rock found its way through her slight timbers and planking, and the water poured in rapidly.

During this there was a dead silence on the part of the marauders.

"My lads," said Hawkhurst, "I have done my best, and now you may throw me overboard if you please. It was not my fault, but his," continued he, pointing to the captain.

"It is of little consequence whose fault it was, Mr Hawkhurst," replied Cain; "we will settle that point by-and-bye; at present we have too much on our hands. Out boats, men! as fast as you can, and let every man provide himself with arms and ammunition. Be cool! the schooner is fixed hard enough, and will not go down; we shall save everything by-and-bye."

The pirates obeyed the orders of the captain. The three boats were hoisted out and lowered down. In the first were placed all the wounded men and Clara d'Alfarez, who was assisted up by Francisco As soon as the men had

provided themselves with arms, Francisco, to protect Clara, offered to take charge of her, and the boat shoved off.

The men-of-war had seen the *Avenger* strike on the rocks, and the preparations of the crew to take to their boats. They immediately hove-to, hoisted out and manned their own boats, with the hopes of cutting them off before they could gain the island, and prepare for a vigorous defence; for, although the vessels could not approach the reefs, there was sufficient water in many places for the boats to pass over them. Shortly after Francisco, in the first boat, had shoved off from the *Avenger*, the boats of the men-of-war were darting through the surf to intercept them. The pirates perceived this, and hastened their arrangements; a second boat soon left her, and into that Hawkhurst leaped as it was shoving off. Cain remained on board, and going round the lower decks to ascertain if any of the wounded men were left, he then quitted the schooner in the last boat, and followed the others, being about a quarter of a mile astern of the second, in which Hawkhurst had secured his place.

At the time that Cain quitted the schooner, it was difficult to say whether the men-of-war's boats would succeed in intercepting any of the pirate's boats. Both parties exerted themselves to their utmost; and, when the first boat, with Francisco and Clara, landed, the headmost of the assailants was not much more than half a mile from them; but shallow water intervening, there was a delay which was favourable to the pirate. Hawkhurst landed in his boat as the launch of the *Comus* fired her eighteen-pound carronade. The last boat was yet two hundred yards from the beach, when another shot from the *Comus's* launch, which had been unable hitherto to find a passage through the reef, struck her on the counter, and she filled and went down.

"He is gone!" exclaimed Francisco, who had led Clara to a cave, and stood at the mouth of it to protect her: "they have sunk his boat—no, he is swimming to the shore, and will be here now, long before the English seamen can land.

This was true. Cain was breasting the water manfully, making for a small cove nearer to where the boat was sunk than the one in which Francisco had landed with Clara and the wounded men, and divided from the other by a ridge of rocks which separated the sandy beach, and extended some way into the water before they were submerged. Francisco could easily distinguish the pirate-captain from the other men, who also were swimming for the beach; for Cain was far ahead of them, and, as he gained nearer to the shore, he was shut from Francisco's sight by the ridge of rocks. Francisco, anxious for his safety, climbed up the rocks and was watching. Cain was within a few yards of the beach, when there was the report of a musket; the pirate captain was seen to raise his body convulsively half out of the water—he floundered—the clear blue wave was discoloured—he sank, and was seen no more.

Francisco darted forward from the rocks, and perceived Hawkhurst standing beneath them with the musket in his hand, which he was recharging.

"Villain!" exclaimed Francisco, "you shall account for this."

Hawkhurst had reprimed his musket, and shut the pan.

"Not to you," replied Hawkhurst, levelling his piece, and taking aim at Francisco.

The ball struck Francisco on the breast; he reeled back from his position, staggered across the sand, gained the cave, and fell at the feet of Clara.

"Oh, God!" exclaimed the poor girl, "are *you* hurt; who is there, then, to protect me?"

"I hardly know," replied Francisco faintly; and, at intervals, "I feel no wound. I feel stronger;" and Francisco put his hand to his heart.

Clara opened his vest, and found that the packet given to Francisco by Cain, and which he had deposited in his breast, had been struck by the bullet, which had done him no injury further than the violent concussion of the blow—notwithstanding he was faint from the shock, and his head fell upon Clara's bosom.

But we must relate the proceedings of those who were mixed up in this exciting scene. Edward Templemore had watched from his vessel, with an eager and painful curiosity, the motions of the schooner—her running on the rocks, and the subsequent actions of the intrepid marauders. The long telescope enabled him to perceive distinctly all that passed, and his feelings were increased into a paroxysm of agony when his straining eyes beheld the white and fluttering habiliments of a female for a moment at the gunwale of the stranded vessel—her descent, as it appeared to him, nothing loth, into the boat—the arms held out to receive, and the extension of hers to meet those offered—could it be Clara? Where was the reluctance, the unavailing attempts at resistance which should have characterised her situation? Excited by feelings which he dared not analyse, he threw down his glass, and, seizing his sword, sprang into his boat, which was already manned alongside, desiring the others to follow him. For once, and the only time in his existence when approaching the enemy, did he feel his heart sink within him — a cold tremor ran through his whole frame, and, as he called to mind the loose morals and desperate habits of the pirates, horrible thoughts entered his imagination. As he neared the shore, he stood up in the stern-sheets of the boat, pale, haggard, and with trembling lips—and the intensity of his feelings would have been intolerable but for a more violent thirst for revenge. He clenched his sword, while the quick throbs of his heart seemed, at every pulsation, to repeat to him his thoughts of blood! blood! blood! He approached the small bay, and perceived that there was a female at the mouth of the cave—nearer and nearer, and he was certain that it was his Clara—her name was on his lips when he heard the two shots fired one after another by Hawkhurst—he saw the retreat and fall of Francisco—when, madness to behold! he perceived Clara rush forward, and there lay the young man supported by her, and with his head upon her bosom—could he believe

what he saw—could she really be his betrothed. Yes, there she was, supporting the handsome figure of a young man, and that man a pirate—she had even put her hand into his vest, and was now watching over his reviving form. Edward could bear no more; he covered his eyes, and, now maddened with jealousy, in a voice of thunder, he called out—

"Give way, my lads! for your lives, give way!"

The gig was within half-a-dozen strokes of the oar from the beach, and Clara, unconscious of wrong, had just taken the packet of papers from Francisco's vest, when Hawkhurst made his appearance from behind the rocks which separated the two little sandy coves. Francisco had recovered his breath, and, perceiving the approach of Hawkhurst, he sprang upon his feet to recover his musket; but, before he could succeed, Hawkhurst had closed in with him, and a short and dreadful struggle ensued. It would soon have terminated fatally to Francisco, for the superior strength of Hawkhurst had enabled him to bear down the body of his opponent with his knee, and he was fast strangling him by twisting his handkerchief round his throat, while Clara shrieked, and attempted in vain to tear the pirate from him. As the prostrate Francisco was fast blackening into a corpse, and the maiden screamed for pity, and became frantic in her efforts for his rescue, the boat dashed high up on the sand; and, with the bound of a maddened tiger, Edward sprang upon Hawkhurst, tearing him down on his back, and severing his wrist with his sword-blade until his hold of Francisco was relaxed, and he wrestled in his own defence.

"Seize him, my lads!" said Edward, pointing with his left hand to Hawkhurst; as with his sword directed to the body of Francisco he bitterly continued, "*this victim is mine!*" But, whatever were his intentions, they were frustrated by Clara's recognition, who shrieked out—"My Edward!" sprang into his arms, and was immediately in a state of insensibility.

The seamen who had secured Hawkhurst looked upon the scene with curious astonishment — while Edward waited with mingled feelings of impatience and doubt for Clara's recovery—he wished to be assured by her that he was mistaken, and he turned again and again from her face to that of Francisco, who was fast recovering. During this painful suspense, Hawkhurst was bound, and made to sit down.

"Edward! dear Edward!" said Clara, at last, in a faint voice, clinging more closely to him; "and am I then rescued by thee, dearest?"

Edward felt the appeal; but his jealousy had not yet subsided.

"Who is that, Clara?" said he, sternly.

"It is Francisco. No pirate, Edward—but my preserver."

"Ha, ha!"—laughed Hawkhurst, with a bitter sneer, for he perceived how matters stood.

Edward Templemore turned towards him with an inquiring look.

"Ha, ha!" continued Hawkhurst: "why, he is the captain's son. No pirate, eh? Well, what will women not swear to, to save those they dote upon?"

"If the captain's son," said Edward, "why were you contending?"

"Because just now I shot his scoundrel father."

"Edward!" said Clara, solemnly, "this is no time for explanation, but, as I hope for mercy, what I have said is true; believe not that villain."

"Yes," said Francisco, who was now sitting up, "believe him when he says that he shot the captain, for that is true; but, sir, if you value your own peace of mind, believe nothing to the prejudice of that young lady."

"I hardly know what to believe," muttered Edward Templemore; "but, as the lady says, this is no time for explanation. With your permission, madam," said he to Clara, "my coxswain will see you in safety on board

of the schooner, or the other vessel, if you prefer it; my duty will not allow me to accompany you."

Clara darted a reproachful yet fond look on Edward, as, with swimming eyes, she was led by the coxswain to the boat, which had been joined by the launch of the *Comus*, the crew of which were, with their officers, wading to the beach. The men of the gig remained until they had given Hawkhurst and Francisco in charge of the other seamen, and then shoved off with Clara for the schooner. Edward Templemore gave one look at the gig as it conveyed Clara on board, and, ordering Hawkhurst and Francisco to be taken to the launch, and a guard to be kept over them, went up, with the remainder of the men, in pursuit of the pirates.

During the scene we have described, the other boats of the men-of-war had landed on the island, and the *Avenger's* crew, deprived of their leaders, and scattered in every direction, were many of them slain or captured. In about two hours it was supposed that the majority of the pirates had been accounted for, and the prisoners being now very numerous, it was decided that the boats should return with them to the *Comus*, the captain of which vessel, as commanding officer, would then issue orders as to their future proceedings.

The captured pirates, when mustered on the deck of the *Comus*, amounted to nearly sixty, out of which number one-half were those who had been sent on shore wounded, and had surrendered without resistance. Of killed there were fifteen; and it was conjectured that as many more had been drowned in the boat, when she was sunk by the shot from the carronade of the launch. Although, by the account given by the captured pirates, the majority were secured, yet there was reason to suppose that some were still left on the island, concealed in the caves.

As the captain of the *Comus* had orders to return as soon as possible, he decided to sail immediately for Port Royal with the prisoners, leaving the *Enterprise* to secure

the remainder, if there were any, and recover anything of value which might be left in the wreck of the *Avenger*, and then to destroy her.

With the usual celerity of the service these orders were obeyed. The pirates, among whom Francisco was included, were secured, the boats hoisted up, and, in half-an-hour, the *Comus* displayed her ensign, and made all sail on a wind, leaving Edward Templemore, with the *Enterprise*, at the back of the reef, to perform the duties entailed upon him; and Clara, who was on board of the schooner, to remove the suspicion and jealousy which had arisen in the bosom of her lover.

Chapter XVII

THE TRIAL

In a week the *Comus* arrived at Port Royal, and the captain went up to the Penn to inform the admiral of the successful result of the expedition.

"Thank God," said the admiral, "we have caught these villains at last: a little hanging will do them no harm. The captain, you say, was drowned?"

"So it is reported, sir," replied Captain Manly; "he was in the last boat which left the schooner, and she was sunk by a shot from the launch."

"I am sorry for that; the death was too good for him. However, we must make an example of the rest: they must be tried by the Admiralty Court, which has the jurisdiction of the high seas. Send them on shore, Manly, and we wash our hands of them."

"Very good, sir; but there are still some left on the island, we have reason to believe; and the *Enterprise* is in search of them."

"By-the-bye, did Templemore find his lady?"

"Oh, yes, sir; and—all's right, I believe; but I had very little to say with him on the subject."

"Humph!" replied the admiral, "I am glad to hear it. Well, send them on shore, Manly, to the proper authorities. If any more be found, they must be hung afterwards when Templemore brings them in. I am more pleased at having secured these scoundrels than if we had taken a French frigate."

About three weeks after this conversation, the secretary reported to the admiral that the *Enterprise* had made her number outside; but that she was becalmed, and would not probably be in until the evening.

"That's a pity," replied the admiral; "for the pirates are to be tried this morning. He may have more of them on board."

"Very true, sir; but the trial will hardly be over to-day: the judge will not be in court till one o'clock at the soonest."

"It's of little consequence, certainly; as it is, they are so many that they must be hanged by divisions. However, as he is within signal distance, let them telegraph 'Pirates now on trial.' He can pull on shore in his gig if he pleases."

It was about noon on the same day that the pirates, and among them Francisco, escorted by a strong guard, were conducted to the Court House, and placed at the bar. The Court House was crowded to excess, for the interest excited was intense.

Many of them who had been wounded in the attack upon the property of Don Cumanos, and afterwards captured, had died in their confinement. Still forty-five were placed at the bar; and their picturesque costume, their bearded faces, and the atrocities which they had committed, created in those present a sensation of anxiety mingled with horror and indignation.

Two of the youngest amongst them had been permitted to turn king's evidence. They had been on board of the *Avenger* but a few months; still their testimony as to the murder of the crews of three West India ships, and the attack upon the property of Don Cumanos, was quite sufficient to condemn the remainder.

Much time was necessarily expended in going through the forms of the court; in the pirates answering to their various names; and lastly, in taking down the detailed evidence of the above men. It was late when the evidence was read over to the pirates; and they were asked if they had anything to offer in their defence. The question was repeated by the judge; when Hawkhurst was the first to speak. To save himself he could scarcely hope; his only object was to prevent Francisco pleading his cause successfully, and escaping the same disgraceful death.

Hawkhurst declared, that he had been some time on board of the *Avenger*;—but that he had been taken out of a vessel and forced to serve against his will, as could be proved by the captain's son, who stood there (pointing to Francisco), who had been in the schooner since her first fitting out:—that he had always opposed the captain, who would not part with him, because he was the only one on board who was competent to navigate the schooner;—that he had intended to rise against him, and take the vessel, having often stimulated the crew so to do; and that, as the other men, as well as the captain's son, could prove, if they chose, he actually was in confinement for that attempt when the schooner was entering the passage to the Caicos; and that he was only released because he was acquainted with the passage, and threatened to be thrown overboard if he did not take her in:—that, at every risk, he had run her on the rocks; and, aware that the captain would murder him, he had shot Cain as he was swimming to the shore, as the captain's son could prove; for he had taxed him with it, and he was actually struggling with him for life, when the officers and boat's crew separated them, and made them both prisoners:—that he hardly expected that Francisco, the captain's son, would tell the truth to save him, as he was his bitter enemy, and, in the business at the Magdalen river, which had been long planned (for Francisco had been sent on shore under the pretence of being wrecked, but, in fact, to ascertain where the booty was, and to assist the pirates in their attack),

Francisco had taken that opportunity of putting a bullet through his shoulder, which was well known to the other pirates, and Francisco could not venture to deny. He trusted that the court would order the torture to Francisco, and then he would probably speak the truth; at all events, let him speak now.

When Hawkhurst had ceased to address the court, there was an anxious pause for some minutes. The day was fast declining, and most parts of the spacious Court House were already deeply immersed in gloom; while the light, sober, solemn, and almost sad, gleamed upon the savage and reckless countenances of the prisoners at the bar. The sun had sunk down behind a mass of heavy yet gorgeous clouds, fringing their edges with molten gold. Hawkhurst had spoken fluently and energetically, and there was an appearance of almost honesty in his coarse and deep-toned voice. Even the occasional oaths with which his speech was garnished, but which we have omitted, seemed to be pronounced more in sincerity than in blasphemy, and gave a more forcible impression to his narrative.

We have said, that when he concluded there was a profound silence; and, amid the fast-falling shadows of the evening, those who were present began to feel, for the first time, the awful importance of the drama before them, the number of lives which were trembling upon the single word of "Guilty." This painful silence, this harrowing suspense, was at last broken by a restrained sob from a female; but, owing to the obscurity involving the body of the court, her person could not be distinguished. The wail of woman so unexpected—for who could there be of that sex interested in the fate of these desperate men?—touched the hearts of its auditors, and appeared to sow the first seeds of compassionate and human feeling among those, who had hitherto expressed and felt nothing but indignation towards the prisoners.

The judge upon the bench, the counsel at the bar, and the jury empanelled in their box, felt the force of the

appeal; and it softened down the evil impression created by the address of Hawkhurst against the youthful Francisco. The eyes of all were now directed towards the one doubly accused—accused not only by the public prosecutor, but even by his associate in crime,—and the survey was favourable. They acknowledged that he was one whose personal qualities might indeed challenge the love of woman in his pride, and her lament in his disgrace; and, as their regard was directed towards him, the sun, which had been obscured, now pierced through a break in the mass of clouds, and threw a portion of his glorious beams from a window opposite upon him, and him alone, while all the other prisoners who surrounded him were buried more or less in deep shadow. It was at once evident that his associates were bold yet common-place villains—men who owed their courage, their only virtue, perhaps to their habits, to their physical organisation, or the influence of those around them. They were mere human butchers, with the only adjunct, that now that the trade was to be exercised upon themselves, they could bear it with a sullen apathy—a feeling how far removed from true fortitude! Even Hawkhurst, though more commanding than the rest, with all his daring mien and scowl of defiance, looked nothing more than a distinguished ruffian. With the exception of Francisco, the prisoners had wholly neglected their personal appearance; and in them the squalid and sordid look of the mendicant seemed allied with the ferocity of the murderer.

Francisco was not only an exception, but formed a beautiful contrast to the others; and, as the evening beams lighted up his figure, he stood at the bar, if not with all the splendour of a hero of romance, certainly a most picturesque and interesting personage, elegantly, if not richly, attired.

The low sobs at intervals repeated, as if impossible to be checked, seemed to rouse and call him to a sense of the important part which he was called upon to act in the tragedy there and then performing. His face was pale,

yet composed; his mien at once proud and sorrowful; his eye was bright, his glance was not upon those in court, but far away, fixed, like an eagle's, upon the gorgeous beams of the setting sun, which glowed upon him through the window that was in front of him.

At last the voice of Francisco was heard, and all in that wide court started at the sound—deep, full, and melodious as the evening chimes. The ears of those present had, in the profound silence, but just recovered from the harsh, deep-toned, and barbarous idiom of Hawkhurst's address; when the clear, silvery, yet manly, voice of Francisco riveted their attention. The jury stretched forth their heads, the counsel and all in court turned anxiously round towards the prisoner; even the judge held up his fore-finger, to intimate his wish for perfect silence.

"My lord and gentlemen," commenced Francisco; "when I first found myself in this degrading situation, I had not thought to have spoken, or to have uttered one word in my defence. He that has just now accused me has recommended the torture to be applied; he has already had his wish, for what torture can be more agonising than to find myself where I now am? So tortured, indeed, have I been through a short yet wretched life, that I have often felt that anything short of self-destruction, which would release me, would be a blessing: but within these few minutes I have been made to acknowledge that I have still feelings in unison with my fellow-creatures; that I am not yet fit for death, and all too young, too unprepared, to die; for who would unreluctant leave this world while there is such a beauteous sky to love and look upon, or while there is one female breast who holds him innocent, and has evinced her pity for his misfortunes? Yes, my lord, mercy and pity, and compassion, have not yet fled from earth; and, therefore, do I feel I am too young to die. God forgive me! but I thought they had—for never have they been shown in those with whom, by fate, I have been connected; and it has been from this conviction that I have so often longed for death. And now, may that

righteous God, who judges us not here, but hereafter, enable me to prove that I do not deserve an ignominious punishment from my fellow-sinners—men!

"My lord, I know not the subtleties of the laws, nor the intricacy of pleadings. First, let me assert that I have never robbed; but I have restored unto the plundered: I have never murdered; but I have stood between the assassin's knife and his victim. For this have I been hated and reviled by my associates, and for this is my life now threatened by those laws, against which I never have offended. The man who last addressed you has told you that I am the pirate-captain's son. It is the assertion of the only irreclaimable and utterly remorseless villain among those who now stand before you to be judged—the assertion of one, whose glory, whose joy, whose solace, has been blood-shedding.

"My lord, I had it from the mouth of the captain himself, previous to his murder by that man, that I was not his son. His son! thank God, not so. Connected with him and in his power I was most certainly, and most incomprehensibly. Before he died, he delivered me a packet that would have told me who I am; but I have lost it, and deeply have I felt the loss. One only fact I gained from him whom they would call my father, which is, that with his own hand he slew, yes, basely slew, my mother."

The address of Francisco was here interrupted by a low deep groan of anguish, which startled the whole audience. It was now quite dark, and the judge ordered the court to be lighted previous to the defence being continued. The impatience and anxiety of those present were shown in low murmurs of communication, until the lights were brought in. The word "Silence!" from the judge produced an immediate obedience, and the prisoner was ordered to proceed.

Francisco then continued his address, commencing with the remembrances of his earliest childhood. As he warmed with his subject, he became more eloquent; his

action became energetical without violence; and the pallid and modest youth gradually grew into the impassioned and inspired orator. He recapitulated rapidly, yet distinctly and with terrible force, all the startling events in his fearful life. There was truth in the tones of his voice—there was conviction in his animated countenance—there was innocence in his open and expressive brow.

All who heard believed; and scarcely had he concluded his address, when the jury appeared impatient to rise and give their verdict in his favour. But the judge stood up, and, addressing the jury, told them that it was his most painful duty to remind them that, as yet, they had heard but assertion, beautiful and almost convincing assertion truly; but still it was not proof.

"Alas!" observed Francisco, "what evidence can I bring forward, except the evidence of those around me at the bar, which will not be admitted? Can I recall the dead from the grave? can I expect those who have been murdered to rise again to assert my innocence? can I expect that Don Cumanos will appear from distant leagues to give evidence in my behalf? Alas! he knows not how I am situated, or he would have flown to my succour. No—no; not even can I expect that the sweet Spanish maiden, the last to whom I offered my protection, will appear in such a place as this, to meet the bold gaze of hundreds!"

"She is here!" replied a manly voice; and a passage was made through the crowd: and Clara, supported by Edward Templemore, dressed in his uniform, was ushered into the box for the witnesses. The appearance of the fair girl, who looked round her with alarm, created a great sensation. As soon as she was sufficiently composed, she was sworn, and gave her evidence as to Francisco's behaviour during the time that she was a prisoner on board of the *Avenger*. She produced the packet which had saved the life of Francisco, and substantiated a great part of his defence. She extolled his kindness and his generosity; and, when she had concluded, every one

asked of himself, Can this young man be a pirate and a murderer? The reply was, "It is impossible."

"My lord," said Edward Templemore, "I request permission to ask the prisoner a question. When I was on board of the wreck of the *Avenger*, I found this book floating in the cabin. I wish to ask the prisoner, whether, as that young lady has informed me, it is his!" And Edward Templemore produced the Bible.

"It is mine," replied Francisco.

"May I ask you by what means it came into your possession?"

"It is the only relic left of one who is now no more. It was the consolation of my murdered mother—it has since been mine. Give it to me, sir; I may probably need its support now more than ever."

"Was your mother murdered, say you?" cried Edward Templemore, with much agitation.

"I have already said so; and I now repeat it."

The judge again rose, and recapitulated the evidence to the jury. Evidently friendly to Francisco, he was obliged to point out to them, that, although the evidence of the young lady had produced much which might be offered in extenuation, and induce him to submit it to his Majesty, in hopes of his gracious pardon after condemnation; yet, that many acts in which the prisoner had been involved had endangered his life, and no testimony had been brought forward to prove that he had not, at one time, acted with the pirates, although he might since have repented. They would, of course, remember that the evidence of the mate, Hawkhurst, was not of any value, and must dismiss any impression which it might have made against Francisco. At the same time, he had the unpleasant duty to point out, that the evidence of the Spanish lady was so far prejudicial, that it pointed out the good terms subsisting between the young man and the pirate-captain. Much as he was interested in his fate, he must reluctantly remind the jury, that the evidence on the whole was not sufficient to clear the prisoner; and

ne considered it their duty to return a verdict of *guilty against all the prisoners at the bar.*

"My lord," said Edward Templemore, a few seconds after the judge had resumed his seat, "may not the contents of this packet, the seal of which I have not ventured to break, afford some evidence in favour of the prisoner? Have you any objection that it should be opened previous to the jury delivering their verdict?"

"None," replied the judge; "but what are its supposed contents?"

"The contents, my lord," replied Francisco, "are in the writing of the pirate-captain. He delivered that packet into my hands previous to our quitting the schooner, stating that it would inform me who were my parents. My lord, in my present situation I claim that packet, and refuse that its contents shall be read in court. If I am to die an ignominious death, at least those who are connected with me shall not have to blush at my disgrace, for the secret of my parentage shall die with me."

"Nay—nay; be ruled by me," replied Edward Templemore, with much emotion: "in the narrative, the handwriting of which can be proved by the king's evidence, there may be acknowledgment of all you have stated, and it will be received as evidence; will it not, my lord?"

"If the hand-writing is proved, I should think it may," replied the judge, "particularly as the lady was present when the packet was delivered, and heard the captain's assertion. Will you allow it to be offered as evidence, young man?"

"No, my lord," replied Francisco: "unless I have permission first to peruse it myself, I will not have its contents divulged,—unless I am sure of an honourable acquittal, the jury must deliver their verdict."

The jury turned round to consult, during which Edward Templemore walked to Francisco, accompanied by Clara, to entreat him to allow the packet to be opened; but Francisco was firm against both of their entreaties. At

ıast the foreman of the jury rose to deliver the verdict. A solemn and awful silence prevailed throughout the court; the suspense was painful to a degree.

"My lord," said the foreman of the jury, "our verdict is——"

"Stop, sir!" said Edward Templemore, as he clasped one arm round the astonished Francisco, and extended his other towards the foreman—"Stop, sir! harm him not! for he is my brother!"

"And my preserver!" cried Clara, kneeling on the other side of Francisco, and holding up her hands in supplication.

The announcement was electrical; the foreman dropped into his seat; the judge and whole court were in mute astonishment. The dead silence was followed by confusion, which, after a time, the judge in vain attempted to put a stop to.

Edward Templemore, Clara, and Francisco, continued to form the same group; and never was there one more beautiful. And now that they were together, every one in court perceived the strong resemblance between the two young men.

Francisco's complexion was darker than Edward's, from his constant exposure, from infancy, to a tropical sun; but the features of the two were the same.

It was some time before the judge could obtain silence in the court; and, when it had been obtained, he was himself puzzled how to proceed.

Edward and Francisco, who had exchanged a few words, were now standing side by side.

"My lord," said Edward Templemore, "the prisoner consents that the packet shall be opened."

"I do," said Francisco, mournfully; "although I have but little hope from its contents. Alas! now that I have everything to live for,—now that I cling to life, I feel as if every chance was gone! The days of miracles have passed; and nothing but the miracle of the reappearance of the pirate-captain from the grave can prove my innocence."

"He reappears from the grave to prove thine innocence, Francisco!" said a deep, hollow voice, which startled the whole court,—and most of all Hawkhurst and the prisoners at the bar. Still more did fear and horror distort their countenances, when into the witness-box stalked the giant form of Cain.

But it was no longer the figure which we have described in the commencement of this narrative: his beard had been removed, and he was pale, wan, and emaciated. His sunken eyes—his hollow cheek—and a short cough, which interrupted his speech, proved that his days were nearly at a close.

"My lord," said Cain, addressing the judge, "I am the pirate Cain,—and was the captain of the *Avenger!* Still am I free. I come here voluntarily, that I may attest the innocence of that young man! As yet, my hand has not known the manacle, or my feet the gyves! I am not a prisoner, nor included in the indictment; and at present my evidence is good! None know me in this court, except those whose testimony, as prisoners, is unavailing; and, therefore, to save that boy, and only to save him, I demand that I may be sworn."

The oath was administered with more than usual solemnity.

"My lord, and gentlemen of the jury,—I have been in court since the commencement of the trial, and I declare that every word which Francisco has uttered in his own defence is true. He is totally innocent of any act of piracy or murder,—the packet would, indeed, have proved as much; but in that packet there are secrets which I wished to remain unknown to all but Francisco; and, rather than it should be opened, I have come forward myself. How that young officer discovered that Francisco is his brother I know not; but, if he also is the son of Cecilia Templemore, it is true. But the packet will explain all.

"And now, my lords, that my evidence is received, I am content: I have done one good deed before I die, and I surrender myself, as a pirate and a foul murderer,

to justice. True, my life is nearly closed,—thanks to that villain, there; but I prefer that I should meet that death I merit, as an expiation of my many deeds of guilt."

Cain then turned to Hawkhurst, who was close to him, but the mate appeared to be in a state of stupor; he had not recovered from his first terror, and still imagined the appearance of Cain to be supernatural.

"Villain!" exclaimed Cain, putting his mouth close to Hawkhurst's ear, "double d—d villain! thou'lt die like a dog, and unrevenged! the boy is safe, and I'm alive!"

"Art thou really living?" said Hawkhurst, recovering from his fear.

"Yes, living—yes, flesh and blood; feel, wretch! feel this arm, and be convinced: thou hast felt the power of it before now," continued Cain, sarcastically. "And now, my lord, I have done: Francisco, fare thee well. I loved thee, and have proved my love. Hate not then my memory, and forgive me—yes, forgive me when I'm no more," said Cain, who then turned his eyes to the ceiling of the Court House.—"Yes, there she is, Francisco!—there she is! and see," cried he, extending both arms above his head, "she smiles upon—yes, Francisco, your sainted mother smiles and pardons——"

The sentence was not finished; for Hawkhurst, when Cain's arms were upheld, perceived his knife in his girdle, and, with the rapidity of thought, he drew it out, and passed it through the body of the pirate-captain.

Cain fell heavily on the floor, while the court was again in confusion. Hawkhurst was secured, and Cain raised from the ground.

"I thank thee, Hawkhurst!" said Cain, in an expiring voice; "another murder thou hast to answer for: and you have saved me from the disgrace, not of the gallows, but of the gallows in thy company. Francisco, boy, farewell!" And Cain groaned deeply, and expired.

Thus perished the renowned pirate-captain, who in his life had shed so much blood, and whose death produced another murder—Blood for blood!

The body was removed; and it now remained but for the jury to give their verdict. All the prisoners were found guilty, with the exception of Francisco, who left the dock, accompanied by his newly-found brother, and the congratulations of every individual who could gain access to him.

Chapter XVIII

CONCLUSION

Our first object will be to explain to the reader by what means Edward Templemore was induced to surmise that in Francisco, whom he had considered as a rival, he had found a brother; and also to account for the reappearance of the pirate Cain.

In pursuance of his orders, Edward Templemore had proceeded on board of the wreck of the *Avenger;* and, while his men were employed in collecting articles of great value which were on board of her, he had descended into the cabin, which was partly under water. Here he had picked up a book floating near the lockers, and, on examination, found it to be a Bible.

Surprised at seeing such a book on board of a pirate, he had taken it with him when he returned to the *Enterprise,* and had shown it to Clara, who immediately recognised it as the property of Francisco. The book was saturated with the salt water, and, as Edward mechanically turned over the pages, he referred to the title-page to see if there was any name upon it. There was not: but he observed that the blank or fly-leaf next to the binding had been pasted down, and that there was writing on the other side. In its present state it was easily detached from the cover; and then, to his astonishment, he read the name of Cecilia Templemore — his own mother. He knew well the history; how he had been saved, and his mother and brother supposed to be lost; and it may readily be

imagined how great was his anxiety to ascertain by what means her Bible had come into the possession of Francisco. He dared not think Francisco was his brother—that he was so closely connected with one he still supposed to be a pirate: but the circumstance was possible; and, although he had intended to have remained a few days longer, he now listened to the entreaties of Clara, whose peculiar position on board was only to be justified by the peculiar position from which she had been rescued, and, returning that evening to the wreck, he set fire to her, and then made all sail for Port Royal.

Fortunately he arrived, as we have stated, on the day of the trial; and, as soon as the signal was made by the admiral, he immediately manned his gig, and, taking Clara with him, in case her evidence might be of use, arrived at the Court House when the trial was about half over.

In our last chapter but one, we stated that Cain had been wounded by Hawkhurst, when he was swimming on shore, and had sunk: the ball had entered his chest, and passed through his lungs. The contest between Hawkhurst and Francisco, and their capture by Edward, had taken place on the other side of the ridge of rocks, in the adjacent cove; and, although Francisco had seen Cain disappear, and concluded that he was dead, it was not so; he had again risen above the water, and dropping his feet, and finding bottom, he contrived to crawl out, and wade into a cave adjacent, where he laid down to die.

But in this cave there was one of the *Avenger's* boats, two of the pirates, mortally wounded, and the four Kroumen, who had concealed themselves there with the intention of taking no part in the conflict, and, as soon as it became dark, of making their escape in the boat, which they had hauled up dry into the cave.

Cain staggered in, recovered the dry land, and fell. Pompey, the Krouman, perceiving his condition, went to his assistance, and bound up his wound, and the staunching

of the blood soon revived the pirate-captain. The other pirates died unaided.

Although the island was searched in every direction, this cave, from the water flowing into it, escaped the vigilance of the British seamen; and when they re-embarked, with the majority of the pirates captured, Cain and the Kroumen were undiscovered.

As soon as it was dark, Cain informed them of his intentions; and, although the Kroumen would, probably, have left him to his fate, yet, as they required his services to know how to steer to some other island, he was assisted into the stern-sheets, and the boat was backed out of the cave.

By the directions of Cain, they passed through the passage between the great island and the northern Cayque, and before daylight were far away from any chance of capture.

Cain had now, to a certain degree, recovered; and knowing that they were in the channel of the small traders, he pointed out to the Kroumen that, if supposed to be pirates, they would inevitably be punished, although not guilty, and that they must pass off as the crew of a small coasting-vessel which had been wrecked. He then, with the assistance of Pompey, cut off his beard as close as he could, and arranged his dress in a more European style. They had neither water nor provisions, and were exposed to a vertical sun. Fortunately for them, and still more fortunately for Francisco, on the second day they were picked up by an American brig, bound to Antigua.

Cain narrated his fictitious disasters, and said nothing about his wound; the neglect of which would certainly have occasioned his death a very few days after he appeared at the trial, had he not fallen by the malignity of Hawkhurst.

Anxious to find his way to Port Royal—for he was indifferent as to his own life, and only wished to save Francisco—he was overjoyed to meet a small schooner,

trading between the islands, bound to Port Royal. In that vessel he obtained a passage for himself and the Kroumen, and had arrived three days previous to the trial, and during that time had remained concealed until the day the Admiralty Court assembled.

It may be as well here to remark, that Cain's reason for not wishing the packet to be opened, was, that among the other papers, relative to Francisco, were directions for the recovery of the treasure which he had concealed, and which, of course, he wished to be communicated to Francisco alone.

We will leave the reader to imagine what passed between Francisco and Edward after the discovery of their kindred, and proceed to state the contents of the packet, which the twin brothers now opened in the presence of Clara alone.

We must, however, condense the matter, which was very voluminous. It stated that Cain, whose real name was Charles Osborne, had sailed, in a fine schooner, from Bilboa, for the coast of Africa, to procure a cargo of slaves; and had been out about twenty-four hours, when the crew perceived a boat, apparently with no one in her, floating about a mile a-head of them. The water was then smooth, and the vessel had but little way. As soon as they came up with the boat, they lowered down their skiff to examine her.

The men sent in the skiff soon returned, towing the boat alongside. Lying at the bottom of the boat were found several men, almost dead, and reduced to skeletons; and, in the stern-sheets, a negro-woman, with a child at her breast, and a white female, in the last state of exhaustion.

Osborne was then a gay and unprincipled man, but not a hardened villain and murderer, as he afterwards became; he had compassion and feeling—they were all taken on board the schooner: some recovered—others were too much exhausted. Among those restored was Cecilia Templemore and the infant, who at first had been considered quite

dead: but the negro-woman, exhausted by the demands of her nursling and her privations, expired, as she was being removed from the boat. A goat, that fortunately was on board, proved a substitute for the negress; and, before Osborne had arrived off the coast, the child had recovered its health and vigour, and the mother her extreme beauty.

We must now pass over a considerable portion of the narrative. Osborne was impetuous in his passions, and Cecilia Templemore became his victim. He had, indeed, afterwards quieted her qualms of conscience by a pretended marriage, when he arrived at the Brazils with his cargo of human flesh. But that was little alleviation of her sufferings; she, who had been indulged in every luxury, who had been educated with the greatest care, was now lost for ever—an outcast from the society to which she could never hope to return, and associating with those she both dreaded and despised. She passed her days and her nights in tears; and had soon more cause for sorrow from the brutal treatment she received from Osborne, who had been her destroyer. Her child was her only solace; but for him, and the fear of leaving him to the demoralising influence of those about him, she would have lain down and died; but she lived for him—for him attempted to recall Osborne from his career of increasing guilt—bore meekly with reproaches and with blows. At last Osborne changed his nefarious life for one of deeper guilt: he became a pirate, and still carried with him Cecilia and her child.

This was the climax of her misery; she now wasted from day to day, and grief would soon have terminated her existence, had it not been hastened by the cruelty of Cain, who, upon an expostulation on her part, followed up with a denunciation of the consequences of his guilty career, struck her with such violence that she sank under the blow. She expired with a prayer that her child might be rescued from a life of guilt; and, when the then repentant Cain promised what he never did perform, she blessed him, too, before she died.

Such was the substance of the narrative as far as it related to the unfortunate mother of these two young men, who, when they had concluded, sat, hand-in-hand, in mournful silence. This, however, was soon broken by the innumerable questions asked by Edward of his brother, as to what he could remember of their ill-fated parent, which were followed up by the history of Francisco's eventful life.

"And the treasure, Edward," said Francisco—"I cannot take possession of it."

"No, nor shall you either," replied Edward; "it belongs to the captors, and must be shared as prize-money. You will never touch one penny of it; but I shall, I trust, pocket a very fair proportion of it! However, keep this paper, as it is addressed to you."

The admiral had been made acquainted with all the particulars of this eventful trial, and had sent a message to Edward, stating that, as soon as he and his brother could make it convenient, he would be happy to see them at the Penn, as well as the daughter of the Spanish governor, whom he must consider as being under his protection during the time that she remained at Port Royal. This offer was gladly accepted by Clara; and, on the second day after the trial, they proceeded up to the Penn. Clara and Francisco were introduced, and apartments and suitable attendance provided for the latter.

"Templemore," said the admiral, "I'm afraid I must send you away to Porto Rico, to assure the governor of his daughter's safety."

"I would rather you would send some one else, sir, and I'll assure her happiness in the meantime."

"What! by marrying her? Humph! you've a good opinion of yourself! Wait till you're a captain, sir."

"I hope I shall not have to wait long, sir," replied Edward, demurely.

"By-the-bye," said the admiral, "did you not say you have notice of treasure concealed in those islands?"

"My brother has: I have not."

"We must send for it. I think we must send you, Edward. Mr Francisco, you must go with him."

"With pleasure, sir," replied Francisco, laughing; "but I think I'd rather wait till Edward is a captain! His wife and his fortune ought to come together. I think I shall not deliver up my papers until the day of his marriage!"

"Upon my word," said Captain Manly, "I wish, Templemore, you had your commission, for there seems to be so much depending on it—the young lady's happiness, my share of the prize-money, and the admiral's eighth. Really, admiral, it becomes a common cause; and I'm sure he deserves it!"

"So am I, Manly," replied the admiral; "and to prove that I have thought so, here comes Mr Hadley with it in his hand: it wants one little thing to complete it——"

"Which is your signature, admiral, I presume;" replied Captain Manly, taking a pen full of ink, and presenting it to his senior officer.

"Exactly!" replied the admiral, scribbling at the bottom of the paper; "and now—it does not want that. Captain Templemore, I wish you joy!"

Edward made a very low obeisance, as his flushed countenance indicated his satisfaction.

"I cannot give commissions, admiral," said Francisco, presenting a paper in return; "but I can give information—and you will find it not unimportant—for the treasure appears to be of great value."

"God bless my soul! Manly, you must start at daylight!" exclaimed the admiral; "why, there is enough to load your sloop! There!—read it!—and then I will write your orders, and enclose a copy of it, for fear of accident."

"That was to have been my fortune," said Francisco, with a grave smile; "but I would not touch it."

"Very right, boy!—a fine principle! But we are not quite so particular," said the admiral. "Now, where's the young lady? let her know that dinner's on the table."

A fortnight after this conversation, Captain Manly returned with the treasure; and the *Enterprise*, commanded by another officer, returned from Porto Rico, with a letter from the governor in reply to one from the admiral, in which the rescue of his daughter by Edward had been communicated. The letter was full of thanks to the admiral, and compliments to Edward; and, what was of more importance, it sanctioned the union of the young officer with his daughter, with a dozen boxes of gold doubloons.

About six weeks after the above-mentioned important conversation, Mr Witherington, who had been reading a voluminous packet of letters, in his breakfast-room, in Finsbury Square, pulled his bell so violently, that old Jonathan thought his master must be out of his senses. This, however, did not induce him to accelerate his solemn and measured pace; and he made his appearance at the door, as usual, without speaking.

"Why don't that fellow answer the bell?" cried Mr Witherington.

"I am here, sir;" said Jonathan, solemnly.

"Well, so you are! but, confound you!—you come like the ghost of a butler! But who do you think is coming here, Jonathan?"

"I cannot tell, sir."

"But I can!—you solemn old ——! Edward's coming here!—coming home directly!"

"Is he to sleep in his old room, sir?" replied the imperturbable butler.

"No! the best bedroom! Why, Jonathan, he is married—he is made a captain!—Captain Templemore!"

"Yes—sir."

"And he has found his brother, Jonathan; his twin brother!"

"Yes—sir."

"His brother Francis—that was supposed to be lost! But it's a long story, Jonathan!—and a very wonderful one!—his poor mother has long been dead!"

"*In cœlo quies,*" said Jonathan, casting up his eyes.

"But his brother has turned up again."

"*Resurgam!*" said the butler

"They will be here in ten days—so let everything be in readiness, Jonathan. God bless my soul!" continued the old gentleman, "I hardly know what I'm about. It's a Spanish girl, Jonathan!"

"What is, sir?"

"What is, sir?—why, Captain Templemore's wife: and he was tried as a pirate!"

"Who, sir?"

"Who, sir?—why, Francis, his brother! Jonathan, you're a stupid old fellow!"

"Have you any further commands, sir?"

"No—no!—there—that'll do—go away."

And in three weeks after this conversation, Captain and Mrs Templemore, and his brother Frank, were established in the house, to the great delight of Mr Witherington; for he had long been tired of solitude and old Jonathan.

The twin brothers were a comfort to him in his old age: they closed his eyes in peace—they divided his blessing and his large fortune—and thus ends our history of THE PIRATE!

THE END

The Three Cutters

Chapter I

CUTTER THE FIRST

READER, have you ever been at Plymouth? If you have, your eye must have dwelt with ecstasy upon the beautiful property of the Earl of Mount Edgcumbe: if you have not been at Plymouth, the sooner that you go there, the better. At Mount Edgcumbe you will behold the finest timber in existence, towering up to the summits of the hills, and feathering down to the shingle on the beach. And from this lovely spot you will witness one of the most splendid panoramas in the world. You will see—I hardly know what you will not see—you will see Ram Head, and Cawsand Bay; and then you will see the Breakwater, and Drake's Island, and the Devil's Bridge below you; and the town of Plymouth and its fortifications, and the Hoe; and then you will come to the Devil's Point, round which the tide runs devilish strong; and then you will see the New Victualling Office,—about which Sir James Gordon used to stump all day, and take a pinch of snuff from every man who carried a box, which all were delighted to give, and he was delighted to receive, proving how much pleasure may be communicated merely by a pinch of snuff—and then you will see Mount Wise and Mutton Cove; the town of Devonport, with its magnificent dockyard and arsenals, North Corner, and the way which leads to Saltash. And you will see ships building and ships in ordinary; and ships repairing and ships fitting; and hulks

and convict ships, and the guardship; ships ready to sail and ships under sail; besides lighters, men-of-war's boats, dockyard-boats, bumboats, and shore-boats. In short, there is a great deal to see at Plymouth besides the sea itself: but what I particularly wish now, is, that you will stand at the battery of Mount Edgecumbe and look into Barn Pool below you, and there you will see, lying at single anchor, a cutter; and you may also see, by her pendant and ensign, that she is a yacht.

Of all the amusements entered into by the nobility and gentry of our island there is not one so manly, so exciting, so patriotic, or so national, as yacht-sailing. It is peculiar to England, not only from our insular position and our fine harbours, but because it requires a certain degree of energy and a certain amount of income rarely to be found elsewhere. It has been wisely fostered by our sovereigns, who have felt that the security of the kingdom is increased by every man being more or less a sailor, or connected with the nautical profession. It is an amusement of the greatest importance to the country; as it has much improved our ship-building and our ship-fitting, while it affords employment to our seamen and shipwrights. But if I were to say all that I could say in praise of yachts, I should never advance with my narrative. I shall therefore drink a bumper to the health of Admiral Lord Yarborough and the Yacht Club, and proceed.

You observe that this yacht is cutter-rigged, and that she sits gracefully on the smooth water. She is just heaving up her anchor; her foresail is loose, all ready to cast her—in a few minutes she will be under weigh. You see that there are some ladies sitting at the taffrail; and there are five haunches of venison hanging over the stern. Of all amusements, give me yachting. But we must go on board. The deck, you observe, is of narrow deal planks as white as snow; the guns are of polished brass; the bitts and binnacles of mahogany; she is painted with taste; and all the mouldings are gilded. There is nothing wanting; and yet how clear and unencumbered are her

decks! Let us go below. This is the ladies' cabin: can anything be more tasteful or elegant? is it not luxurious? and, although so small, does not its very confined space astonish you, when you view so many comforts so beautifully arranged? This is the dining-room, and where the gentlemen repair. What can be more complete or *recherché?* and just peep into their state-rooms and bed-places. Here is the steward's room and the beaufet: the steward is squeezing lemons for the punch, and there is the champagne in ice; and by the side of the pail the long-corks are ranged up, all ready. Now, let us go forwards: here are the men's berths, not confined as in a man-of-war. No! luxury starts from abaft, and is not wholly lost, even at the fore-peak. This is the kitchen: is it not admirably arranged? What a *multum in parvo!* And how delightful are the fumes of the turtle-soup! At sea we do meet with rough weather at times; but, for roughing it out, give me a *yacht*. Now that I have shown you round the vessel, I must introduce the parties on board.

You observe that florid, handsome man in white trousers and blue jacket, who has a telescope in one hand, and is sipping a glass of brandy and water which he has just taken off the skylight. That is the owner of the vessel, and a member of the Yacht Club. It is Lord B——: he looks like a sailor, and he does not much belie his looks; yet I have seen him in his robes of state at the opening of the House of Lords. The one near to him is Mr Stewart, a lieutenant in the navy. He holds on by the rigging with one hand, because, having been actively employed all his life, he does not know what to do with hands which have nothing in them. He is a *protégé* of Lord B., and is now on board as sailing-master of the yacht.

That handsome, well-built man who is standing by the binnacle, is a Mr Hautaine. He served six years as mid-shipman in the navy, and did not like it. He then served six years in a cavalry regiment, and did not like it. He then married, and in a much shorter probation, found that he did not like that. But he is very fond of yachts and

other men's wives, if he does not like his own; and wherever he goes, he is welcome.

That young man with an embroidered silk waistcoat and white gloves, bending to talk to one of the ladies, is a Mr Vaughan. He is to be seen at Almack's, at Crockford's, and everywhere else. Everybody knows him, and he knows everybody. He is a little in debt, and yachting is convenient.

The one who sits by the lady is a relation of Lord B.; you see at once what he is. He apes the sailor; he has not shaved, because sailors have no time to shave every day; he has not changed his linen, because sailors cannot change every day. He has a cigar in his mouth, which makes him half sick and annoys his company. He talks of the pleasure of a rough sea, which will drive all the ladies below—and then they will not perceive that he is more sick than themselves. He has the misfortune to be born to a large estate, and to be a *fool*. His name is Ossulton.

The last of the gentlemen on board whom I have to introduce, is Mr Seagrove. He is slightly made, with marked features full of intelligence. He has been brought up to the bar; and has every qualification but application. He has never had a brief, nor has he a chance of one. He is the fiddler of the company, and he has locked up his chambers, and come, by invitation of his lordship, to play on board of his yacht.

I have yet to describe the ladies—perhaps I should have commenced with them—I must excuse myself upon the principle of reserving the best to the last. All puppet-showmen do so: and what is this but the first scene in my puppet-show?

We will describe them according to seniority. That tall, thin, cross-looking lady of forty-five is a spinster, and sister to Lord B. She has been persuaded very much against her will to come on board; but her notions of propriety would not permit her niece to embark under the protection of *only* her father. She is frightened at everything: if a rope is thrown down on the deck, up she starts,

and cries, "Oh!" if on the deck, she thinks the water is rushing in below; if down below, and there is a noise, she is convinced there is danger; and, if it be perfectly still, she is sure there is something wrong. She fidgets herself and everybody, and is quite a nuisance with her pride and ill-humour; but she has strict notions of propriety, and sacrifices herself as a martyr. She is the Hon. Miss Ossulton.

The lady who, when she smiles, shows so many dimples in her pretty oval face, is a young widow of the name of Lascelles. She married an old man to please her father and mother, which was very dutiful on her part. She was rewarded by finding herself a widow with a large fortune. Having married the first time to please her parents, she intends now to marry to please herself; but she is very young, and is in no hurry.

The young lady with such a sweet expression of countenance is the Hon. Miss Cecilia Ossulton. She is lively, witty, and has no fear in her composition; but she is very young yet, not more than seventeen—and nobody knows what she really is—she does not know herself. These are the parties who meet in the cabin of the yacht. The crew consists of ten fine seamen, the steward, and the cook. There is also Lord B.'s valet, Mr Ossulton's gentleman, and the lady's maid of Miss Ossulton. There not being accommodation for them, the other servants have been left on shore.

The yacht is now under weigh, and her sails are all set. She is running between Drake's Island and the main. Dinner has been announced. As the reader has learnt something about the preparations, I leave him to judge whether it be not very pleasant to sit down to dinner in a yacht. The air has given everybody an appetite; and it was not until the cloth was removed that the conversation became general.

"Mr Seagrove," said his lordship, "you very nearly lost your passage; I expected you last Thursday."

"I am sorry, my lord, that business prevented my sooner attending to your lordship's kind summons."

"Come, Seagrove, don't be nonsensical," said Hautaine; "you told me yourself, the other evening, when you were talkative, that you had never had a brief in your life."

"And a very fortunate circumstance," replied Seagrove; "for if I had had a brief I should not have known what to have done with it. It is not my fault; I am fit for nothing but a commissioner. But still I had business, and very important business, too; I was summoned by Ponsonby to go with him to Tattersall's, to give my opinion about a horse he wishes to purchase, and then to attend him to Forest Wild to plead his cause with his uncle."

"It appears, then, that you were retained," replied Lord B.; "may I ask you whether your friend gained his cause?"

"No, my lord, he lost his cause, but he gained a suit."

"Expound your riddle, sir," said Cecilia Ossulton.

"The fact is, that old Ponsonby is very anxious that William should marry Miss Percival, whose estates join on to Forest Wild. Now, my friend William is about as fond of marriage as I am of law, and thereby issue was joined."

"But why were you to be called in?" inquired Mrs Lascelles.

"Because, madam, as Ponsonby never buys a horse without consulting me——"

"I cannot see the analogy, sir," observed Miss Ossulton, senior, bridling up.

"Pardon me, madam: the fact is," continued Seagrove, "that, as I always have to back Ponsonby's horses, he thought it right that, in this instance, I should back him: he required special pleading, but his uncle tried him for the capital offence, and he was not allowed counsel. As soon as we arrived, and I had bowed myself into the room, Mr Ponsonby bowed me out again—which would have been infinitely more jarring to my feelings, had not the door been left a-jar."

"Do anything but pun, Seagrove," interrupted Hautaine.

"Well, then, I will take a glass of wine."

"Do so," said his lordship; "but, recollect, the whole company are impatient for your story."

"I can assure you, my lord, that it was equal to any scene in a comedy."

Now be it observed that Mr Seagrove had a great deal of comic talent; he was an excellent mimic, and could alter his voice almost as he pleased. It was a custom of his to act a scene as between other people, and he performed it remarkably well. Whenever he said that anything he was going to narrate was "as good as a comedy," it was generally understood by those who were acquainted with him, that he was to be asked so to do. Cecilia Ossulton therefore immediately said, "Pray act it, Mr Seagrove."

Upon which, Mr Seagrove—premising that he had not only heard, but also seen all that passed—changing his voice, and suiting the action to the word, commenced.

"It may," said he, "be called

"FIVE THOUSAND ACRES IN A RING-FENCE."

We shall not describe Mr Seagrove's motions; they must be inferred from his words.

"'It will, then, William,' observed Mr Ponsonby, stopping, and turning to his nephew, after a rapid walk up and down the room with his hands behind him under his coat, so as to allow the tails to drop their perpendicular about three inches clear of his body, 'I may say, without contradiction, be the finest property in the county—five thousand acres in a ring-fence.'

"'I dare say it will, uncle,' replied William, tapping his foot as he lounged in a green morocco easy-chair; 'and so, because you have set your fancy upon having these two estates enclosed together in a ring-fence, you wish that I should also be enclosed in a *ring*-fence.'

"'And a beautiful property it will be,' replied Mr Ponsonby.

"'Which, uncle?—the estate, or the wife?'

"'Both, nephew, both; and I expect your consent.'

"'Uncle, I am not avaricious. Your present property

is sufficient for me. With your permission, instead of doubling the property, and doubling myself, I will remain your sole heir, and single.'

"'Observe, William, such an opportunity may not occur again for centuries. We shall restore Forest Wild to its ancient boundaries. You know it has been divided nearly two hundred years. We now have a glorious, golden opportunity of re-uniting the two properties; and when joined, the estate will be exactly what it was when granted to our ancestors by Henry the Eighth, at the period of the Reformation. This house must be pulled down, and the monastery left standing. Then we shall have our own again, and the property without encumbrance.'

"'Without encumbrance, uncle! You forget that there will be a wife.'

"'And you forget that there will be five thousand acres in a ring-fence.'

"'Indeed, uncle, you ring it too often in my ears that I should forget it; but much as I should like to be the happy possessor of such a property, I do not feel inclined to be the happy possessor of Miss Percival; and the more so, as I have never seen the property.'

"'We will ride over it to-morrow, William."

"'Ride over Miss Percival, uncle! That will not be very gallant. I will, however, one of these days, ride over the property with you, which, as well as Miss Percival, I have not as yet seen.'

"'Then I can tell you, she is a very pretty property.'

"'If she were not in a ring-fence.'

"'In good heart, William. That is, I mean an excellent disposition.'

"'Valuable in matrimony.'

"'And well tilled—I should say well-educated, by her three maiden aunts, who are the patterns of propriety.'

"'Does any one follow the fashion?'

"'In a high state of cultivation; that is, her mind highly cultivated, and according to the last new system—what is it?'

"'A four-course shift, I presume,' replied William, laughing; 'that is, dancing, singing, music, and drawing.'

"'And only seventeen! Capital soil, promising good crops. What would you have more?'

"'A very pretty estate, uncle, if it were not the estate of matrimony. I am sorry, very sorry, to disappoint you; but I must decline taking a lease of it for life.'

"'Then, sir, allow me to hint to you that in my testament you are only tenant-at-will. I consider it a duty that I owe to the family, that the estate should be re-united. That can only be done by one of our family marrying Miss Percival; and, as you will not, I shall now write to your cousin James, and if he accept my proposal, shall make *him* my heir. Probably he will more fully appreciate the advantages of five thousand acres in a ring-fence.'

"And Mr Ponsonby directed his steps towards the door.

"'Stop, my dear uncle,' cried William, rising up from his easy-chair; 'we do not quite understand one another. It is very true that I would prefer half the property and remaining single to the two estates and the estate of marriage; but, at the same time I did not tell you that I would prefer beggary to a wife and five thousand acres in a ring-fence. I know you to be a man of your word;—I accept your proposal, and you need not put my cousin James to the expense of postage.'

"'Very good, William; I require no more: and as I know you to be a man of your word, I shall consider this match as settled. It was on this account only that I sent for you, and now you may go back again as soon as you please. I will let you know when all is ready.'

"'I must be at Tattersall's on Monday, uncle; there is a horse I must have for next season. Pray, uncle, may I ask when you are likely to want me?'

"'Let me see—this is May—about July, I should think.'

"'July, uncle! Spare me—I cannot marry in the dog-days. No, hang it, not July.'

"'Well, William, perhaps, as you must come down once or twice to see the property—Miss Percival, I should say—it may be too soon—suppose we put it off till October.'

"'October—I shall be down at Melton.'

"'Pray, sir, may I then inquire what portion of the year is not, with you, *dog*-days?'

"'Why, uncle, next April, now—I think that would do.'

"'Next April. Eleven months, and a winter between. Suppose Miss Percival was to take a cold, and die.'

"'I should be excessively obliged to her,' thought William.

"'No! no!' continued Mr Ponsonby: 'there is nothing certain in this world, William.'

"'Well, then, uncle, suppose we arrange it for the first *hard frost*.'

"'We have had no hard frosts lately, William.—We may wait for years.—The sooner it is over the better.—Go back to town, buy your horse, and then come down here—my dear William, to oblige your uncle—never mind the dog-days.'

"'Well, sir, if I am to make a sacrifice, it shall not be done by halves; out of respect for you I will even marry in July, without any regard to the thermometer.'

"'You are a good boy, William.—Do you want a cheque?'

"'I have had one to-day,' thought William, and was almost at fault. 'I shall be most thankful, sir—they sell horse-flesh by the ounce now-a-days.'

"'And you pay in pounds.—There, William.'

"'Thank you, sir, I'm all obedience; and I'll keep my word, even if there should be a comet. I'll go and buy the horse, and then I shall be ready to take the ring-fence as soon as you please.'

"'Yes, and you'll get over it cleverly, I've no doubt.—Five thousand acres, William, and—a pretty wife!'

"'Have you any further commands, uncle?' said William, depositing the cheque in his pocket-book.

"'Now, my dear boy, are you going?'

"'Yes, sir; I dine at the Clarendon.'

"'Well, then, good-bye.—Make my compliments and excuses to your friend Seagrove.—You will come on Tuesday or Wednesday.'

"Thus was concluded the marriage between William Ponsonby and Emily Percival, and the junction of the two estates, which formed together the great desideratum, —*five thousand acres in a ring-fence.*"

Mr Seagrove finished, and he looked round for approbation.

"Very good, indeed, Seagrove," said his lordship, "you must take a glass of wine after that."

"I would not give much for Miss Percival's chance of happiness," observed the elder Miss Ossulton.

"Of two evils choose the least, they say," observed Mr Hautaine. "Poor Ponsonby could not help himself."

"That's a very polite observation of yours, Mr Hautaine —I thank you in the name of the sex," replied Cecilia Ossulton.

"Nay, Miss Ossulton; would you like to marry a person whom you never saw?"

"Most certainly not; but when you mentioned the two evils, Mr Hautaine, I appeal to your honour, did you not refer to marriage or beggary?"

"I must confess it, Miss Ossulton; but it is hardly fair to call on my honour to get me into a scrape."

"I only wish that the offer had been made to me," observed Vaughan; "I should not have hesitated as Ponsonby did."

"Then I beg you will not think of proposing for me," said Mrs Lascelles, laughing;—for Mr Vaughan had been excessively attentive.

"It appears to me, Vaughan," observed Seagrove, "that you have slightly committed yourself by that remark."

Vaughan, who thought so too, replied: "Mrs Lascelles must be aware that I was only joking."

"Fie! Mr Vaughan," cried Cecilia Ossulton; "you know it came from your heart."

"My dear Cecilia," said the elder Miss Ossulton, "you forget yourself—what can you possibly know about gentlemen's hearts?"

"The Bible says, 'that they are deceitful and desperately wicked,' aunt."

"And cannot we also quote the Bible against your sex, Miss Ossulton?" replied Seagrove.

"Yes, you could, perhaps, if any of you had ever read it," replied Miss Ossulton, carelessly.

"Upon my word, Cissy, you are throwing the gauntlet down to the gentlemen," observed Lord B.; "but I shall throw my warder down, and not permit this combat *à l'outrance*.—I perceive you drink no more wine, gentlemen, we will take our coffee on deck."

"We were just about to retire, my lord," observed the elder Miss Ossulton, with great asperity: "I have been trying to catch the eye of Mrs Lascelles for some time, but——"

"I was looking another way, I presume," interrupted Mrs Lascelles, smiling.

"I am afraid that I am the unfortunate culprit," said Mr Seagrove. "I was telling a little anecdote to Mrs Lascelles——"

"Which, of course, from its being communicated in an undertone, was not proper for all the company to hear," replied the elder Miss Ossulton; "but if Mrs Lascelles is now ready——" continued she, bridling up, as she rose from her chair.

"At all events, I can hear the remainder of it on deck," replied Mrs Lascelles. The ladies rose, and went into the cabin, Cecilia and Mrs Lascelles exchanging very significant smiles, as they followed the precise spinster, who did not choose that Mrs Lascelles should take the lead, merely because she had once happened to have been married.—The gentlemen also broke up, and went on deck.

"We have a nice breeze now, my lord," observed Mr

Stewart, who had remained on deck, "and we lie right up Channel."

"So much the better," replied his lordship; "we ought to have been anchored at Cowes a week ago. They will all be there before us."

"Tell Mr Simpson to bring me a light for my cigar," said Mr Ossulton to one of the men.

Mr Stewart went down to his dinner; the ladies and the coffee came on deck; the breeze was fine, the weather (it was April) almost warm; and the yacht, whose name was the *Arrow*, assisted by the tide, soon left the Mewstone far astern.

Chapter II

CUTTER THE SECOND

READER, have you ever been at Portsmouth? If you have, you must have been delighted with the view from the saluting battery; and, if you have not, you had better go there as soon as you can. From the saluting battery you may look up the harbour, and see much of what I have described at Plymouth; the scenery is different; but similar arsenals and dockyards, and an equal portion of our stupendous navy, are to be found there.—And you will see Gosport on the other side of the harbour, and Sally Port close to you; besides a great many other places, which, from the saluting battery, you cannot see. And then there is Southsea Beach to your left. Before you, Spithead, with the men-of-war, and the Motherbank, crowded with merchant vessels;—and there is the buoy where the *Royal George* was wrecked, and where she still lies, the fish swimming in and out of her cabin windows; but that is not all; you can also see the Isle of Wight,—Ryde, with its long wooden pier, and Cowes, where the yachts lie. In fact, there is a great deal to be seen at Portsmouth as

well as at Plymouth; but what I wish you particularly to see, just now, is a vessel holding fast to the buoy, just off the saluting battery. She is a cutter; and you may know that she belongs to the Preventive Service by the number of gigs and galleys which she has hoisted up all round her. She looks like a vessel that was about to sail with a cargo of boats. Two on deck, one astern, one on each side of her. You observe that she is painted black, and all her boats are white. She is not such an elegant vessel as the yacht, and she is much more lumbered up. She has no haunches of venison over the stern; but I think there is a leg of mutton, and some cabbages hanging by their stalks. But revenue-cutters are not yachts.—You will find no turtle or champagne; but, nevertheless, you will, perhaps, find a joint to carve at, a good glass of grog, and a hearty welcome.

Let us go on board.—You observe the guns are iron, and painted black, and her bulwarks are painted red; it is not a very becoming colour; but then it lasts a long while, and the dock-yard is not very generous on the score of paint—or lieutenants of the navy troubled with much spare cash. She has plenty of men, and fine men they are; all dressed in red flannel shirts, and blue trousers; some of them have not taken off their canvas or tarpaulin petticoats, which are very useful to them, as they are in the boats night and day, and in all weathers. But we will at once go down into the cabin, where we shall find the lieutenant who commands her, a master's mate, and a midshipman. They have each their tumbler before them, and are drinking gin-toddy, hot, with sugar—capital gin, too, 'bove proof; it is from that small anker, standing under the table. It was one that they forgot to return to the custom-house when they made their last seizure. We must introduce them.

The elderly personage, with grizzly hair and whiskers, a round pale face, and a somewhat red nose (being too much in the wind will make the nose red, and this old officer is very often "in the wind," of course, from the

very nature of his profession), is a Lieutenant Appleboy. He has served in every class of vessel in the service, and done the duty of first lieutenant for twenty years; he is now on promotion—that is to say, after he has taken a certain number of tubs of gin, he will be rewarded with his rank as commander. It is a pity that what he takes inside of him does not count, for he takes it morning, noon, and night.—He is just filling his fourteenth glass: he always keeps a regular account, as he never exceeds his limited number, which is seventeen; then he is exactly down to his bearings.

The master's mate's name is Tomkins; he has served his six years three times over, and has now outgrown his ambition; which is fortunate for him, as his chances of promotion are small. He prefers a small vessel to a large one, because he is not obliged to be so particular in his dress—and looks for his lieutenancy whenever there shall be another charity promotion. He is fond of soft bread, for his teeth are all absent without leave; he prefers porter to any other liquor, but he can drink his glass of grog, whether it be based upon rum, brandy, or the liquor now before him.

Mr Smith is the name of that young gentleman, whose jacket is so out at the elbows; he has been intending to mend it these last two months, but is too lazy to go to his chest for another. He has been turned out of half the ships in the service for laziness; but he was born so—and therefore it is not his fault.—A revenue-cutter suits him, she is half her time hove to; and he has no objection to boat-service, as he sits down always in the stern-sheets, which is not fatiguing. Creeping for tubs is his delight, as he gets over so little ground. He is fond of grog, but there is some trouble in carrying the tumbler so often to his mouth; so he looks at it, and lets it stand. He says little, because he is too lazy to speak. He has served more than *eight years;* but as for passing—it has never come into his head. Such are the three persons who are now sitting in the cabin of the revenue-cutter, drinking hot gin-toddy.

"Let me see, it was, I think, in ninety-three or ninety-four. Before you were in the service, Tomkins.——"

"Maybe, sir; it's so long ago since I entered, that I can't recollect dates,—but this I know, that my aunt died three days before."

"Then the question is, when did your aunt die?"

"Oh! she died about a year after my uncle."

"And when did your uncle die?"

"I'll be hanged if I know!"

"Then, d'ye see, you've no departure to work from. However, I think you cannot have been in the service at that time We were not quite so particular about uniform as we are now."

"Then I think the service was all the better for it. Now-a-days, in your crack ships, a mate has to go down in the hold or spirit-room, and after whipping up fifty empty casks, and breaking out twenty full ones, he is expected to come on quarter-deck as clean as if he was just come out of a band-box."

"Well, there's plenty of water alongside, as far as the outward man goes, and iron dust is soon brushed off. However, as you say, perhaps a little too much is expected; at least, in five of the ships in which I was first-lieutenant, the captain was always hauling me over the coals about the midshipmen not dressing properly, as if I was their dry-nurse. I wonder what Captain Prigg would have said, if he had seen such a turn-out as you, Mr Smith, on his quarter-deck."

"I should have had one turn-out more," drawled Smith.

"With your out-at-elbows jacket, there, heh!" continued Mr Appleboy.

Smith turned up his elbows, looked at one and then at the other: after so fatiguing an operation, he was silent.

"Well, where was I? Oh! it was about ninety-three or ninety-four, as I said, that it happened—Tomkins, fill your glass, and hand me the sugar—how do I get on? This is No. 15," said Appleboy, counting some white lines on the table by him; and taking up a piece of chalk, he

marked one more line on his tally. "I don't think this is so good a tub as the last, Tomkins, there's a twang about it—a want of juniper—however, I hope we shall have better luck this time. Of course, you know we sail to-morrow?"

"I presume so, by the leg of mutton coming on board."

"True — true — I'm regular—as clock-work.—After being twenty years a first-lieutenant, one gets a little method—I like regularity. Now the admiral has never omitted asking me to dinner once, every time I have come into harbour, except this time—I was so certain of it, that I never expected to sail; and I have but two shirts clean in consequence."

"That's odd, isn't it? and the more so, because he has had such great people down here, and has been giving large parties every day."

"And yet I made three seizures, besides sweeping up those thirty-seven tubs."

"I swept them up," observed Smith.

"That's all the same thing, *younker*.—When you've been a little longer in the service, you'll find out that the commanding officer has the merit of all that is done—but you're *green* yet. Let me see, where was I? Oh!—It was about ninety-three or ninety-four, as I said. At that time I was in the Channel fleet—Tomkins, I'll trouble you for the hot water; this water's cold.—Mr Smith, do me the favour to ring the bell.—Jem, some more hot water."

"Please, sir," said Jem, who was barefooted as well as bare-headed, touching the lock of hair on his forehead, "the cook has capsized the kettle—but he has put more on."

"Capsized the kettle! Ha!—very well—we'll talk about that to-morrow. Mr Tomkins, do me the favour to put him in the report, I may forget it. And pray, sir, how long is it since he has put more on?"

"Just this moment, sir, as I came aft."

"Very well, we'll see to that to-morrow:—You bring

the kettle aft as soon as it is ready. I say, Mr Jem, is that fellow sober?"

"Yees, sir, he be sober as you be."

"It's quite astonishing what a propensity the common sailors have to liquor. Forty odd years have I been in the service, and I've never found any difference: I only wish I had a guinea for every time that I have given a fellow seven-water grog during my servitude as first-lieutenant, I wouldn't call the king my cousin. Well, if there's no hot water, we must take lukewarm—it won't do to heave to. By the Lord Harry! who would have thought it?—I'm at number sixteen! Let me count—yes!—surely I must have made a mistake. A fact, by Heaven!" continued Mr Appleboy, throwing the chalk down on the table. "Only one more glass, after this—that is, if I have counted right—I may have seen double."

"Yes," drawled Smith.

"Well, never mind—let's go on with my story.—It was either in the year ninety-three or ninety-four, that I was in the Channel fleet—we were then abreast of Torbay——"

"Here be the hot water, sir," cried Jem, putting the kettle down on the deck.

"Very well, boy—by-the-bye, has the jar of butter come on board?"

"Yes, but it broke all down the middle; I tied him up with a ropeyarn."

"Who broke it, sir?"

"Coxswain says as how he didn't."

"But who did, sir?"

"Coxswain handed it up to Bill Jones, and he says as how he didn't."

"But who did, sir?"

"Bill Jones gave it to me, and I'm sure as how I didn't."

"Then who did, sir, I ask you?"

"I think it be Bill Jones, sir, 'cause he's fond of butter, I know, and there be very little left in the jar."

"Very well, we'll see to that to-morrow morning. Mr Tomkins, you'll oblige me by putting the butter-jar down in the report, in case it should slip my memory. Bill Jones, indeed, looks as if butter wouldn't melt in his mouth—never mind. Well, it was, as I said before—it was in the year ninety-three or ninety-four, when I was in the Channel fleet; we were then off Torbay, and had just taken two reefs in the top-sails. Stop, before I go on with my story, I'll take my last glass—I think it's the last: let me count—yes, by heavens I make out sixteen, well told. Never mind, it shall be a stiff one. Boy, bring the kettle, and mind you don't pour the hot water into my shoes, as you did the other night. There, that will do. Now, Tomkins, fill up yours; and you, Mr Smith: let us all start fair, and then you shall have my story—and a very curious one it is, I can tell you; I wouldn't have believed it myself if I hadn't seen it. Hilloa! what's this? confound it! what's the matter with the toddy? Heh, Mr Tomkins?"

Mr Tomkins tasted, but, like the lieutenant, he had made it very stiff; and, as he had also taken largely before, he was, like him, not quite so clear in his discrimination: "It has a queer *twang*, sir: Smith, what is it?"

Smith took up his glass, tasted the contents.

"*Salt water*," drawled the midshipman.

"Salt water! so it is, by heavens!" cried Mr Appleboy.

"Salt as Lot's wife!—by all that's infamous!" cried the master's mate.

"Salt water, sir!" cried Jem in a fright, expecting a *salt* eel for supper.

"Yes, sir," replied Mr Appleboy, tossing the contents of the tumbler in the boy's face, "salt water. Very well, sir,—very well!"

"It warn't me, sir," replied the boy, making up a piteous look.

"No, sir, but you said the cook was sober."

"He was not so *very* much disguised, sir," replied Jem.

"Oh! very well—never mind. Mr Tomkins, in case I should forget it, do me the favour to put the kettle of salt water down in the report. The scoundrel! I'm very sorry, gentlemen, but there's no means of having any more gin-toddy,—but never mind, we'll see to this to-morrow. Two can play at this; and if I don't salt-water their grog, and make them drink it, too, I have been twenty years a first-lieutenant for nothing—that's all. Good night, gentlemen; and," continued the lieutenant, in a severe tone, "you'll keep a sharp look-out, Mr Smith—do you hear, sir?"

"Yes," drawled Smith, "but it's not my watch; it was my first watch, and, just now, it struck one bell."

"You'll keep the middle watch, then, Mr Smith," said Mr Appleboy, who was not a little put out; "and, Mr Tomkins, let me know as soon as it's daylight. Boy, get my bed made. Salt water, by all that's blue! However, we'll see to that to-morrow morning."

Mr Appleboy then turned in; so did Mr Tomkins; and so did Mr Smith, who had no idea of keeping the middle watch because the cook was drunk and had filled up the kettle with salt water. As for what happened in ninety-three or ninety-four, I really would inform the reader if I knew, but I am afraid that that most curious story is never to be handed down to posterity.

The next morning, Mr Tomkins, as usual, forgot to report the cook, the jar of butter, and the kettle of salt water; and Mr Appleboy's wrath had long been appeased before he remembered them. At daylight the lieutenant came on deck, having only slept away half of the sixteen, and a taste of the seventeenth salt-water glass of gin-toddy. He rubbed his grey eyes, that he might peer through the grey of the morning; the fresh breeze blew about his grizzly locks, and cooled his rubicund nose. The revenue-cutter, whose name was the *Active*, cast off from the buoy; and, with a fresh breeze, steered her course for the Needles' passage.

Chapter III

CUTTER THE THIRD

READER! have you been to St Maloes? If you have, you were glad enough to leave the hole; and, if you have not, take my advice, and do not give yourself the trouble to go and see that, or any other French port in the Channel. There is not one worth looking at. They have made one or two artificial ports, and they are no great things; there is no getting out, or getting in. In fact, they have no harbours in the Channel, while we have the finest in the world; a peculiar dispensation of Providence, because it knew that we should want them, and France would not. In France, what are called ports are all alike, nasty narrow holes, only to be entered at certain times of tide and certain winds; made up of basins and back-waters, custom-houses, and cabarets; just fit for smugglers to run into, and nothing more; and, therefore, they are used for very little else.

Now, in the dog-hole called St Maloes there is some pretty land, although a great deficiency of marine scenery. But never mind that: stay at home, and don't go abroad to drink sour wine, because they call it Bordeaux, and eat villanous trash, so disguised by cooking that you cannot possibly tell which of the birds of the air, or beasts of the field, or fishes of the sea, you are cramming down your throat. "If all is right, there is no occasion for disguise," is an old saying; so depend upon it, that there is something wrong, and that you are eating offal, under a grand French name. They eat everything in France, and would serve you up the head of a monkey who has died of the smallpox, as *singe au petite vérole*—that is, if you did not understand French; if you did, they would call it, *Tête d'amour à l'Ethiopique*, and then you would be even more puzzled. As for their wine, there is no disguise in that—it's half vinegar. No, no! stay at

home; you can live just as cheaply, if you choose; and then you will have good meat, good vegetables, good ale, good beer, and a good glass of grog—and what is of more importance, you will be in good company. Live with your friends, and don't make a fool of yourself.

I would not have condescended to have noticed this place, had it not been that I wish you to observe a vessel which is lying along the pier-wharf, with a plank from the shore to her gunnel. It is low water, and she is aground, and the plank dips down at such an angle that it is a work of danger to go either in or out of her. You observe that there is nothing very remarkable in her. She is a cutter, and a good sea-boat, and sails well before the wind. She is short for her breadth of beam, and is not armed. Smugglers do not arm now—the service is too dangerous; they effect their purpose by cunning, not by force. Nevertheless, it requires that smugglers should be good seamen, smart, active fellows, and keen-witted, or they can do nothing. This vessel has not a large cargo in her, but it is valuable. She has some thousand yards of lace, a few hundred pounds of tea, a few bales of silk, and about forty ankers of brandy—just as much as they can land in one boat. All they ask is a heavy gale or a thick fog, and they trust to themselves for success.

There is nobody on board except a boy; the crew are all up at the cabaret, settling their little accounts of every description—for they smuggle both ways, and every man has his own private venture. There they are all, fifteen of them, and fine-looking fellows, too, sitting at that long table. They are very merry, but quite sober, as they are to sail to-night.

The captain of the vessel (whose name, by-the-bye is the "*Happy-go-lucky*,"—the captain christened her himself) is that fine-looking young man, with dark whiskers, meeting under his throat. His name is Jack Pickersgill. You perceive, at once, that he is much above a common sailor in appearance. His manners are good, he is remarkably handsome, very clean, and rather a dandy in his dress.

Observe, how very politely he takes off his hat to that Frenchman, with whom he has just settled accounts; he beats Johnny Crapeau at his own weapons. And then there is an air of command, a feeling of conscious superiority about Jack; see how he treats the landlord, *de haut en bas*, at the same time that he is very civil. The fact is, that Jack is of a very good, old family, and received a very excellent education; but he was an orphan, his friends were poor, and could do but little for him: he went out to India as a cadet, ran away, and served in a schooner which smuggled opium into China, and then came home. He took a liking to the employment, and is now laying up a very pretty little sum: not that he intends to stop: no, as soon as he has enough to fit out a vessel for himself, he intends to start again for India, and with two cargoes of opium, he will return, he trusts, with a handsome fortune, and re-assume his family name. Such are Jack's intentions; and, as he eventually means to reappear as a gentleman, he preserves his gentlemanly habits: he neither drinks, nor chews, nor smokes. He keeps his hands clean, wears rings, and sports a gold snuff-box; notwithstanding which, Jack is one of the boldest and best of sailors, and the men know it. He is full of fun, and as keen as a razor. Jack has a very heavy venture this time—all the lace is his own speculation, and if he gets it in safe, he will clear some thousands of pounds. A certain fashionable shop in London has already agreed to take the whole off his hands.

That short, neatly-made young man is the second in command, and the companion of the captain. He is clever, and always has a remedy to propose when there is a difficulty, which is a great quality in a second in command. His name is Corbett. He is always merry—half-sailor, half-tradesman; knows the markets, runs up to London, and does business as well as a chapman—lives for the day, and laughs at to-morrow.

That little punchy old man, with long gray hair and fat face, with a nose like a note of interrogation, is the next

personage of importance. He ought to be called the sailing-master, for, although he goes on shore in France, off the English coast he never quits the vessel. When they leave her with the goods, he remains on board; he is always to be found off any part of the coast where he may be ordered; holding his position in defiance of gales, and tides, and fogs: as for the revenue-vessels, they all know him well enough, but they cannot touch a vessel in ballast, if she has no more men on board than allowed by her tonnage. He knows every creek, and hole, and corner, of the coast; how the tide runs in—tide, half-tide, eddy, or current. That is his value. His name is Morrison.

You observe that Jack Pickersgill has two excellent supporters in Corbett and Morrison; his other men are good seamen, active, and obedient, which is all that he requires. I shall not particularly introduce them.

"Now you may call for another *litre*, my lads, and that must be the last; the tide is flowing fast, and we shall be afloat in half an hour, and we have just the breeze we want. What d'ye think, Morrison, shall we have dirt?"

"I've been looking just now, and if it were any other month in the year I should say, yes; but there's no trusting April, captain. Howsomever, if it does blow off, I'll promise you a fog in three hours afterwards."

"That will do as well. Corbett, have you settled with Duval?"

"Yes, after more noise and *charivari* than a panic in the Stock Exchange would make in England. He fought and squabbled for an hour, and I found that, without some abatement, I never should have settled the affair."

"What did you let him off?"

"Seventeen sous," replied Corbett, laughing.

"And that satisfied him?" inquired Pickersgill.

"Yes—it was all he could prove to be a *surfaire:* two of the knives were a little rusty. But he will always have something off; he could not be happy without it. I really think he would commit suicide, if he had to pay a bill without a deduction."

"Let him live," replied Pickersgill. "Jeannette, a bottle of Volnay, of 1811, and three glasses."

Jeannette, who was the *fille de cabaret*, soon appeared with a bottle of wine, seldom called for, except by the captain of the *Happy-go-lucky*.

"You sail to-night?" said she, as she placed the bottle before him.

"Pickersgill nodded his head.

"I had a strange dream," said Jeannette; "I thought you were all taken by a revenue cutter, and put in a *cachot*. I went to see you, and I did not know one of you again—you were all changed."

"Very likely, Jeannette—you would not be the first who did not know their friends again when in misfortune. There was nothing strange in your dream."

"*Mais, mon Dieu! je ne suis pas comme ça moi.*"

"No, that you are not, Jeannette; you are a good girl, and some of these fine days I'll marry you," said Corbett.

"*Doit être bien beau ce jour là, par exemple,*" replied Jeannette, laughing; "you have promised to marry me every time you have come in, these last three years."

"Well, that proves I keep to my promise, any how."

"Yes; but you never go any further."

"I can't spare him, Jeannette, that is the real truth," said the captain: "but wait a little—in the meantime, here is a five-franc piece to add to your *petite fortune*."

"*Merci bien, monsieur le capitaine; bon voyage!*" Jeannette held her finger up to Corbett, saying, with a smile, "*méchant!*" and then quitted the room.

"Come, Morrison, help us to empty this bottle, and then we will all go on board."

"I wish that girl wouldn't come here with her nonsensical dreams," said Morrison, taking his seat; "I don't like it. When she said that we should be taken by a revenue cutter, I was looking at a blue and a white pigeon sitting on the wall opposite; and I said to myself, now, if that be a warning, I will see: if the *blue* pigeon

flies away first, I shall be in jail in a week; if the *white*, I shall be back here."

"Well?" said Pickersgill, laughing.

"It wasn't well," answered Morrison, tossing off his wine, and putting the glass down with a deep sigh; "for the cursed *blue* pigeon flew away immediately."

"Why, Morrison, you must have a chicken-heart to be frightened at a blue pigeon," said Corbett, laughing, and looking out of the window; "at all events, he has come back again, and there he is sitting by the white one."

"It's the first time that ever I was called chicken-hearted," replied Morrison, in wrath.

"Nor do you deserve it, Morrison," replied Pickersgill; "but Corbett is only joking."

"Well, at all events, I'll try my luck in the same way, and see whether I am to be in jail: I shall take the blue pigeon as my bad omen, as you did."

The sailors and Captain Pickersgill all rose and went to the window, to ascertain Corbett's fortune by this new species of augury. The blue pigeon flapped his wings, and then he sidled up to the white one; at last, the white pigeon flew off the wall and settled on the roof of the adjacent house. "Bravo, white pigeon!" said Corbett; "I shall be here again in a week." The whole party, laughing, then resumed their seats; and Morrison's countenance brightened up. As he took the glass of wine poured out by Pickersgill, he said, "Here's your health, Corbett; it was all nonsense, after all—for, d'ye see, I can't be put in jail without you are. We all sail in the same boat, and when you leave me, you take with you everything that can condemn the vessel—so here's success to our trip."

"We will all drink that toast, my lads, and then on board," said the captain; "here's success to our trip."

The captain rose, as did the mates and men, drank the toast, turned down the drinking-vessels on the table, hastened to the wharf, and, in half an hour, the *Happy-go-lucky* was clear of the port of St Maloes.

The Happy-go-Lucky was clear of the port of St. Maloes.
(*p. 534*)

Chapter IV

PORTLAND BILL

THE *Happy-go-lucky* sailed with a fresh breeze and a flowing sheet from St Maloes, the evening before the *Arrow* sailed from Barn Pool. The *Active* sailed from Portsmouth the morning after.

The yacht, as we before observed, was bound to Cowes, in the Isle of Wight. The *Active* had orders to cruise wherever she pleased within the limits of the admiral's station; and she ran for West Bay, on the other side of the Bill of Portland. The *Happy-go-lucky* was also bound for that bay to land her cargo.

The wind was light, and there was every appearance of fine weather, when the *Happy-go-lucky*, at ten o'clock on the Tuesday night, made the Portland lights; as it was impossible to run her cargo that night, she hove to.

At eleven o'clock, the Portland lights were made by the revenue cutter *Active*. Mr Appleboy went up to have a look at them, ordered the cutter to be hove to, and then went down to finish his allowance of gin-toddy. At twelve o'clock, the yacht *Arrow* made the Portland lights, and continued her course, hardly stemming the ebb tide.

Day broke, and the horizon was clear. The first on the look-out were, of course, the smugglers; they, and those on board the revenue cutter, were the only two interested parties—the yacht was neuter.

"There are two cutters in sight, sir," said Corbett, who had the watch; for Pickersgill, having been up the whole night, had thrown himself down on the bed with his clothes on.

"What do they look like?" said Pickersgill, who was up in a moment.

"One is a yacht, and the other may be; but I rather think, as far as I can judge in the gray, that it is our old friend off here."

"What! old Appleboy?"

"Yes, it looks like him; but the day has scarcely broke yet."

"Well, he can do nothing in a light wind like this; and before the wind we can show him our heels; but are you sure the other is a yacht?" said Pickersgill, coming on deck.

"Yes; the king is more careful of his canvas."

"You're right," said Pickersgill, "that is a yacht; and you're right there again in your guess—that is the stupid old *Active*, which creeps about creeping for tubs. Well, I see nothing to alarm us at present, provided it don't fall a dead calm, and then we must take to our boat as soon as he takes to his; we are four miles from him at least. Watch his motions, Corbett, and see if he lowers a boat. What does she go now? Four knots?—that will soon tire their men."

The positions of the three cutters were as follows:—

The *Happy-go-lucky* was about four miles off Portland Head, and well into West Bay. The revenue cutter was close to the Head. The yacht was outside of the smuggler, about two miles to the westward, and about five or six miles from the revenue cutter.

"Two vessels in sight, sir," said Mr Smith, coming down into the cabin to Mr Appleboy.

"Very well," replied the lieutenant, who was *lying* down in his *standing* bed-place.

"The people say one is the *Happy-go-lucky*, sir," drawled Smith.

"Heh? what! *Happy-go-lucky?* Yes, I recollect; I've boarded her twenty times—always empty. How's she standing?"

"She stands to the westward now, sir; but she was hove to, they say, when they first saw her."

"Then she has a cargo in her;" and Mr Appleboy shaved himself, dressed, and went on deck.

"Yes," said the lieutenant, rubbing his eyes again and again, and then looking through the glass, "it is her sure

enough. Let draw the fore sheet—hands make sail. What vessel's the other?"

"Don't know, sir,—she's a cutter."

"A cutter? yes; may be a yacht, or may be the new cutter ordered on the station. Make all sail, Mr Tomkins; hoist our pendant, and fire a gun—they will understand what we mean then; they don't know the *Happy-go-lucky* as well as we do."

In a few minutes the *Active* was under a press of sail; she hoisted her pendant, and fired a gun. The smuggler perceived that the *Active* had recognised her, and she also threw out more canvas, and ran off more to the westward.

"There's a gun, sir," reported one of the men to Mr Stewart, on board of the yacht.

"Yes; give me the glass—a revenue cutter; then this vessel in shore, running towards us, must be a smuggler.

"She has just now made all sail, sir."

"Yes, there's no doubt of it; I will go down to his lordship—keep her as she goes."

Mr Stewart then went down to inform Lord B. of the circumstance. Not only Lord B., but most of the gentlemen came on deck; as did soon afterwards the ladies, who had received the intelligence from Lord B., who spoke to them through the door of the cabin.

But the smuggler had more wind than the revenue cutter, and increased her distance.

"If we were to wear round now, my lord," observed Mr Stewart, "she is just abreast of us and in shore, we could prevent her escape."

"Round with her, Mr Stewart," said Lord B.; "we must do our duty, and protect the laws."

"That will not be fair, papa," said Cecilia Ossulton; "we have no quarrel with the smugglers: I'm sure the ladies have not, for they bring us beautiful things."

"Miss Ossulton," observed her aunt, "it is not proper for you to offer an opinion."

The yacht wore round, and, sailing so fast, the smuggler

had little chance of escaping her; but to chase is one thing—to capture, another.

"Let us give her a gun," said Lord B., "that will frighten her; and he dare not cross our hawse."

The gun was loaded, and not being more than a mile from the smuggler, actually threw the ball almost a quarter of the way.

The gentlemen, as well as Lord B., were equally excited by the ardour of pursuit; but the wind died away, and at last it was nearly calm. The revenue cutter's boats were out, and coming up fast.

"Let us get our boat out, Stewart," said his lordship; "and help them; it is quite calm now."

The boat was soon out: it was a very large one, usually stowed on, and occupied a large portion of, the deck. It pulled six oars; and when it was manned, Mr Stewart jumped in, and Lord B. followed him.

"But you have no arms," said Mr Hautaine.

"The smugglers never resist now," observed Stewart.

"Then you are going on a very gallant expedition, indeed," observed Cecilia Ossulton; "I wish you joy."

But Lord B. was too much excited to pay attention. They shoved off, and pulled towards the smuggler.

At this time, the revenue boats were about five miles astern of the *Happy-go-lucky*, and the yacht about three-quarters of a mile from her in the offing. Pickersgill had, of course, observed the motions of the yacht; had seen her wear on chase, hoist her ensign and pendant, and fire her gun.

"Well," said he, "this is the blackest ingratitude; to be attacked by the very people whom we smuggle for. I only wish she may come up with us; and, let her attempt to interfere, she shall rue the day: I don't much like this, though."

As we before observed, it fell nearly calm, and the revenue boats were in chase. Pickersgill watched them as they came up.

"What shall we do," said Corbett,—"get the boat out?"

"Yes," replied Pickersgill, "we will get the boat out, and have the goods in her all ready; but we can pull faster than they do, in the first place; and, in the next, they will be pretty well tired before they come up to us. We are fresh, and shall soon walk away from them; so I shall not leave the vessel till they are within half a mile. We must sink the ankers, that they may not seize the vessel, for it is not worth while taking them with us. Pass them along ready to run them over the bows, that they may not see us and swear to it. But we have a good half hour, and more."

"Ay, and you may hold all fast if you choose," said Morrison, "although it's better to be on the right side and get ready; otherwise, before half an hour, I'll swear that we are out of their sight. Look there," said he, pointing to the eastward at a heavy bank, "it's coming right down upon us, as I said it would."

"True enough; but still there is no saying which will come first, Morrison; the boats or the fog, so we must be prepared."

"Hilloa! what's this? why, there's a boat coming from the yacht!"

Pickersgill took out his glass.

"Yes, and the yacht's own boat, with the name painted on her bows. Well, let them come—we will have no ceremony in resisting them; they are not in the Act of Parliament, and must take the consequences. We have nought to fear. Get stretchers, my lads, and hand-spikes; they row six oars, and are three in the stern sheets—they must be good men if they take us."

In a few minutes Lord B. was close to the smuggler.

"Boat, ahoy! what do you want?"

"Surrender in the king's name."

"To what, and to whom, and what are we to surrender? We are an English vessel coasting along shore."

"Pull on board, my lads," cried Stewart; "I am a king's officer—we know her."

The boat darted alongside, and Stewart and Lord B., followed by the men, jumped on the deck.

"Well, gentlemen, what do you want?" said Pickersgill.

"We seize you—you are a smuggler; there's no denying it: look at the casks of spirits stretched along the deck."

"We never said that we were not smugglers," replied Pickersgill; "but what is that to you? You are not a king's ship, or employed by the revenue."

"No, but we carry a pendant, and it is our duty to protect the laws."

"And who are you?" said Pickersgill.

"I am Lord B."

"Then, my lord, allow me to say that you would do much better to attend to the framing of laws, and leave people of less consequence, like those astern of me, to execute them. 'Mind your own business,' is an old adage. We shall not hurt you, my lord, as you have only employed words, but we shall put it out of your power to hurt us. Come aft, my lads. Now, my lord, resistance is useless; we are double your numbers, and you have caught a Tartar."

Lord B. and Mr Stewart perceived that they were in an awkward predicament.

"You may do what you please," observed Mr Stewart, "but the revenue boats are coming up, recollect."

"Look you, sir, do you see the revenue cutter?" said Pickersgill.

Stewart looked in that direction, and saw that she was hidden in the fog.

"In five minutes, sir, the boats will be out of sight also, and so will your vessel; we have nothing to fear from them."

"Indeed, my lord, we had better return," said Mr Stewart, who perceived that Pickersgill was right.

"I beg your pardon, you will not go on board your yacht so soon as you expect. Take the oars out of the boat, my lads, two or three of you, and throw in a couple of our paddles for them to reach the shore with. The rest of you knock down the first man who offers to resist. You are

not aware, perhaps, my lord, that you have attempted *piracy* on the high seas?"

Stewart looked at Lord B. It was true enough. The men of the yacht could offer no resistance; the oars were taken out of the boat, and the men put in again.

"My lord," said Pickersgill, "your boat is manned—do me the favour to step into it; and you, sir, do the same. I should be sorry to lay my hands upon a peer of the realm, or a king's officer even on half pay."

Remonstrance was vain; his lordship was led to the boat by two of the smugglers, and Stewart followed.

"I will leave your oars, my lord, at the Weymouth Custom-house; and I trust this will be a lesson to you in future to 'mind your own business.'"

The boat was shoved off from the sloop by the smugglers, and was soon lost sight of in the fog, which had now covered the revenue boats as well as the yacht; at the same time, it brought down a breeze from the eastward.

"Haul to the wind, Morrison," said Pickersgill, "we will stand out to get rid of the boats; if they pull on, they will take it for granted that we shall run into the bay, as will the revenue cutter."

Pickersgill and Corbett were in conversation abaft for a short time, when the former desired the course to be altered two points.

"Keep silence all of you, my lads, and let me know if you hear a gun or a bell from the yacht," said Pickersgill.

"There is a gun, sir, close to us," said one of the men; "the sound was right ahead."

"That will do, keep her as she goes. Aft here, my lads; we cannot run our cargo in the bay, for the cutter has been seen to chase us, and they will all be on the look-out at the preventive stations for us on shore. Now, my lads, I have made up my mind that, as these yacht gentlemen have thought proper to interfere, I will take possession of the yacht for a few days. We shall then outsail everything, go where we like unsuspected, and land our cargo with ease. I shall run alongside of her—she can

have but few hands on board; and mind, do not hurt anybody, but be civil and obey my orders. Morrison, you and your four men and the boy will remain on board as before, and take the vessel to Cherbourg, where we will join you."

In a short time another gun was fired from the yacht.

Those on board, particularly the ladies, were alarmed; the fog was very thick, and they could not distinguish the length of the vessel. They had seen the boat board, but had not seen her turned adrift without oars, as the fog came on just at that time. The yacht was left with only three seamen on board, and, should it come on bad weather, they were in an awkward predicament. Mr Hautaine had taken the command, and ordered the guns to be fired that the boat might be enabled to find them. The fourth gun was loading, when they perceived the smuggler's cutter close to them looming through the fog.

"Here they are," cried the seamen; "and they have brought the prize along with them! Three cheers for the *Arrow!*"

"Hilloa! you'll be on board of us?" cried Hautaine.

"That's exactly what I intended to be, sir," replied Pickersgill, jumping on the quarter-deck, followed by his men.

"Who the devil are you?"

"That's exactly the same question that I asked Lord B. when he boarded us," replied Pickersgill, taking off his hat to the ladies.

"Well, but what business have you here?"

"Exactly the same question which I put to Lord B.," replied Pickersgill.

"Where is Lord B., sir?" said Cecilia Ossulton, going up to the smuggler; "is he safe?"

"Yes, madam, he is safe; at least he is in his boat with all his men, and unhurt: but you must excuse me if I request you and the other ladies to go down below while I speak to these gentlemen. Be under no alarm, miss; you will receive neither insult nor ill-treat-

ment—I have only taken possession of this vessel for the present."

"Take possession," cried Hautaine, "of a yacht."

"Yes, sir, since the owner of the yacht thought proper to attempt to take possession of me. I always thought that yachts were pleasure-vessels, sailing about for amusement, respected themselves, and not interfering with others; but it appears that such is not the case. The owner of this yacht has thought proper to break through the neutrality, and commence aggression, and under such circumstances I have now, in retaliation, taken possession of her."

"And, pray, what do you mean to do, sir?"

"Simply for a few days to make an exchange. I shall send you on board of my vessel as smugglers, while I remain here with the ladies and amuse myself with yachting."

"Why, sir, you cannot mean——"

"I have said, gentlemen, and that is enough; I should be sorry to resort to violence, but I must be obeyed. You have, I perceive, three seamen only left: they are not sufficient to take charge of the vessel, and Lord B. and the others you will not meet for several days. My regard for the ladies, even common humanity, points out to me that I cannot leave the vessel in this crippled condition. At the same time, as I must have hands on board of my own, you will oblige me by going on board and taking her safely into port. It is the least return you can make for my kindness. In those dresses, gentlemen, you will not be able to do your duty; oblige me by shifting, and putting on these." Corbett handed a flannel shirt, a rough jacket and trousers, to Messrs Hautaine, Ossulton, Vaughan, and Seagrove. After some useless resistance they were stripped, and having put on the smugglers' attire, they were handed on board of the *Happy-go-lucky*.

The three English seamen were also sent on board and confined below, as well as Ossulton's servant, who was also equipped like his master, and confined below with the

seamen. Corbett and the men then handed up all the smuggled goods into the yacht, dropped the boat, and made it fast astern; and, Morrison having received his directions, the vessels separated—Morrison running for Cherbourg, and Pickersgill steering the yacht along shore to the westward. About an hour after this exchange had been effected, the fog cleared up, and showed the revenue cutter hove to for her boats, which had pulled back and were close on board of her; and the *Happy-go-lucky*, about three miles in the offing. Lord B. and his boat's crew were about four miles in shore, paddling and drifting with the tide towards Portland. As soon as the boats were on board, the revenue cutter made all sail after the smuggler, paying no attention to the yacht, and either not seeing or not caring about the boat which was drifting about in West Bay.

Chapter V

THE TRAVESTIE

"HERE we are, Corbett, and now I only wish my venture had been double," observed Pickersgill; "but I shall not allow business to absorb me wholly—we must add a little amusement. It appears to me, Corbett, that the gentleman's clothes which lie there will fit you, and those of the good-looking fellow who was spokesman will, I am sure, suit me well. Now, let us dress ourselves, and then for breakfast."

Pickersgill then exchanged his clothes for those of Mr Hautaine, and Corbett fitted on those of Mr Ossulton. The steward was summoned up, and he dared not disobey; he appeared on deck, trembling.

"Steward—you will take these clothes below," said Pickersgill, "and, observe, I now command this yacht; and, during the time that I am on board, you will pay me the same respect as you did Lord B.: nay, more, you will

always address me as Lord B. You will prepare dinner and breakfast, and do your duty just as if his lordship was on board, and take care that you feed us well, for I will not allow the ladies to be entertained in a less sumptuous manner than before.—You will tell the cook what I say,—and now that you have heard me, take care that you obey; if not, recollect that I have my own men here, and if I but point with my finger, *overboard you go*.—Do you perfectly comprehend me?"

"Yes,—sir," stammered the steward.

"Yes, *sir!*—What did I tell you, sirrah?—Yes, my lord.—Do you understand me?"

"Yes—my lord."

"Pray, steward, whose clothes has this gentleman put on?"

"Mr—Mr Ossulton's, I think—sir—my lord, I mean."

"Very well, steward; then recollect, in future you always address that gentleman as *Mr Ossulton*."

"Yes, my lord," and the steward went down below, and was obliged to take a couple of glasses of brandy, to keep himself from fainting.

"Who are they, and what are they! Mr Maddox?" cried the lady's-maid, who had been weeping.

"Pirates!—*bloody*, *murderous*, *stick-at-nothing* pirates!" replied the steward.

"Oh!" screamed the lady's-maid, "what will become of us, poor unprotected females?" And she hastened into the cabin, to impart this dreadful intelligence.

The ladies in the cabin were not in a very enviable situation. As for the elder Miss Ossulton (but, perhaps, it will be better in future to distinguish the two ladies, by calling the elder simply Miss Ossulton, and her niece, Cecilia), she was sitting with her salts to her nose, agonised with a mixture of trepidation and wounded pride. Mrs Lascelles was weeping, but weeping gently. Cecilia was sad, and her heart was beating with anxiety and suspense—when the maid rushed in.

"O madam! O miss! O Mrs Lascelles! I have found

it all out!—they are murderous, bloody, do-everything pirates!!!"

"Mercy on us!" exclaimed Miss Ossulton; "surely they will never dare——?"

"Oh, ma'am, they dare anything!—they just now were throwing the steward overboard—and they have rummaged all the portmanteaus, and dressed themselves in the gentlemen's best clothes—the captain of them told the steward that he was Lord B.—and that if he dared to call him anything else, he would cut his throat from ear to ear—and if the cook don't give them a good dinner, they swear that they'll chop his right hand off, and make him eat it, without pepper or salt!"

Miss Ossulton screamed, and went off into hysterics. Mrs Lascelles and Cecilia went to her assistance; but the latter had not forgotten the very different behaviour of Jack Pickersgill, and his polite manners, when he boarded the vessel. She did not, therefore, believe what the maid had reported, but still her anxiety and suspense were great, especially about her father. After having restored her aunt, she put on her bonnet, which was lying on the sofa.

"Where are you going, dear?" said Mrs Lascelles.

"On deck," replied Cecilia. "I must and will speak to these men."

"Gracious heaven, Miss Ossulton! going on deck! have you heard what Phœbe says?"

"Yes, aunt, I have; but I can wait here no longer."

"Stop her! stop her!—she will be murdered!—she will be—she is mad!" screamed Miss Ossulton; but no one attempted to stop Cecilia, and on deck she went. On her arrival, she found Jack Pickersgill and Corbett walking the deck; one of the smugglers at the helm, and the rest forward, and as quiet as the crew of the yacht. As soon as she made her appearance, Jack took off his hat, and made her a bow.

"I do not know whom I have the honour of addressing, young lady! but I am flattered with this mark of con-

fidence. You feel, and I assure you, you feel correctly, that you are not exactly in lawless hands."

Cecilia looked with more surprise than fear at Pickersgill; Mr Hautaine's dress became him, he was a handsome, fine-looking man, and had nothing of the ruffian in his appearance; unless, like Byron's Corsair, he was *half savage, half soft*. She could not help thinking that she had met many with less pretensions, as far as appearance went, to the claims of a gentleman, at Almack's, and other fashionable circles.

"I have ventured on deck, sir," said Cecilia, with a little tremulousness in her voice, "to request, as a favour, that you will inform me what your intentions may be, with regard to the vessel, and with regard to the ladies!"

"And I feel much obliged to you, for so doing, and I assure you, I will, as far as I have made up my own mind, answer you candidly: but you tremble—allow me to conduct you to a seat. In few words, then, to remove your present alarm, I intend that the vessel shall be returned to its owner, with every article in it, as religiously respected as if they were church property. With respect to you, and the other ladies on board, I pledge you my honour, that you have nothing to fear; that you shall be treated with every respect; your privacy never invaded; and that, in a few days, you will be restored to your friends. Young lady, I pledge my hopes of future salvation to the truth of this; but, at the same time, I must make a few conditions, which, however, will not be very severe."

"But, sir," replied Cecilia, much relieved, for Pickersgill had stood by her in the most respectful manner, "you are, I presume, the captain of the smuggler? Pray, answer me one question more—What became of the boat, with Lord B.,—he is my father?"

"I left him in his boat, without a hair of his head touched, young lady; but I took away the oars."

"Then he will perish!" cried Cecilia, putting her handkerchief to her eyes.

"No, young lady, he is on shore probably by this time; although I took away his means of assisting to capture us, I left him the means of gaining the land. It is not every one who would have done that, after his conduct to us.

"I begged him not to go," said Cecilia; "I told him that it was not fair, and that he had no quarrel with the smugglers."

"I thank you even for that," replied Pickersgill. "And now, Miss—I have not the pleasure of recollecting his lordship's family name——"

"Ossulton, sir," said Cecilia, looking at Pickersgill with surprise.

"Then, with your permission, Miss Ossulton, I will now make you my confidant: excuse my using so free a term, but it is because I wish to relieve your fears; at the same time, I cannot permit you to divulge all my intentions to the whole party on board; I feel that I may trust you, for you have courage, and where there is courage, there generally is truth; but you must first tell me whether you will condescend to accept these terms?"

Cecilia demurred a moment—the idea of being the confidant of a smuggler rather startled her; but still, her knowledge of what his intentions were, if she might not reveal them, might be important; as, perhaps, she might dissuade him. She could be in no worse position than she was now, and she might be in a much better. The conduct of Pickersgill had been such, up to the present, as to inspire confidence; and, although he defied the laws, he appeared to regard the courtesies of life. Cecilia was a courageous girl, and at length she replied:—

"Provided what you desire me to keep secret will not be injurious to any one, or compromise me, in my peculiar situation, I consent."

"I would not hurt a fly, Miss Ossulton, but in self-defence, and I have too much respect for you, from your conduct during our short meeting, to compromise you.

Allow me now to be very candid; and then, perhaps, you will acknowledge that, in my situation, others would do the same; and, perhaps, not show half so much forbearance. Your father, without any right whatever, interferes with me, and my calling: he attempts to make me a prisoner, to have me thrown in jail; heavily fined, and, perhaps, sent out of the country. I will not enter into any defence of smuggling, it is sufficient to say, that there are pains and penalties attached to the infraction of certain laws, and that I choose to risk them—but Lord B. was not empowered by Government to attack me; it was a gratuitous act—and had I thrown him, and all his crew into the sea, I should have been justified, for it was in short, an act of piracy on their part. Now, as your father has thought to turn a yacht into a revenue cutter, you cannot be surprised at my retaliating, in turning her into a smuggler; and as he has mixed up looking after the revenue with yachting, he cannot be surprised if I retaliate, by mixing up a little yachting with smuggling. I have dressed your male companions as smugglers, and have sent them in the smuggling vessel to Cherbourg, where they will be safely landed; and I have dressed myself, and the only person whom I could join with me in this frolic, as gentlemen, in their places. My object is twofold: one is, to land my cargo, which I have now on board, and which is very valuable; the other is, to retaliate upon your father and his companions, for their attempt upon me, by stepping into their shoes, and enjoying, for a day or two, their luxuries. It is my intention to make free with nothing, but his lordship's wine and eatables,—that you may be assured of; but I shall have no pleasure, if the ladies do not sit down to the dinner-table with us, as they did before with your father and his friends."

"You can hardly expect that, sir," said Cecilia.

"Yes, I do; and that will be not only the price of the early release of the yacht and themselves, but it will also be the only means by which they will obtain anything to

eat. You observe, Miss Ossulton, the sins of the fathers are visited on the children. I have now told you what I mean to do, and what I wish. I leave you to think of it, and decide whether it will not be the best for all parties to consent. You have my permission to tell the other ladies, that whatever may be their conduct, they are as secure from ill-treatment or rudeness, as if they were in Grosvenor Square; but I cannot answer that they will not be hungry, if, after such forbearance in every point, they show so little gratitude, as not to honour me with their company."

"Then I am to understand that we are to be starved into submission?"

"No, not starved, Miss Ossulton; but recollect that you will be on bread and water, and detained until you do consent, and your detention will increase the anxiety of your father."

"You know how to persuade, sir," said Cecilia. "As far as I am concerned, I trust I shall ever be ready to sacrifice any feelings of pride, to spare my father so much uneasiness. With your permission, I will now go down into the cabin, and relieve my companions from the worst of their fears. As for obtaining what you wish, I can only say, that, as a young person, I am not likely to have much influence with those older than myself, and must inevitably be overruled, as I have not permission to point out to them reasons which might avail. Would you so far allow me to be relieved from my promise, as to communicate all you have said to me, to the only married woman on board? I think I then might obtain your wishes, which, I must candidly tell you, I shall attempt to effect, *only* because I am most anxious to rejoin my friends."

"And be relieved of my company," replied Pickersgill, smiling, ironically,—"of course you are; but I must and will have my petty revenge: and although you may, and probably will detest me, at all events you shall not have any very formidable charge to make against me.—Before you go below, Miss Ossulton, I give you my permission to add the married lady to the number of my confidants; and

you must permit me to introduce my friend, Mr Ossulton;" and Pickersgill waved his hand in the direction of Corbett, who took off his hat, and made a low obeisance.

It was impossible for Cecilia Ossulton to help smiling.

"And," continued Pickersgill, "having taking the command of this yacht, instead of his lordship, it is absolutely necessary that I also take his lordship's name. While on board I am Lord B.; and allow me to introduce myself under that name—I cannot be addressed otherwise. Depend upon it, Miss Ossulton, that I shall have a most paternal solicitude to make you happy and comfortable."

Had Cecilia Ossulton dared to have given vent to her real feelings at that time, she would have burst into a fit of laughter, it was too ludicrous. At the same time, the very burlesque reassured her still more. She went into the cabin with a heavy weight removed from her heart.

In the meantime, Miss Ossulton and Mrs Lascelles remained below, in the greatest anxiety at Cecilia's prolonged stay; they knew not what to think, and dared not go on deck. Mrs Lascelles had once determined at all risks to go up; but Miss Ossulton and Phœbe had screamed, and implored her so fervently not to leave them, that she unwillingly consented to remain. Cecilia's countenance, when she entered the cabin, reassured Mrs Lascelles, but not her aunt, who ran to her, crying and sobbing, and clinging to her, saying, "What have they done to you, my poor, poor Cecilia?"

"Nothing at all, aunt," replied Cecilia, "the captain speaks very fairly, and says he shall respect us in every possible way, provided that we obey his orders, but if not——"

"If not—what, Cecilia?" said Miss Ossulton, grasping her niece's arm.

"He will starve us, and not let us go!"

"God have mercy on us!"—cried Miss Ossulton, renewing her sobs.

Cecilia then went to Mrs Lascelles, and communicated to her, apart, all that had passed. Mrs Lascelles agreed

with Cecilia, that they were in no danger of insult; and as they talked over the matter, they at last began to laugh; there was a novelty in it, and there was something so ridiculous in all the gentlemen being turned into smugglers. Cecilia was glad that she could not tell her aunt, as she wished her to be so frightened, as never to have her company on board of the yacht again; and Mrs Lascelles was too glad to annoy her for many and various insults received. The matter was, therefore, canvassed over very satisfactorily, and Mrs Lascelles felt a natural curiosity to see this new Lord B. and the second Mr Ossulton. But they had had no breakfast and were feeling very hungry, now that their alarm was over. They desired Phœbe to ask the steward for some tea or coffee. The reply was, that, "Breakfast was laid in the cabin, and Lord B. trusted that the ladies would come to partake of it."

"No, no," replied Mrs Lascelles, "I never can, without being introduced to them first."

"Nor will I go," replied Cecilia, "but I will write a note, and we will have our breakfast here." Cecilia wrote a note in pencil as follows :—

"Miss Ossulton's compliments to Lord B., and, as the ladies feel rather indisposed after the alarm of this morning, they trust that his lordship will excuse their coming to breakfast; but hope to meet his lordship at dinner, if not before that time, on deck."

The answer was propitious, and the steward soon appeared with the breakfast in the ladies' cabin.

"Well Maddox," said Cecilia, "how do you get on with your new master?"

The steward looked at the door to see if it was closed, shook his head, and then said with a look of despair, "He has ordered a haunch of venison for dinner, miss, and he has twice threatened to toss me overboard."

"You must obey him, Maddox, or he certainly will. These pirates are dreadful fellows; be attentive, and serve him just as if he was my father."

"Yes, yes, ma'am, I will, but our time may come; it's *burglary* on the high seas, and I'll go fifty miles to see him hanged."

"Steward!" cried Pickersgill, from the cabin.

"O lord! he can't have heard me—d'ye think he did, miss?"

"The partitions are very thin, and you spoke very loud," said Mrs Lascelles; "at all events, go to him quickly."

"Good-bye, miss; good-bye, ma'am; if I shouldn't see you any more," said Maddox, trembling with fear, as he obeyed the awful summons—which was to demand a tooth-pick.

Miss Ossulton would not touch the breakfast; not so Mrs Lascelles and Cecilia, who ate very heartily.

"It's very dull to be shut up in this cabin," said Mrs Lascelles; "come, Cecilia, let's go on deck."

"And leave me," cried Miss Ossulton.

"There is Phœbe here, aunt; we are going up to persuade the pirates to put us all on shore."

Mrs Lascelles and Cecilia put on their bonnets and went up. Lord B. took off his hat, and begged the honour of being introduced to the pretty widow. He handed the ladies to a seat, and then commenced conversing upon various subjects, which, at the same time, possessed great novelty. His lordship talked about France, and described its ports; told now and then a good anecdote; pointed out the different headlands, bays, towns, and villages, which they were passing rapidly, and always had some little story connected with each. Before the ladies had been two hours on deck, they found themselves, to their infinite surprise, not only interested, but in conversation with the captain of the smuggler, and more than once they laughed outright. But the *soi-disant* Lord B. had inspired them with confidence; they fully believed that what he had told them was true, and that he had taken possession of the yacht to smuggle his goods, to be revenged, and to have a laugh. Now none of these three offences are

capital in the eyes of the fair sex; and Jack was a handsome, fine-looking fellow, of excellent manners, and very agreeable conversation, at the same time, neither he nor his friend were in their general deportment and behaviour otherwise than most respectful.

"Ladies, as you are not afraid of me, which is a greater happiness than I had reason to expect, I think you may be amused to witness the fear of those who accuse your sex of cowardice. With your permission, I will send for the cook and steward, and inquire about the dinner."

"I should like to know what there is for dinner," observed Mrs Lascelles demurely; "wouldn't you, Cecilia?"

Cecilia put her handkerchief to her mouth.

"Tell the steward and the cook both to come aft immediately," cried Pickersgill.

In a few seconds they both made their appearance.

"Steward!" cried Pickersgill, with a loud voice.

"Yes, my lord," replied Maddox, with his hat in his hand.

"What wines have you put out for dinner?"

"Champagne, my lord; and claret, my lord; and Madeira and sherry, my lord."

"No Burgundy, sir?"

"No, my lord; there is no Burgundy on board."

"No Burgundy, sir! do you dare to tell me that?"

"Upon my soul, my lord," cried Maddox, dropping on his knees, "there is no Burgundy on board—ask the ladies."

"Very well, sir; you may go."

"Cook, what have you got for dinner?"

"Sir, a haunch of mutt—of venison, my lord," replied the cook, with his white night-cap in his hand.

"What else, sirrah?"

"A boiled calf's head, my lord."

"A boiled calf's head! Let it be roasted, or I'll roast you, sir!" cried Pickersgill in an angry tone.

"Yes, my lord; I'll roast it."

"And what else, sir?"

"Maintenon cutlets, my lord."

"Maintenon cutlets! I hate them—I won't have them, sir. Let them be dressed *à l'ombre Chinoise*."

"I don't know what that is, my lord."

"I don't care for that, sirrah; if you don't find out by dinner-time, you're food for fishes—that's all; you may go."

The cook walked off wringing his hands and his night-cap as well—for he still held it in his right hand—and disappeared down the fore-hatchway.

"I have done this to pay you a deserved compliment, ladies; you have more courage than the other sex."

"Recollect that we have had confidence given to us in consequence of your pledging your word, my lord."

"You do me, then, the honour of believing me?"

"I did not until I saw you," replied Mrs Lascelles; "but now I am convinced that you will perform your promise."

"You do, indeed, encourage me, madam, to pursue what is right," said Pickersgill, bowing; "for your approbation I should be most sorry to lose, still more sorry to prove myself unworthy of it."

As the reader will observe, everything was going on remarkably well.

Chapter VI

THE SMUGGLING YACHT

Cecilia returned to the cabin, to ascertain whether her aunt was more composed; but Mrs Lascelles remained on deck. She was much pleased with Pickersgill; and they continued their conversation. Pickersgill entered into a defence of his conduct to Lord B.; and Mrs Lascelles could not but admit the provocation. After a long con-

versation, she hinted at his profession, and how superior he appeared to be to such a lawless life.

"You may be incredulous, madam," replied Pickersgill, "if I tell you that I have as good a right to quarter my arms as Lord B. himself; and that I am not under my real name. Smuggling is, at all events, no crime; and I infinitely prefer the wild life I lead at the head of my men, to being spurned by society because I am poor. The greatest crime in this country is poverty. I may, if I am fortunate, some day resume my name. You may, perhaps, meet me, and, if you please, you may expose me."

"That I should not be likely to do," replied the widow; "but still I regret to see a person, evidently intended for better things, employed in so disreputable a profession."

"I hardly know, madam, what is and what is not disreputable in this conventional world. It is not considered disreputable to cringe to the vices of a court, or to accept a pension wrung from the industry of the nation, in return for base servility. It is not considered disreputable to take tithes, intended for the service of God, and lavish them away at watering-places or elsewhere, seeking pleasure instead of doing God service. It is not considered disreputable to take fee after fee to uphold injustice, to plead against innocence, to pervert truth, and to aid the devil. It is not considered disreputable to gamble on the Stock Exchange, or to corrupt the honesty of electors by bribes, to doing which the penalty attached is equal to that decreed to the offence of which I am guilty. All these, and much more, are not considered disreputable; yet, by all these are the moral bonds of society loosened, while in mine we cause no guilt in others——"

"But still it is a crime."

"A violation of the revenue laws, and no more. Observe, madam, the English Government encourage the smuggling of our manufactures to the Continent, at the same time that they take every step to prevent articles being smuggled into this country. Now, madam, can that be a *crime*, when the head of the vessel is turned north,

which becomes *no crime* when she steers the opposite way?"

"There is a stigma attached to it, you must allow."

"That I grant you, madam; and as soon as I can quit the profession I shall. No captive ever sighed more to be released from his chains; but I will not leave it, till I find that I am in a situation not to be spurned and neglected by those with whom I have a right to associate."

At this moment, the steward was seen forward making signs to Mrs Lascelles, who excused herself, and went to him.

"For the love of God, madam," said Maddox, "as he appears to be friendly with you, do pray find out how these cutlets are to be dressed; the cook is tearing his hair, and we shall never have any dinner; and then it will all fall upon me, and I—shall be tossed overboard."

Mrs Lascelles desired poor Maddox to wait there while she obtained the desired information. In a few minutes she returned to him.

"I have found it out. They are first to be boiled in vinegar; then fried in batter, and served up with a sauce of anchovy and Malaga raisins!"

"First fried in vinegar; then boiled in batter, and served up with almonds and raisins!"

"No—no!" Mrs Lascelles repeated the injunction to the frightened steward; and then returned aft, and re-entered into a conversation with Pickersgill, in which for the first time, Corbett now joined. Corbett had sense enough to feel, that the less he came forward until his superior had established himself in the good graces of the ladies, the more favourable would be the result.

In the mean time Cecilia had gone down to her aunt, who still continued to wail and lament. The young lady tried all she could to console her, and to persuade her that if they were civil and obedient they had nothing to fear.

"Civil and obedient, indeed!" cried Miss Ossulton, "to a fellow who is a smuggler and a pirate! I, the sister of Lord B.! Never! The presumption of the wretch!"

"That is all very well, aunt; but recollect, we must

submit to circumstances. These men insist upon our dining with them; and we must go, or we shall have no dinner."

"I sit down with a pirate! Never! I'll have no dinner—I'll starve—I'll die!"

"But, my dear aunt, it's the only chance we have of obtaining our release; and if you do not do it Mrs Lascelles will think that you wish to remain with them."

"Mrs Lascelles judges of other people by herself."

"The captain is certainly a very well-behaved, handsome man. He looks like a nobleman in disguise. What an odd thing it would be, aunt, if this should be all a hoax!"

"A hoax, child?" replied Miss Ossulton, sitting up on the sofa.

Cecilia found that she had hit the right nail, as the saying is; and she brought forward so many arguments to prove that she thought it was a hoax to frighten them, and that the gentleman above was a man of consequence, that her aunt began to listen to reason, and at last consented to join the dinner-party. Mrs Lascelles now came down below; and when dinner was announced they repaired to the large cabin, where they found Pickersgill and Corbett waiting for them.

Miss Ossulton did not venture to look up, until she heard Pickersgill say to Mrs Lascelles, "Perhaps, madam, you will do me the favour to introduce me to that lady, whom I have not had the honour of seeing before?"

"Certainly, my lord," replied Mrs Lascelles. "Miss Ossulton, the aunt of this young lady."

Mrs Lascelles purposely did not introduce *his lordship* in return, that she might mystify the old spinster.

"I feel highly honoured in finding myself in the company of Miss Ossulton," said Pickersgill. "Ladies, we wait but for you to sit down. Ossulton, take the head of the table and serve the soup."

Miss Ossulton was astonished; she looked at the smugglers, and perceived two well-dressed gentlemanly

men, one of whom was apparently a lord, and the other having the same family name.

"It must be all a hoax," thought she; and she very quietly took to her soup.

The dinner passed off very pleasantly; Pickersgill was agreeable, Corbett funny, and Miss Ossulton so far recovered herself as to drink wine with his lordship, and to ask Corbett what branch of their family he belonged to.

"I presume it's the Irish branch," said Mrs Lascelles, prompting him.

"Exactly, madam," replied Corbett.

"Have you ever been to Torquay, ladies?" inquired Pickersgill.

"No, my lord," answered Mrs Lascelles.

"We shall anchor there in the course of an hour, and probably remain there till to-morrow. Steward, bring coffee. Tell the cook these cutlets were remarkably well dressed."

The ladies retired to the cabin. Miss Ossulton was now convinced that it was all a hoax; but said she, "I shall tell Lord B. my opinion of their practical jokes when he returns. What is his lordship's name who is on board?"

"He won't tell us," replied Mrs Lascelles; "but I think I know; it is Lord Blarney."

"Lord Blaney you mean, I presume," said Miss Ossulton; "however, the thing is carried too far. Cecilia, we will go on shore at Torquay, and wait till the yacht returns with Lord B. I don't like these jokes; they may do very well for widows, and people of no rank."

Now, Mrs Lascelles was sorry to find Miss Ossulton so much at her ease. She owed her no little spite, and wished for revenge. Ladies will go very far to obtain this. How far Mrs Lascelles would have gone, I will not pretend to say; but this is certain, that the last innuendo of Miss Ossulton very much added to her determination. She took her bonnet and went on deck, at once told Pickersgill that he could not please her or Cecilia more than by frightening Miss Ossulton, who, under the idea

that it was all a hoax, had quite recovered her spirits; talked of her pride and ill-nature, and wished her to receive a useful lesson. Thus, to follow up her revenge, did Mrs Lascelles commit herself so far, as to be confidential with the smuggler in return.

"Mrs Lascelles, I shall be able to obey you, and, at the same time, to combine business with pleasure."

After a short conversation, the yacht dropped her anchor at Torquay. It was then about two hours before sunset. As soon as the sails were furled, one or two gentlemen, who resided there, came on board to pay their respects to Lord B.; and, as Pickersgill had found out from Cecilia that her father was acquainted with no one there, he received them in person; asked them down in the cabin; called for wine; and desired them to send their boat away, as his own was going on shore. The smugglers took great care, that the steward, cook, and lady's maid, should have no communication with the guests; one of them, by Corbett's direction, being a sentinel over each individual. The gentlemen remained about half-an-hour on board, during which Corbett and the smugglers had filled the portmanteaus found in the cabin with the lace, and they were put in the boat. Corbett then landed the gentlemen in the same boat, and went up to the hotel, the smugglers following him with the portmanteaus, without any suspicion or interruption. As soon as he was there, he ordered post-horses, and set off for a town close by, where he had correspondents; and thus the major part of the cargo was secured. Corbett then returned in the night, bringing with him people to receive the goods; and the smugglers landed the silks, teas, &c., with the same good fortune. Everything was out of the yacht except a portion of the lace, which the portmanteaus would not hold. Pickersgill might easily have sent this on shore; but, to please Mrs Lascelles, he arranged otherwise.

The next morning, about an hour after breakfast was finished, Mrs Lascelles entered the cabin pretending to be

in the greatest consternation, and fell on the sofa as if she were going to faint.

"Good heavens! what is the matter?" exclaimed Cecilia, who knew very well what was coming.

"Oh, the wretch! he has made such proposals!"

"Proposals! what proposals? what! Lord Blaney?" cried Miss Ossulton.

"Oh, he's no lord! he's a villain and a smuggler! and he insists that we shall both fill our pockets full of lace, and go on shore with him."

"Mercy on me! Then it is no hoax after all; and I've been sitting down to dinner with a smuggler!"

"Sitting down, madam!—if it were to be no more than that—but we are to take his arm up to the hotel. Oh, dear! Cecilia, I am ordered on deck, pray come with me!"

Miss Ossulton rolled on the sofa, and rang for Phœbe; she was in a state of great alarm.

A knock at the door.

"Come in," said Miss Ossulton, thinking it was Phœbe; when Pickersgill made his appearance.

"What do you want, sir? Go out, sir! go out directly, or I'll scream!"

"It is no use screaming, madam; recollect that all on board are at my service. You will oblige me by listening to me, Miss Ossulton. I am, as you know, a smuggler, and I must send this lace on shore. You will oblige me by putting it into your pockets, or about your person, and prepare to go on shore with me. As soon as we arrive at the hotel, you will deliver it to me, and I then shall re-conduct you on board of the yacht. You are not the first lady who has gone on shore with contraband articles about her person."

"Me, sir! go on shore in that way? No, sir, never! What will the world say? the Hon. Miss Ossulton walking with a smuggler! No, sir, never!"

"Yes, madam, walking arm-in-arm with a smuggler: I shall have you on one arm, and Mrs Lascelles on the other; and I would advise you to take it very quietly; for,

in the first place, it will be you who smuggle, as the goods will be found on your person, and you will certainly be put in prison, for, at the least appearance of insubordination, we run and inform against you; and, further, your niece will remain on board as a hostage for your good behaviour, and if you have any regard for her liberty, you will consent immediately."

Pickersgill left the cabin, and shortly afterwards Cecilia and Mrs Lascelles entered, apparently much distressed. They had been informed of all, and Mrs Lascelles declared, that, for her part, sooner than leave her poor Cecilia to the mercy of such people, she had made up her mind to submit to the smuggler's demands. Cecilia also begged so earnestly, that Miss Ossulton, who had no idea that it was a trick, with much sobbing and blubbering, consented.

When all was ready, Cecilia left the cabin; Pickersgill came down, handed up the two ladies, who had not exchanged a word with each other during Cecilia's absence; the boat was ready alongside—they went in, and pulled on shore. Everything succeeded to the smuggler's satisfaction. Miss Ossulton, frightened out of her wits, took his arm; and, with Mrs Lascelles on the other, they went up to the hotel, followed by four of his boat's crew. As soon as they were shown into a room, Corbett, who was already on shore, asked for Lord B., and joined them. The ladies retired to another apartment, divested themselves of their contraband goods, and, after calling for some sandwiches and wine, Pickersgill waited an hour, and then returned on board. Mrs Lascelles was triumphant; and she rewarded her new ally, the smuggler, with one of her sweetest smiles. Community of interest will sometimes make strange friendships.

Chapter VII

CONCLUSION

We must now return to the other parties who have assisted in the acts of this little drama. Lord B., after paddling and paddling, the men relieving each other in order to make head against the wind which was off shore, arrived about midnight at a small town in West Bay, from whence he took a chaise on to Portsmouth, taking it for granted that his yacht would arrive as soon as, if not before himself, little imagining that it was in possession of the smugglers. There he remained three or four days, when, becoming impatient, he applied to one of his friends who had a yacht at Cowes, and sailed with him to look after his own.

We left the *Happy-go-lucky* chased by the revenue cutter. At first the smuggler had the advantage before the wind; but, by degrees, the wind went round with the sun, and brought the revenue cutter to leeward: it was then a chase on a wind, and the revenue cutter came fast up with her.

Morrison, perceiving that he had no chance of escape, let run the ankers of brandy that he might not be condemned; but still he was in an awkward situation, as he had more men on board than allowed by Act of Parliament. He therefore stood on, notwithstanding the shot of the cutter went over and over him, hoping that a fog or night might enable him to escape; but he had no such good fortune,—one of the shot carried away the head of his mast, and the *Happy-go-lucky's* luck was all over. He was boarded and taken possession of; he asserted that the extra men were only passengers; but, in the first place, they were dressed in seamen's clothes; and, in the second, as soon as the boat was aboard of her, Appleboy had gone down to his gin-toddy, and was not to be disturbed. The gentlemen smugglers therefore passed an

uncomfortable night; and the cutter going to Portland by daylight before Appleboy was out of bed, they were taken on shore to the magistrate. Hautaine explained the whole affair, and they were immediately released and treated with respect; but they were not permitted to depart until they were bound over to appear against the smugglers, and prove the brandy having been on board. They then set off for Portsmouth in the seamen's clothes, having had quite enough of yachting for that season, Mr Ossulton declaring that he only wanted to get his luggage, and then he would take care how he put himself again in the way of the shot of a revenue cruiser, or of sleeping a night on her decks.

In the mean time Morrison and his men were locked up in the jail, the old man, as the key was turned on him, exclaiming, as he raised his foot in vexation, "That cursed blue pigeon!"

We will now return to the yacht.

About an hour after Pickersgill had come on board, Corbett had made all his arrangements and followed him. It was not advisable to remain at Torquay any longer, through fear of discovery; he, therefore, weighed the anchor before dinner, and made sail.

"What do you intend to do now, my lord?" said Mrs Lascelles.

"I intend to run down to Cowes, anchor the yacht in the night; and an hour before daylight have you in my boat with all my men. I will take care that you are in perfect safety, depend upon it, even if I run a risk. I should, indeed, be miserable, if, through my wild freaks, any accident should happen to Mrs Lascelles or Miss Ossulton."

"I am very anxious about my father," observed Cecilia. "I trust that you will keep your promise."

"I always have hitherto, Miss Ossulton; have I not?"

"Ours is but a short and strange acquaintance."

"I grant it; but it will serve for you to talk about long after. I shall disappear as suddenly as I have come

—you will neither of you, in all probability, ever see me again."

The dinner was announced, and they sat down to table as before; but the elderly spinster refused to make her appearance; and Mrs Lascelles and Cecilia, who thought she had been frightened enough, did not attempt to force her. Pickersgill immediately yielded to these remonstrances, and, from that time she remained undisturbed in the ladies' cabin, meditating over the indignity of having sat down to table, having drank wine, and been obliged to walk on shore, taking the arm of a smuggler, and appear in such a humiliating situation.

The wind was light, and they made but little progress, and were not abreast of Portland till the second day, when another yacht appeared in sight, and the two vessels slowly neared until in the afternoon they were within four miles of each other. It then fell a dead calm—signals were thrown out by the other yacht, but could not be distinguished, and, for the last time, they sat down to dinner. Three days' companionship on board of a vessel, cooped up together, and having no one else to converse with, will produce intimacy; and Pickersgill was a young man of so much originality and information, that he was listened to with pleasure. He never attempted to advance beyond the line of strict decorum and politeness; and his companion was equally unpresuming. Situated as they were, and feeling what must have been the case had they fallen into other hands, both Cecilia and Mrs Lascelles felt some degree of gratitude towards him; and, although anxious to be relieved from so strange a position, they had gradually acquired a perfect confidence in him, and this had produced a degree of familiarity, on their parts, although never ventured upon by the smuggler. As Corbett was at the table, one of the men came down and made a sign. Corbett shortly after quitted the table and went on deck. "I wish, my lord, you would come up a moment, and see if you can make this flag out," said Corbett, giving a significant nod to Pickersgill. "Excuse

me, ladies, one moment," said Pickersgill, who went on deck.

"It is the boat of the yacht coming on board," said Corbett; "and Lord B. is in the stern-sheets with the gentleman who was with him."

"And how many men in the boat?—let me see—only four. Well, let his lordship and his friend come: when they are on the deck, have the men ready in case of accident; but if you can manage to tell the boat's crew that they are to go on board again, and get rid of them that way, so much the better. Arrange this with Adams, and then come down again—his lordship must see us all at dinner."

Pickersgill then descended, and Corbett had hardly time to give his directions and to resume his seat, before his lordship and Mr Stewart pulled up alongside and jumped on deck. There was no one to receive them but the seamen, and those whom they did not know. They looked round in amazement; at last his lordship said to Adams, who stood forward,

"What men are you?"

"Belong to the yacht, ye'r honour."

Lord B. heard laughing in the cabin; he would not wait to interrogate the men; he walked aft, followed by Mr Stewart, looked down the skylight, and perceived his daughter and Mrs Lascelles with, as he supposed, Hautaine and Ossulton.

Pickersgill had heard the boat rub the side, and the sound of the feet on deck, and he talked the more loudly, that the ladies might be caught by Lord B. as they were. He heard their feet at the skylight, and knew that they could hear what passed; and at that moment he proposed to the ladies that as this was their last meeting at table they should all take a glass of champagne to drink to "their happy meeting with Lord B." This was a toast which they did not refuse. Maddox poured out the wine, and they were all bowing to each other, when his lordship, who had come down

the ladder, walked into the cabin, followed by Mr Stewart. Cecilia perceived her father; the champagne-glass dropped from her hand—she flew into his arms, and burst into tears.

"Who would not be a father, Mrs Lascelles?" said Pickersgill, quietly seating himself, after having first risen to receive Lord B.

"And pray, whom may I have the honour of finding established here?" said Lord B., in an angry tone, speaking over his daughter's head, who still lay in his arms. "By heavens, yes?—Stewart, it is the smuggling captain dressed out."

"Even so, my lord," replied Pickersgill. "You abandoned your yacht to capture me; you left these ladies in a vessel crippled for want of men; they might have been lost. I have returned good for evil by coming on board with my own people, and taking charge of them. This night, I expected to have anchored your vessel in Cowes, and have left them in safety."

"By the——" cried Stewart.

"Stop, sir, if you please!" cried Pickersgill; "recollect you have once already attacked one who never offended. Oblige me by refraining from intemperate language; for I tell you I will not put up with it. Recollect, sir, that I have refrained from that, and also from taking advantage of you when you were in my power. Recollect, sir, also, that the yacht is still in possession of the smugglers, and that you are in no condition to insult with impunity. My lord, allow me to observe, that we men are too hot of temperament to argue, or listen coolly. With your permission, your friend, and my friend, and I, will repair on deck, leaving you to hear from your daughter and that lady all that has passed. After that, my lord, I shall be most happy to hear anything which your lordship may please to say."

"Upon my word——" commenced Mr Stewart.

"Mr Stewart," interrupted Cecilia Ossulton, "I request

your silence ; nay, more, if ever we are again to sail in the same vessel together, I *insist* upon it."

"Your lordship will oblige me by enforcing Miss Ossulton's request," said Mrs Lascelles.

Mr Stewart was dumbfounded, no wonder, to find the ladies siding with the smuggler.

"I am obliged to you ladies for your interference," said Pickersgill ; "for, although I have the means of enforcing conditions, I should be sorry to avail myself of them. I wait for his lordship's reply."

Lord B. was very much surprised. He wished for an explanation ; he bowed with *hauteur*. Everybody appeared to be in a false position ; even he, Lord B., somehow or another had bowed to a smuggler.

Pickersgill and Stewart went on deck, walking up and down, crossing each other without speaking, but reminding you of two dogs who both are anxious to fight, but have been restrained by the voice of their masters. Corbett followed, and talked in a low tone to Pickersgill ; Stewart went over to leeward to see if the boat was still alongside, but it had long before returned to the yacht. Miss Ossulton had heard her brother's voice, but did not come out of the after-cabin ; she wished to be magnificent and, at the same time, she was not sure whether all was right, Phœbe having informed her that there was nobody with her brother and Mr Stewart, and that the smugglers still had the command of the vessel. After a while, Pickersgill and Corbett went down forward, and returned dressed in the smuggler's clothes, when they resumed their walk on the deck.

In the mean time, it was dark ; the cutter flew along the coast ; and the Needles' lights were on the larboard bow. The conversation between Cecilia, Mrs Lascelles, and her father, was long. When all had been detailed, and the conduct of Pickersgill duly represented, Lord B. acknowledged that, by attacking the smuggler, he had laid himself open to retaliation ; that Pickersgill had shown a great deal of forbearance in every instance ; and, after all, had

he not gone on board the yacht she might have been lost, with only three seamen on board. He was amused with the smuggling and the fright of his sister; still more with the gentlemen being sent to Cherbourg, and much consoled that he was not the only one to be laughed at. He was also much pleased with Pickersgill's intention of leaving the yacht safe in Cowes harbour, his respect to the property on board, and his conduct to the ladies. On the whole, he felt grateful to Pickersgill; and where there is gratitude there is always good will.

"But who can he be?" said Mrs Lascelles; "his name he acknowledges not to be Pickersgill; and he told me confidentially that he was of good family."

"Confidentially, my dear Mrs Lascelles!" said Lord B.

"Oh, yes! we are both his confidants. Are we not, Cecilia?"

"Upon my honour, Mrs Lascelles, this smuggler appears to have made an impression which many have attempted in vain."

Mrs Lascelles did not reply to that remark, but said, "Now, my lord, you must decide—and I trust you will to oblige us—treat him as he has treated us, with the greatest respect and kindness."

"Why should you suppose otherwise?" replied Lord B.; "it is not only my wish but my interest so to do. He may take us over to France to-night, or anywhere else. Has he not possession of the vessel?"

"Yes," replied Cecilia; "but we flatter ourselves that we have *the command*. Shall we call him down, papa?"

"Ring for Maddox. Maddox, tell Mr Pickersgill, who is on deck, that I wish to speak with him, and shall be obliged by his stepping down into the cabin."

"Who, my lord? What? *Him?*"

"Yes, *him*," replied Cecilia, laughing.

"Must I call him, my lord, now, miss?"

"You may do as you please, Maddox; but recollect, he is still in possession of the vessel," replied Cecilia.

"Then, with your lordship's permission, I will; it's the safest way."

The smuggler entered the cabin; the ladies started as he appeared in his rough costume, with his throat open, and his loose black handkerchief. He was the *beau idéal* of a handsome sailor.

"Your lordship wishes to communicate with me?"

"Mr Pickersgill, I feel that you have had cause of enmity against me, and that you have behaved with forbearance. I thank you for your considerate treatment of the ladies; and I assure you, that I feel no resentment for what has passed."

"My lord, I am quite satisfied with what you have said; and I only hope that, in future, you will not interfere with a poor smuggler, who may be striving, by a life of danger and privation, to procure subsistence for himself and, perhaps, his family. I stated to these ladies my intention of anchoring the yacht this night at Cowes, and leaving her as soon as she was in safety. Your unexpected presence will only make this difference, which is, that I must previously obtain your lordship's assurance that those with you will allow me and my men to quit her without molestation, after we have performed this service."

"I pledge you my word, Mr Pickersgill, and I thank you into the bargain. I trust you will allow me to offer some remuneration."

"Most certainly not, my lord."

"At all events, Mr Pickersgill, if, at any other time, I can be of service, you may command me."

Pickersgill made no reply.

"Surely, Mr Pickersgill,——"

"Pickersgill! how I hate that name!" said the smuggler, musing. "I beg your lordship's pardon—if I may require your assistance for any of my unfortunate companions——"

"Not for yourself, Mr Pickersgill?" said Mrs Lascelles.

"Madam, I smuggle no more."

"For the pleasure I feel in hearing that resolution, Mr Pickersgill," said Cecilia, "take my hand and thanks."

"And mine," said Mrs Lascelles, half crying.

"And mine, too," said Lord B., rising up.

Pickersgill passed the back of his hand across his eyes, turned round, and left the cabin.

"I'm so happy!" said Mrs Lascelles, bursting into tears.

"He's a magnificent fellow," observed Lord B. "Come, let us all go on deck."

"You have not seen my aunt, papa."

"True; I'll go in to her, and then follow you."

The ladies went upon deck. Cecilia entered into conversation with Mr Stewart, giving him a narrative of what had happened. Mrs Lascelles sat abaft at the taffrail, with her pretty hand supporting her cheek, looking very much *à la Juliette*.

"Mrs Lascelles," said Pickersgill, "before we part, allow me to observe, that it is *you* who have induced me to give up my profession——"

"Why me, Mr Pickersgill?"

"You said that you did not like it."

Mrs Lascelles felt the force of the compliment. "You said, just now, that you hated the name of Pickersgill: why do you call yourself so?"

"It was my smuggling name, Mrs Lascelles."

"And now, that you have left off smuggling, pray what may be the name we are to call you by?"

"I cannot resume it till I have not only left this vessel, but shaken hands with, and bid farewell to, my companions; and by that time, Mrs Lascelles, I shall be away from you."

"But I've a great curiosity to know it, and a lady's curiosity must be gratified. You must call upon me some day, and tell it me. Here is my address."

Pickersgill received the card with a low bow: and Lord B. coming on deck, Mrs Lascelles hastened to meet him.

The vessel was now passing the Bridge at the Needles, and the smuggler piloted her on. As soon as they were clear and well inside, the whole party went down into the cabin, Lord B. requesting Pickersgill and Corbett to join him in a parting glass. Mr Stewart, who had received the account of what had passed from Cecilia, was very attentive to Pickersgill, and took an opportunity of saying, that he was sorry that he had said or done anything to annoy him. Every one recovered his spirits; and all was good humour and mirth, because Miss Ossulton adhered to her resolution of not quitting the cabin till she could quit the yacht. At ten o'clock the yacht was anchored. Pickersgill took his leave of the honourable company, and went in his boat with his men; and Lord B. was again in possession of his vessel, although he had not a ship's company. Maddox recovered his usual tone; and the cook flourished his knife, swearing that he should like to see the smuggler who would again order him to dress cutlets *à l'ombre Chinoise*.

The yacht had remained three days at Cowes, when Lord B. received a letter from Pickersgill, stating that the men of his vessel had been captured, and would be condemned, in consequence of their having the gentlemen on board, who were bound to appear against them, to prove that they had sunk the brandy. Lord B. paid all the recognisances, and the men were liberated for want of evidence.

It was about two years after this that Cecilia Ossulton, who was sitting at her work-table in deep mourning for her aunt, was presented with a letter by the butler. It was from her friend Mrs Lascelles, informing her that she was married again to a Mr Davenant, and intended to pay her a short visit on her way to the Continent. Mr and Mrs Davenant arrived the next day; and when the latter introduced her husband, she said to Miss Ossulton, "Look, Cecilia, dear, and tell me if you have ever seen Davenant before."

Cecilia looked earnestly: "I have, indeed," cried she at

last, extending her hand with warmth; and happy am I to meet with him again."

For in Mr Davenant she recognised her old acquaintance, the captain of the *Happy-go-lucky*, Jack Pickersgill, the smuggler.

THE END.

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